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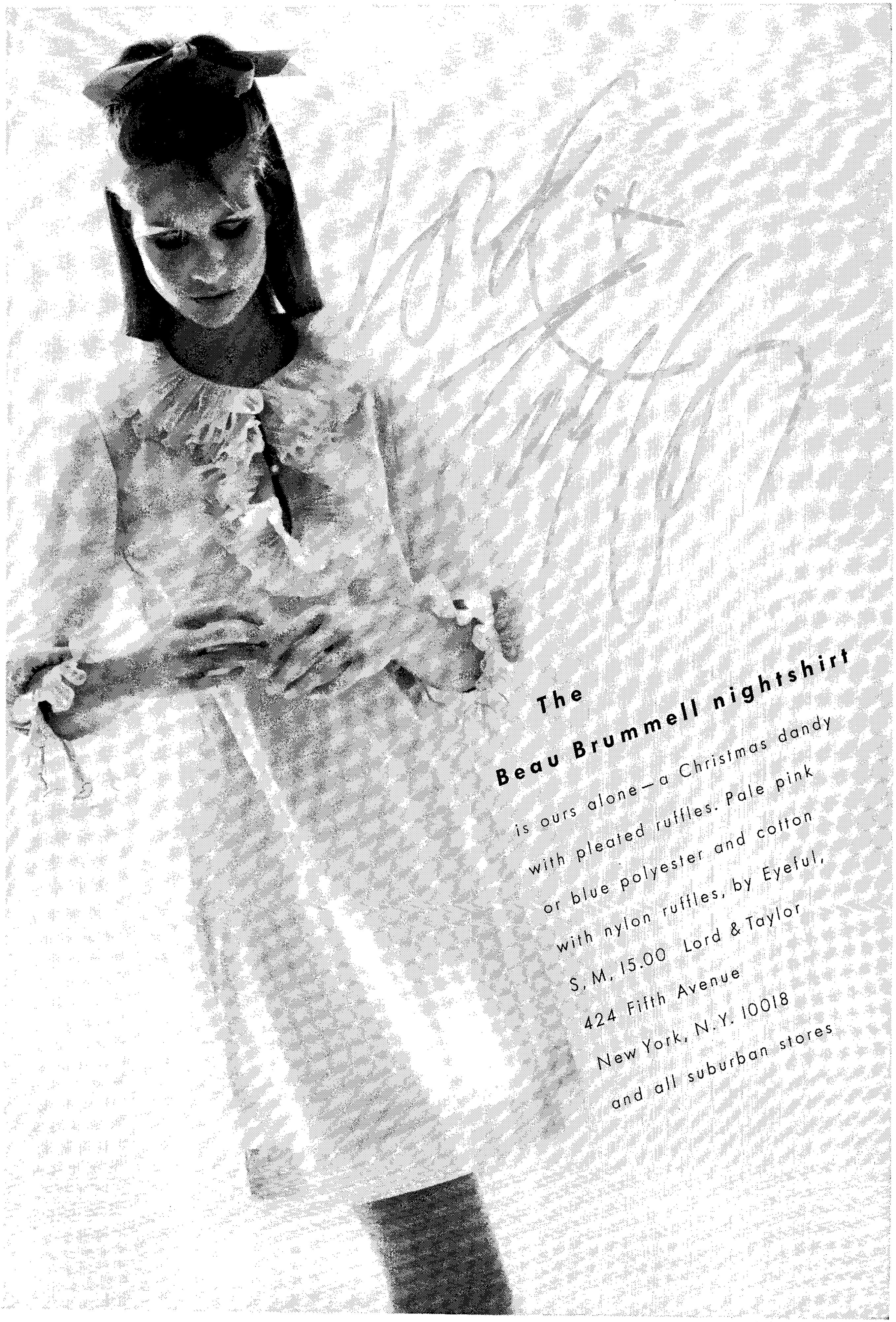

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

After the Rain—A glimpse of the future as it might be after a flood has all but wiped out humanity. John Bowen's play is fairly diverting, and the cast is excellent. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

The Birthday Party—*The first full-length drama* by Harold Pinter. Written a decade ago, the work is pretty murky but has its interesting aspects. The American cast isn't always happy with the English roles they are called upon to play, and Alan Schneider's direction is not always successful. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Comedy—Odd doings during an electrical blackout in South Kensington. A funny invention of Peter Shaffer, which is preceded, alack, by a curtain-raiser called "White Lies" that isn't up to Mr. Shaffer's par. As directed by John Dexter, the cast in "Black Comedy" cannot be faulted. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 2.)

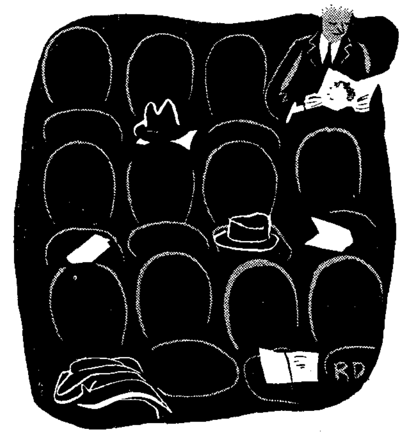
Halfway up the Tree—Some English hippies receive unexpected support from an Establishment Army general in this comedy by Peter *Ustinov, which is funny enough when the* author stops his philosophizing and gets down to old-fashioned farce. Anthony Quayle is quite satisfactory as the general, and Graham Jarvis is highly amusing as a vicar who happens along late in the proceedings. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—A nine-week engagement of two plays presented in Yiddish and starring Ida Kaminska. Jacob Gordin's **mirele efros:** Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5-6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Bertolt Brecht's **mother courage:** Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 7-9, at 8:30. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Closes Sunday, Dec. 17.)

More Stately Mansions—The third revision, by as many hands, of a play that Eugene O'Neill *thought he had destroyed before he died.* This version—highfalutin and ridiculous—does him a disservice that even the presence of Ingrid Bergman, Colleen Dewhurst, and Arthur Hill cannot mitigate. José Quintero, the third reviser, is responsible for the direction. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Promise—A three-character Russian drama by Aleksei Arbuzov, in a translation by Ariadne Nicolaeff, that doesn't generate much excitement as it describes life in the U.S.S.R. from the days of the Second World War un*til fairly recent times.* Eileen Atkins, Ian McKellen, and Ian McShane play the threesome, and Frank Hauser attended to the direction, which is heavy-handed. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A first-rate invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's *"Hamlet" is viewed from an* eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are superb as the principals. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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There's a Girl in My Soup—Gig Young performs worthily as a middle-aged womanizer in this one, but, alas, there is not much to be said for his supporting cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

What Did We Do Wrong?—Paul Ford gives a highly comic performance as an adult sorely *beset by the antics of the younger generation* in a play by Henry Denker that, without Mr. Ford, would be worthless. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Four plays by Robert Anderson that concentrate determinedly on sex. Mr. Anderson's creations are sometimes funny but not overly original. However, there is not a thing wrong with the cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney—and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is entirely satisfactory. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer (who has succeeded Lauren Bacall) and Lloyd Bridges. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **don't drink the water:** A Jewish family from Newark behind the Iron Curtain. Put together by Woody Allen and featuring Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Everything in the Garden—Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, and Beatrice Straight in a play by Edward Albee adapted from a London play by the late Giles Cooper. The director is Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Something Different—A comedy written and directed by Carl Reiner, with Bob Dishy, Gabriel Dell, Linda Lavin, and Claudia McNeil. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2:30 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—Leslie Uggams makes a commendable first appearance on Broadway in this show. The libretto (weak) is offset to some extent by the amiable lyrics of Betty *Comden and Adolph Green and the easygoing* music of Jule Styne. Miss Uggams has the help of a sprightly cast that includes Robert Hooks, Allen Case, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Henry, Sweet Henry—There is nothing whatever except a couple of on-key youngsters named *Robin Wilson and Neva Small to recommend* in this musical. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as one of those lovable prostitutes, in an adaptation of the movie "Never on Sunday." Pleasant music and plenty of manly jigging, but not much real substance. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cabaret:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **fiddler on the roof:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **hello, dolly!:** Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway head the all-Negro cast that has taken over here. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **i do! i do!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston in a highly sentimental account of a half century of marriage. They will give their final performance, for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, on Sunday evening, Dec. 3. Starting the next night, Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae, who

	Page
THE AIR	215
BOOKS	223
THE CURRENT CINEMA	154
FOOTBALL	190
LETTER FROM LONDON	150
MUSICAL EVENTS	192
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	157
THE RACE TRACK	195
THE THEATRE	147

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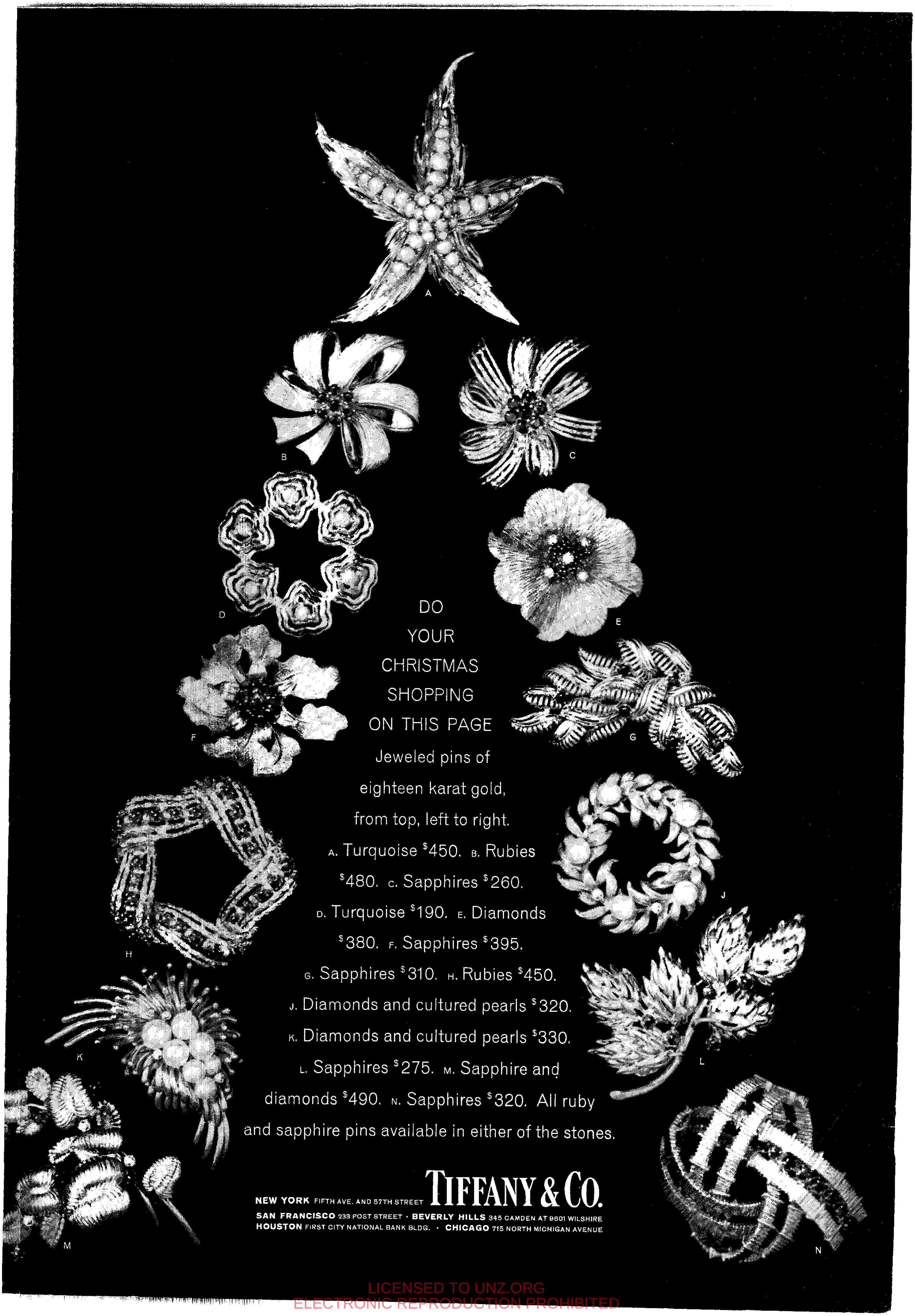

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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have been doing the matinée performances, will play the evening performances as well. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Angela Lansbury in an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

APA-Phoenix—The opening performances of this season's four-play repertory. Michel de Ghelderode's **PANTAGLEIZE**, translated by George Hanger: Opens Thursday, Nov. 30, at 7:30. *Other performances Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30;* Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30 and 8:30.... ¶ George Kelly's **THE SHOW-OFF:** Previews Saturday, Dec. 2, and Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7. Other performances Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

How Now, Dow Jones—A musical with a book by Max Shulman, music by Elmer Bernstein, and lyrics by Carolyn Leigh. The cast includes Anthony Roberts, Marlyn Mason, Brenda Vaccaro, and Hiram Sherman. Directed by George Abbott. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 7. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Lillian Hellman's **THE LITTLE FOXES,** with Anne Bancroft, Richard A. Dysart, Margaret Leighton, E. G. Marshall, Austin Pendleton, William Prince, Beah Richards, George C. Scott, Maria Tucci, and Andre Womble. The first in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Through Saturday, Dec. 2: **DON GIOVANNI**.... ¶ Starting Friday, Dec. 8: **TOSCA.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 8:30: **IOLANTHE**.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 4 and 8:30: **THE GONDOLIERS**.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3 and 7:30: **PATIENCE**.... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5-6, at 8:30: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**.... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:30: **THE MIKADO**.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 4 and 8:30: **IOLANTHE.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 3.)

Ethel Colt—The final performances of a two-week engagement of "Take It from the Top," her one-woman show of songs. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 30-Dec. 2, at 9. Matinée Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3.)

Curley McDimple—A witless lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties, with special attention to those starring the young Mrs. Black. (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Library of Congress Catalog Number 53-5390. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hair—This musical about tousled young hopheads in this city is the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. Galt MacDermot's score (as performed by a rock quintet), Ming Cho Lee's setting, and the book and lyrics by Gerome Ragni and James Rado all rate high. The company, under Gerald Freedman's direction, is as attractive a bunch as you're likely to meet. Even though the hippie atmosphere grows tiresome after a while, the show is still one of the most original in town. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 10.)

I Must Be Talking to My Friends—Micheál Mac Liammóir, who is probably Ireland's foremost actor, tells the story of Irish literature, acting out copious illustrations from the work of its wits, poets, dramatists, and other writers. The result is a most stimulating and often moving evening. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Final performances Sunday, Dec. 10.)

In Circles—Script by Gertrude Stein, music by Al Carmines, and a joy from start to finish. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 9, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Iphigenia in Aulis—Irene Papas is magnificent as the defiant, anguished Clytemnestra, and Jenny Leigh is very touching as her daughter who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be the honor of Greece. The men of the company are not quite as strong. Michael Cacoyannis has directed Euripides' tragedy of the pre-Trojan war. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 3 and 6. Matinée Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 2.)

Scuba Duba—Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is the comic Walpurgis Night of an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. Mr. Friedman knows what he is doing, but what he is doing is not for every taste. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Trials of Brother Jero and **The Strong Breed**—These one-acters introduce a fine Nigerian playwright named Wole Soyinka. The first is a satiric comedy about a self-described "prophet," the second a tragedy about a self-deceived schoolteacher who becomes the scapegoat for a New Year's ritual in a jungle village. The production is the first for a new Negro repertory company, under Cynthia Belgrave's direction, and it makes a triumphant beginning. The acting, especially that of Afolabi Ajayi, Harold Scott, and Yvette Hawkins, is excellent. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Walking to Waldheim and **Happiness**—A pair of tiresome ethnic items by Mayo Simon, but *Aline MacMahon gives a good performance* as an all-purpose Jewish mother in the first, and Jacob Ben-Ami gives an extraordinary performance as a cranky old man on the brink of senility in the second. (The Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, Dec. 16.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This delightful little musical and the six actors who play in it manage to capture the elusive humor and charm of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts," on which, of course, it is based. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9;

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Narkissos," "Pas de Deux," and "Scotch Symphony."...¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Agon," "Tarantella," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Tarantella," and "Stars and Stripes." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call GR 7-4720, before 2 on Friday.)... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 1:15: "Dim Lustre" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:15: "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Dim Lustre," "Allegro Brillante," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ "The Nutcracker": Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 8, at 4:15 and 8:15; and Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:15 and 8:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30: "Concerto," "Echoing of Trumpets" (company première), "Sargasso," and "Rodeo."...¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "At Midnight" (première), "Ricercare," and "Les Patineurs."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 2:30: "Peter and the Wolf," "Rodeo," and "Concerto."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Echoing of Triumpets," "Las Hermanas," and "Helen of Troy."...¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2:30: "Les Patineurs," "Billy the Kid," and "Helen of Troy."...¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "At Midnight," "Undertow," and "Fancy Free."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 2: "Harbinger," "Billy the Kid," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30: "Concerto," "Dark Elegies," "Ricercare," and "Rodeo." ...¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "At Midnight," "The Catherine Wheel" (première), and "Helen of Troy."...¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Dark Elegies," "The Catherine Wheel," and "Les Patineurs."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2:30: "Les Patineurs," "Billy the Kid," and "Helen of Troy."...¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30: "Danses Concertantes," "Undertow," "Sargasso," and "Fancy Free." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Dec. 10.)

Don Redlich—With Gladys Bailin, in a dance concert. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 1-2, at 8:30.)

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—"Scramble," "Place," and "How to Pass, Kick, Fall, and Run." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Designs with Strings," "Arena" (première), "The Flower Festival at Genzano Pas de Deux," and "Just Songs." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Helen McGehee—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Langston Hughes Scrapbook—A benefit performance of a play created by Al Fann, with Dick Gregory. Sidney Poitier will be master of ceremonies. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

ANTA Program—Two new American plays: Louis Auchincloss's "The Club Bedroom," with Jessie Royce Landis, Carolyn Coates, and Dorothy Sands; and James Prideaux's "Postcards," with Hugh Marlowe and Paula Trueman. Presented by the American National Theatre and Academy as the first program in this season's Matinée Series. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:40, and Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Imitation as practiced by George Kirby is not always the sincerest form of flattery, but—the way he portrays characters he keeps meeting in show business—it can be pretty funny. The chirruper of the evening is Mary Lou Collins. The intervals between their dinner and supper sets in the Royal Box are filled full by the flowing orchestra of Lee Evans. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—As before, there is a reasonably slender Billy Reed to lean on as he patrols his refectory and (from nine until two every evening but Sunday and Monday) *palais de danse*, in which the minuscule Pir Marini crew does the music.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A life of ease is the sole objective of the couples who inhabit the floor of the restaurant. The music comes from Ernie Warren's small band of longtime local citizens, who carry on from eight until one or two every evening but Sunday and Monday.

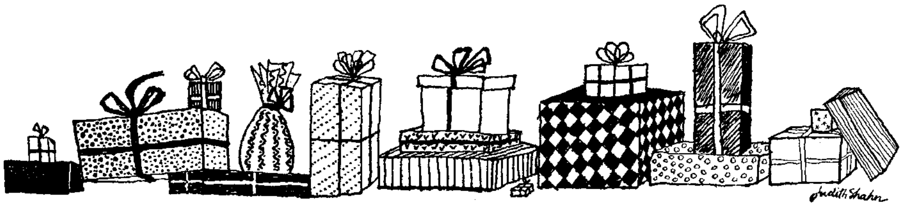
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The ancient citadel of the vanished feudal system has been made a museum for curiosity-seekers, who are invited to dance to the tunes of a band in the charge of Lester Lanin himself (not a mockup) and a Latin contingent. The music never pauses between eight and three-thirty. No classes on Sunday.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre is not yet an institution accredited by the Ivy League, but the curriculums are the same. Ben Cutler's Yale boys are on the bandstand seven nights a week. Between sets, Ellen Harwicke accompanies her own songs on her own piano, and neatly. She skips every Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Majestically garnished by an Eleanora Garnett gown, by a *simpatico* cohort of musicians, and her own simple, straightforward way of dealing with the sung language (English or Italian), Katyna Ranieri makes dinner and supper in the Persian Room a state occasion. She withdraws on Tuesday, Dec. 5, to be succeeded the following evening by Vikki Carr, a rewarding example of the American bubbling-over *cantatrice*. Miss Carr will do only a dinner show that one night. The jaunty bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will continue on the podium. Closed Sundays....¶ Fiddle and piano (these are the arsenal of Leo LeFleur's duo) speak with bated breath from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, which is the nineteenth century at the pinnacle of perfection, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room....¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender light begins to suffuse the statuary and Gunnar Hansen's fiddle begins its sentimental journey down the Danube. No music Sunday nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Magicians in search of names to conjure with will find them on this rooftop of the world—Bob Crosby, Yank Lawson, Matty Matlock, Bob Wilber, Lou McGarity, Bob Haggart, and Dick Hyman; i.e., the current Bobcats. Aside from the Lawson trumpet, the appeal is emotional rather than earthy, but the appeal is there, all right. They start at nine; a quartet starts at seven. Curfew does not arrive until two. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the



Do you speak Réplique?
(The perfume with a language all its own.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—The sextet of Al Hirt, which represents jazz in a sort of gift wrapping, is on hand between eight and two. A band headed by Urbie Green improves the situation. They bow out on Saturday, Dec. 2. On Monday, Dec. 4, Doc Severinsen's band, which has plenty of good points, moves in. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The *modus operandi* of this hallowed institution must now seem a trifle casual to whoever remembers it when. but, for the record, be it noted that Patachou, who is French soprano from head to heels, sings during dinner and supper in the Maisonette, which furthermore affords dance music. Sunday is the night of rest for all these hands. Milva, an Italian oriole, succeeds Patachou on Monday, Dec. 4.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Phyllis Diller course in self-depreciation, given free of charge (at ten during the week and at nine-thirty and eleven-forty-five Fridays and Saturdays) in the Empire Room, is brief, to-the-point, robust, and uproarious, as well as incontrovertible evidence that she can triumph over all hazards, including the tenor who immediately precedes her. The sonorous orchestra of Charles Turecamo makes the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Something is sounding off, if gently, all week long in the manifold Peacock Alley, which deals in everything from cocktails to supper—first of all, piano from six to eleven Monday and Tuesday, from five to ten Wednesday through Friday; second of all, dance tunes by the Horace Diaz threesome from eight until one Wednesday through Saturday, from five to ten Sunday.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Moderation in all things is the rule of thumb—or, rather, foot—because the Monkey, the Fracture, and the Urban Sprawl are all forbidden. The setting is plain but painstaking; the menu is token. Two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they begin at three-thirty. For insatiables, there is a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

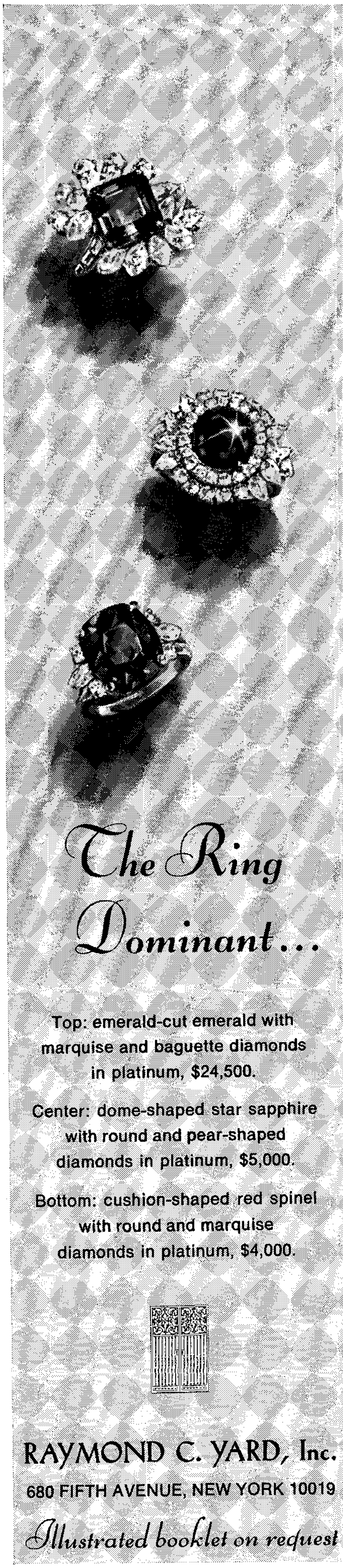
(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): An off-campus campus that looks after a whole bunch of people who knew each other when and seem rather glad about it. The music for the reunion is piano, piano, piano—the whole night through, by Goldie Hawkins and his valiant aide. Wayne Sanders, plus an opening session (five-thirty to eight-thirty) by Francis Thorne, lately returned from his long Roman holiday. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): A snug, shipshape West Indie, visited every night from dinner time until after the theatre by a troubadour who sings in the choicest broken-Jamaica dialect. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): You're only young a thousand times—this is the attitude of the boy and girl workers in the communications arts who gather here. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri's portrayal of the wickedest woman in Paris (done mostly from the top deck of a piano) is all fool and a yard wide, which is how the guests in her small drawing room like it. She chants at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday, and—as a good Greek—never on Sunday. Leisurely dance music commences at eight. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Where the gypsy caravans of Hungary have rested, though never in complete silence. After the zimbalons and fiddles have had their say, Béla Babai's band does dance music and Tibor Rakossy does ballads of passionate importunity. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Not quite tempest in a teapot is the corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, but the animation in this Village snug can be ample. Here Laurie Brewis conducts, from his piano, a sort of sing-along that begins at nine-thirty every evening but Monday, and goes on and on into the night. . . . **TAMBURLAINE,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The Department of Forestry in Outer Mongolia has an exhibit here, and so does the chef (at times), but the dance music, which runs from eight-thirty until one-thirty, is mid-Manhattan. It is a bit bumpy except on Monday night, for then Billy Rubenstein's piano embellishes it. Another improvement, operating from six to eight, Mondays through Fridays, is Allan Haig, whose piano is a thing of beauty as well as of bounty. Closed Sundays. . . . **KIPPYS,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): A higher standard for the Broadway way of life, with (in the abovestairs annex) the piano of Charles De Forest, who gets that top-of-the-morning (early) feeling into whatever he sings. Nine to two, except Sundays, is his stint. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Unancient Rome is the hallmark of the Roman Pub, but it's a handsome Rome all the same, gathered about a tiny dance floor. A threesome paced by the precise piano of Joan St. James is usually in action from five-thirty to seven-thirty and from nine-thirty to one-thirty; it skips the early set each Saturday and everything on Sunday. No more than tidbits for the internally hungry. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Scratch a waiter and you'll find a tenor whose mother tongue is Italian. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie when Cy Walter addresses himself to the piano that, from a gentle slope, surveys this lordly manor. This act of beneficence takes place from the cocktail hour until one every night but Sunday, when Allan Haig serves instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. The master of revels is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of nighttime violinists. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The same king's second retreat, likewise in a put-on mood, and circumnavigated by the fiddle of George Cardini, an incurable romanticist. He stays away Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The watchmen of the night along this stretch of the Via Veneto are the ambulatory musicians under the bow and baton of Herman Honigsberg, master fiddler; the listeners are an outgoing lot. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A zimbalon and a fiddle discourse from Wednesday through Sunday every week, beginning at six and desisting at nine-thirty. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Grand is the manner of the Regency Room, where there is well-behaved piano between five-thirty and twelve-thirty. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, someone diligently plies a piano every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy is applying himself to the mannerly piano beside the bar in the grand salon-restaurant of the Westbury Hotel. He is not a Sunday or Monday visitor. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): A refectory deep in the arcanebrakes of some Far Eastern country, real or imaginary. In one alcove of it, a piano gets almost subliminally into whatever the act is. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Felipe Gayo's guitar turns its thoughts lightly to nights in the gardens of Granada. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he takes Sundays off. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** in the hotel of the same name, Madi-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Top: emerald-cut emerald with marquise and baguette diamonds in platinum, $24,500.

Center: dome-shaped star sapphire with round and pear-shaped diamonds in platinum, $5,000.

Bottom: cushion-shaped red spinel with round and marquise diamonds in platinum, $4,000.

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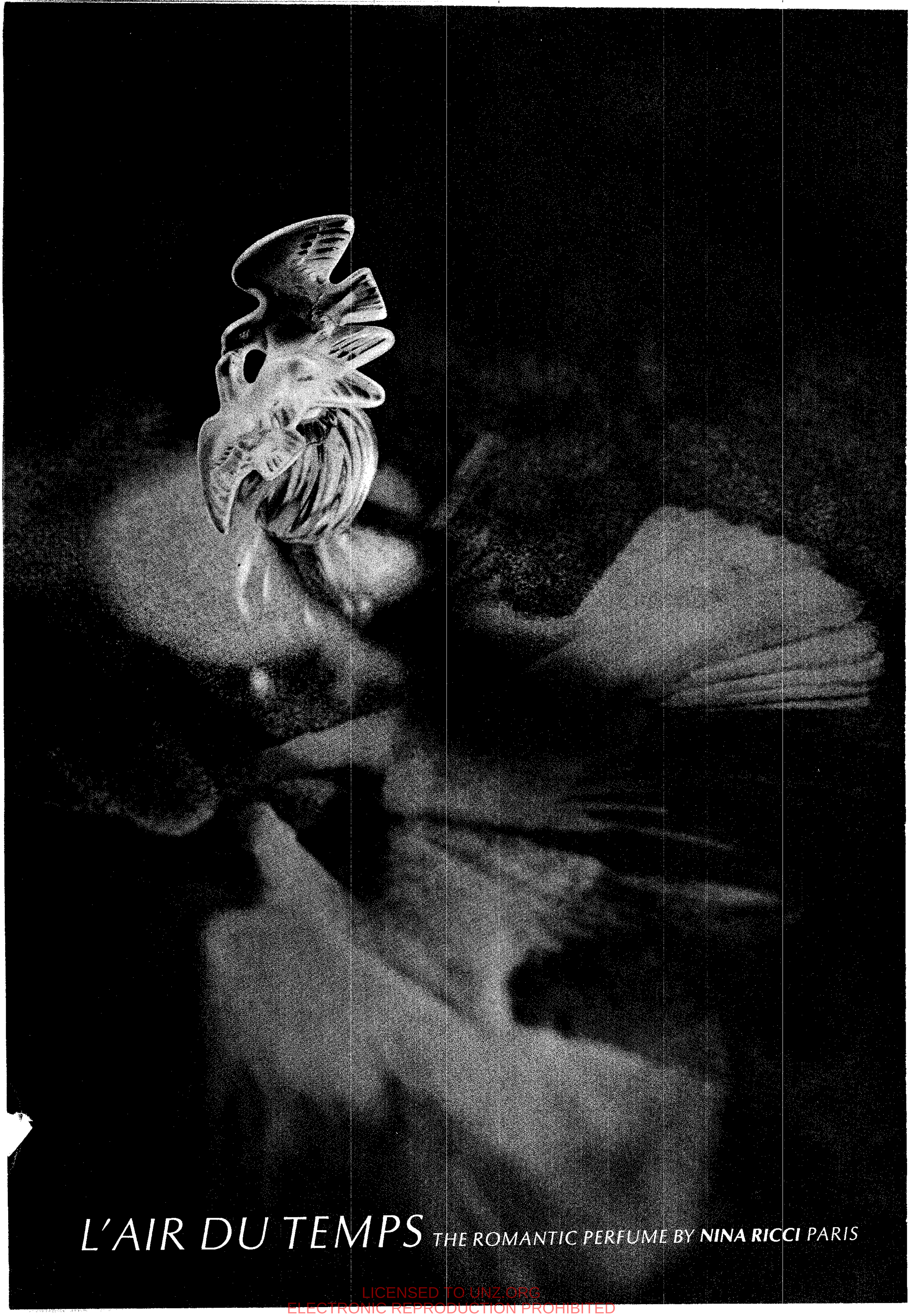
L'AIR DU TEMPS THE ROMANTIC PERFUME BY NINA RICCI PARIS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

son Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The Almanach by which one foretells the future here is not the Farmer's but de Gotha. The chargé d'affaires is George Feyer, whose conversation as he addresses his keyboard may be proof that politics and piano do not mix. He goes on from eight-thirty until two, though on Tuesday, Dec. 5, Karl Inwald will fill in for him. Closed Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

ARTHUR, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Practically a closed circuit to anyone without a promissory note from the booking office. The eye of the booked beholder grows dizzy as it follows the free-form footwork of the often enchanted young champions. Some of the music comes out of wax containers, some of it comes out of people—the Wild Ones, who, on Tuesday, Dec. 5, will be succeeded by the Fuzzy Bunnies. Nine until four is the rule; a slight bill of fare is offered. No Monday action. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): There's Egypt in the dreamy eyes of the Sphinxes who survey the scene from their niches, and Americana in the music that issues from the blue-platter specials the disc jockey spins and from the Kai Winding quartet, which, as it happens, is dreamy as much as it is jazzy. Dining in proper fashion. Closed Sundays. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0080): Mid pleasures and palaces, mostly Roman Mod—in both décor and dress. It must be looked for behind an unmarked door. The eclectic music is from the grooves of Academe. It is open every night, from nine-thirty to three-thirty. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): When the rock and roll is called up yonder, the boy and girl pinwheels who spin in this cave of the winds will be the prize-winners there, too. The music to which they twirl is live enough to be just about livid. Eight until three is the usual schedule, but Sundays begin at three in the afternoon. Cheetah is in the temperance zone. . . . **WHEELS,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A sort of super-motor inn, whose décor is wheels (all the way from automobile to jukebox) whirling like dervishes from six until late in the morning. Since Herbert Jacoby, last of the Blue Angel, is the mad inventor thereof, the inn does possess a stage; on it, one finds the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which has a bowing acquaintanceship with Bach and a scraping acquaintanceship with rock. The Ensemble retires on Saturday, Dec. 2, but the Wheels continue to turn. Tuesday, Dec. 5, the swingers called the Chicago Loop move in. . . . **ELECTRIC CIRCUS,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): This spaceship, tenuously moored to earth, is a *son et lumière* that gives one pause but also amusement. The occasional circus acts, seemingly as spontaneous as the light cues, are just as entertaining. Though the lighting effects are all fermented, none of the available beverages are. The hours are eight-thirty until three or four, every night. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Certain formalities are to be gone through, such as dressing like little ladies and little gentlemen, but the music (nine until early morn) is as vibrant as any, though not at the top of any lungs. Supper, too. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining and dancing.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The songs of Ray Charles (Charles of the Ritz is the mildest title his supporters would bestow upon him) are the lock, the stock in trade, and the barrel of the amusement here; the whole evening (without ballerinas, wits, and production singers) is his. On Thursday, Dec. 7, a new deal—Lana Cantrell, a nightingale from an Australian aviary, and the customary Copa floor show. . . . ¶ In the bar-lounge, music starts whooping and dooping at ten, and is not likely to stop. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Dear Lisa, Magda, Melba, Juliet, Pattie, Ingrid, Toni, and the rest of the beauties unadorned (yes, indeed, unadorned) who inhabit the extravaganza known as "Maid in Paris," may you always stay as young and gay as you are tonight. The appendages to this concourse of beauty are the Vagabonds, a singing group that is all sock and no buskin, and the crew known as Varda and the Dolphins, who just sing. Twice a night, and every night. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The ways of our wicked world are no match for the wickedness of the words with which "Four in Hand," Julius Monk's editorial-with-music, decries those ways. His coruscating Greek chorus is led by Mary Louise Wilson and Liz Sheridan, who receive valiant support from Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Alex Wipf. The orchestra is the dashing double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the opulent interlude piano comes from Baldwin Bergersen. Nine and eleven-thirty are the starting times. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A fine body of men known as Los Chavales de España applies a great deal of jubilant body Spanish to its stamping, cavorting, and flirting songs; a set of ballerinas aids their cause, and a brace of bands urges the guests into quite a spate of exhibition dancing. Dining, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Alejandro Manzana, which will have you marching through Iberia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, who was held over at the analyst's all summer, can hardly wait until ten (or nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays) at night to tell all about it. She is not a Sunday worker. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a Lilliputian revue with words and music and girls and boys, is in operation at nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is impromptu entertainment by the staff of this quite casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Roland Kirk, who aspires to be all things to all instruments, leads the quartet that is now in session every night but Monday, an evening that is always devoted to uprisings by the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the ground floor, the eternal flame of Willie the Lion Smith's cigar and piano keep alive the faith in not only the past but the future of stride piano, and the joy is augmented when Don Ewell's piano double-teams it with him. Sunday, Dec. 3, is their last night; Mose Allison's threesome, of a newer but quite viable persuasion, checks in on Tuesday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, Symphony Sid and his Latin-American bandsmen assemble every Monday; Fridays and Saturdays are awarded to Ahmad Jamal's involuted quartet. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): This minute pizza salon is picking on bands of much more than its own size; to wit: Friday through Sunday, Dec. 1-3, Duke Pearson's seventeen-man band, plus, on the Sunday, from three to six, the sixteen-man Manhattan Brass Choir; Howard McGhee's seventeen-man squadron shows up on Monday, Dec. 4, and begins a weekend stand on Friday, Dec. 8. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's threesome walks with a springy step the length of the oval bar and brightens every inch of it. There is also interlude piano by Fran Thompson. Kickoff time is nine-fifteen. Mondays, everybody stays home. Dining. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The venerable powerhouse is getting along, and with power to burn, under the guidance of such as Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): The economic law that bad music drives good music out of circulation still prevails, so the progressive citizenry must often seek quarters as plain as this one, where Blue Mitchell's quintet is holding out. It gives up on Sunday, Dec. 3, but Sun Ra's cryptog-

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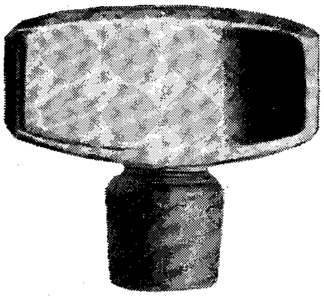

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

raphers operate on Monday, Dec. 4, and Freddie Hubbard's Jazz Communicators arrive next evening for a longer stay. Joe Henderson and Louis Hayes will be in this cast. . . . POOKIE'S PUB, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): Grand (in every way) is the slam that Elvin Jones imposes on his timpani. His group, which has important contributions to make toward the welfare of contemporary music, includes Jaki Byard and, Fridays and Saturdays, Thad Jones. Nine to four is the curriculum offered every night but Monday. . . . THE FRAMMIS, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A new hearthstone to keep the faith warm. The music is concocted by Tal Farlow, a hermit for the past decade, who returns to civilian life, and in truly prodigal fashion, with the expert Johnny Knapp and Lyn Christie as his sidekicks. Dinner begins at six, the Farlows begin at nine, and who knows when the thing ends. No music Sundays. . . . BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The best of our Village coffee-and-ice-cream parlors. It now resounds to the Chrysalis, whose role is rock, and the Times Square Two, who are aspiring wits. They'll all be there through Monday, Dec. 4, and maybe later. Tuesdays, though, are devoted to drop-ins. . . . RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current eternal-youth formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): More agenda for the rather young. The music is live and cast-iron. It goes until two or three all week long, and on Sundays it commences at four-thirty in the afternoon, when the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band reports for a matinée. Ruth Crews, a cast-iron soprano, augments the uproar on the evenings of Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. . . . RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Museum pieces. The largest is the 1906 truck chassis in which the rataplan band plays. Chaplin and Laurel & Hardy movies occur at times; beer, peanuts, and pretzels happen continually. There are Sunday matinées, too, beginning at five.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Billy Apple—Seven objects made from bright-colored neon tubes and carrying a six-month guarantee, by an ex-chemist from New Zealand; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Saul Baizerman (1889-1957)—Seven large hollow-metal figurative reliefs in hammered copper, done in the thirties and forties; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

François and Bernard Baschet—Musical sculptures (ding, dong) by brothers working together; through Dec. 16. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Erich Brauer—Dreamlike paintings of figures in symbolic landscapes; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Robert Breer—Self-propelled Styrofoam floats, covered with aluminum, plastic, or painted paper, whose movement is hardly perceptible; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Drawings, recently unearthed, mostly from 1930-31, and twelve wire sculptures by the famous mobile-maker; through Dec. 23. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Willem de Kooning—Paintings and drawings since 1963, including the well-known series of paintings on doors, by the leading American Action painter; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Khoren Der Harootian—Bronze sculptures in an antique mode; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

John Dobbs—Paintings and drawings of social satire and commentary; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Gouaches and drawings on the theme of "Paris Circus;" through Dec. 16. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jared French—Outsize pen-and-ink drawings interpreting Greek mythology; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St.)

Cleve Gray—A series of large Abstract Expressionist paintings on the subject of Ceres; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacob Grossberg—Eighteen Abstract sculptures in welded steel; through Dec. 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Hinman—Shaped canvases of large color areas that stand away from the wall; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

John Hoyland—Big canvases stained or painted by a British adherent of color-field painting; through Dec. 21. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Outdoor sculptures by a witty figurative artist; through Dec. 30. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leonid—Elegant landscapes by the Russian-born pioneer of Neo-Romanticism; through Dec. 16. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Meadows—Recent brass sculptures on Abstract figurative themes; through Dec. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Joan Miró—Paintings, gouaches, and two bronzes, all of birds; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions featuring boxes, drawers, and assemblages; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Kenneth Noland—Large paintings by a color-field artist who has switched to horizontal bands; through Wednesday, Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eduardo Paolozzi—Stainless-steel sculptures and silk-screen prints by a British artist; through Dec. 16. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Pasmore—Constructions and paintings done in the past two years by a leading British Abstractionist; through Saturday, Dec. 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gabor Peterdi—Paintings and a portfolio of prints; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Lyrical paintings by a first-generation American Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Reid—Numbers and symbols in landscape settings; through Dec. 14. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Noel Rockmore—Paintings of fantasies incorporating a wide variety of techniques; through Saturday, Dec. 2. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

John Scholl—Carvings by a Pennsylvania folk artist, who died in 1917; through Dec. 30. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

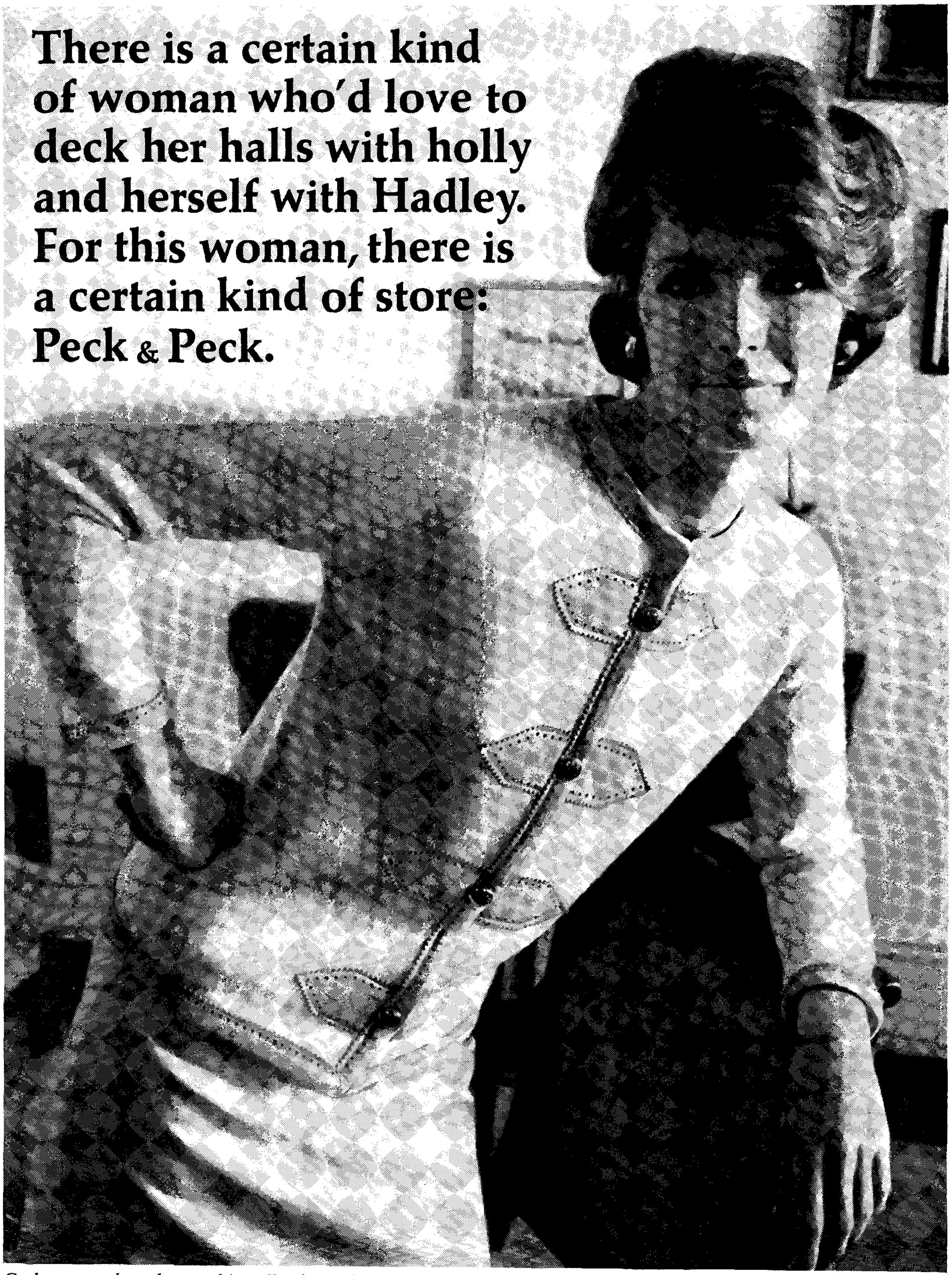
Audrey Skaling—A series of painted wood sculptures entitled Decoys, accenting primitive forms; through Dec. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Monumental shaped canvases by a leading color painter; through Dec. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pavel Tchelitchew (1898-1957)—Thirty studies for "Hide and Seek;" through Dec. 30. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Broadly painted nudes and landscapes; through Thursday, Dec. 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the KENNEDY, 20 E. 56th St.: Over fifty paintings of the Adirondacks by nineteenth-century artists, including Homer D. Martin, James M. Hart, and David Johnson; through Dec. 15. . . . MIDTOWN, 11 E. 57th St.: Watercolors by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, and Hans Moller; through Dec. 16. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Thirty-six posters by Chagall, Albers, Johns, Baskin, and other painters, commissioned under the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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

List Art Poster Program; through Friday, Dec. 8. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)... **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: A twentieth-anniversary show of paintings and sculptures by gallery artists; through Dec. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Paintings by ten artists active for half a century, including Albers, Dickinson, Lindner, Holtey, Tobey, and MacDonald-Wright; through Dec. 22. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—About sixty sculptures, oils, prints, watercolors, and drawings owned by the gallery, by, among others, Chamberlain, Nevelson, Francis, Jenkins, Gorky, and Lester Johnson; through Dec. 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: "Concrete" paintings by a group of Zurich artists working in the tradition of Mondrian and van Doesburg; through Saturday, Dec. 9.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and eight drawings, watercolors, and pastels, including six by Watteau, two by Degas, and examples by Turner, Cézanne, and Italian Old Masters, from the National Gallery of Ireland, in Dublin; through Dec. 30.

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings and prints of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through Dec. 30. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeen important paintings and sculptures (on loan from the Guggenheim Museum) by twentieth-century European masters—Picasso, Mondrian, Kandinsky, Braque, Brancusi, Klee, and others.... ¶ A review of feminine fashion, from an English robe of 1735 to a black patent-leather minidress of, needless to say, the moment; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fifth Guggenheim International Exhibition; this one, the first to be devoted entirely to sculpture, includes nearly a hundred examples, executed since 1960, by eighty artists from twenty nations. Through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and sixty-one oils, drawings, watercolors, and prints covering forty years of Raphael Soyer's preoccupation with New York City life, its street scenes, underprivileged people, and, particularly, young working women; through Sunday, Dec. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Realistic and Impressionist prints by twenty-five German artists from the middle of the nineteenth century to the First World War, for instance Max Liebermann, Adolph von Menzel, and Lovis Corinth; through Dec. 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet... Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings and drawings by more than a hundred contemporary Americans and Canadians, among them Baskin, Peter Blume, Calder, Dickinson, Gabo, Gwathmey, and Leonid; through Feb. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition in America of Japanese art of the Heian

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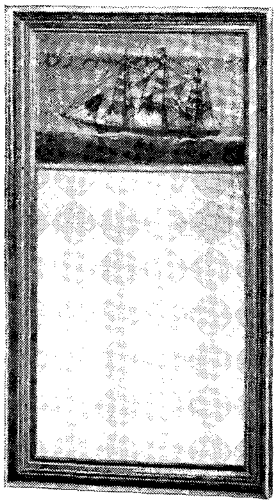

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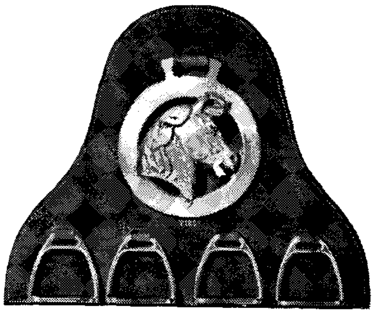

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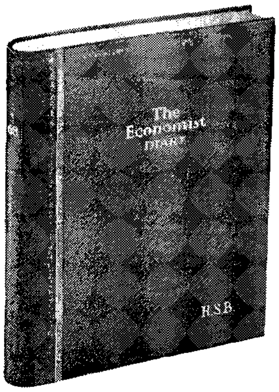

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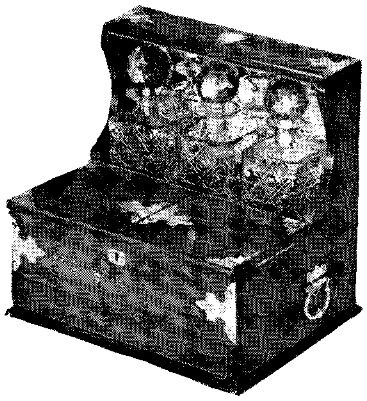

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Art in Series," by such artists as Jensen, Johns, Kelly, Poons, and Rauschenberg; through Jan. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—The first major showing here of prints and drawings by Felicien Rops, a nineteenth-century Belgian artist who specialized in social themes; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ Paintings by Leopoldo Presas, an Argentine artist who favors motifs that include women and religious episodes; through Dec. 31. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D. The show consists of archeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Sixty master prints by artists from the fifteenth century to the eighteenth—Cranach, Dürer, Rembrandt, and van Leyden—interpreting passages from the Book of Genesis; through Jan. 7. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A loan exhibition of Swiss drawings, from the Holbein brothers of the sixteenth century to the Giacomettis, father and son, of the twentieth; through Dec. 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and carvings by nineteenth-century folk artists of the Greater New York area—James and John Bard, Erastus Salisbury Field, and John Bradley, to mention a few; through Dec. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of items made with paper (furniture, flooring, festival and carnival decorations), gathered from all over the world; through Jan. 7. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A hundred and twenty items of African tribal sculptures, including odd examples and rare types in addition to traditional styles; through Feb. 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Marcia Baldwin, Carlotta Ordassy, Patricia Welting, Karan Armstrong, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 1, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Mirella Freni, Teresa Stratas, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:15: "La Gioconda," with Milka Stojanovic, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 4, at 8: "Falstaff," with Pilar Lorengar, Judith Raskin, Fedora Barbieri, Mildred Miller, Ezio Flagello, George Shirley, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Walter Berry, and Karl Ridderbusch. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Mirella Freni, Teresa Stratas, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 8, at 8: "La Ventana," danced by the Metropolitan Opera

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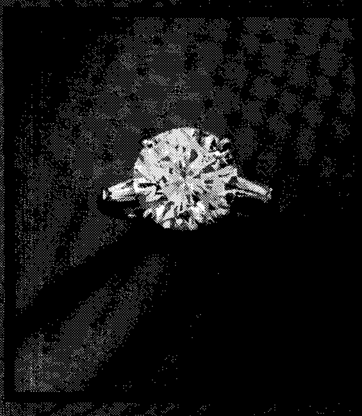

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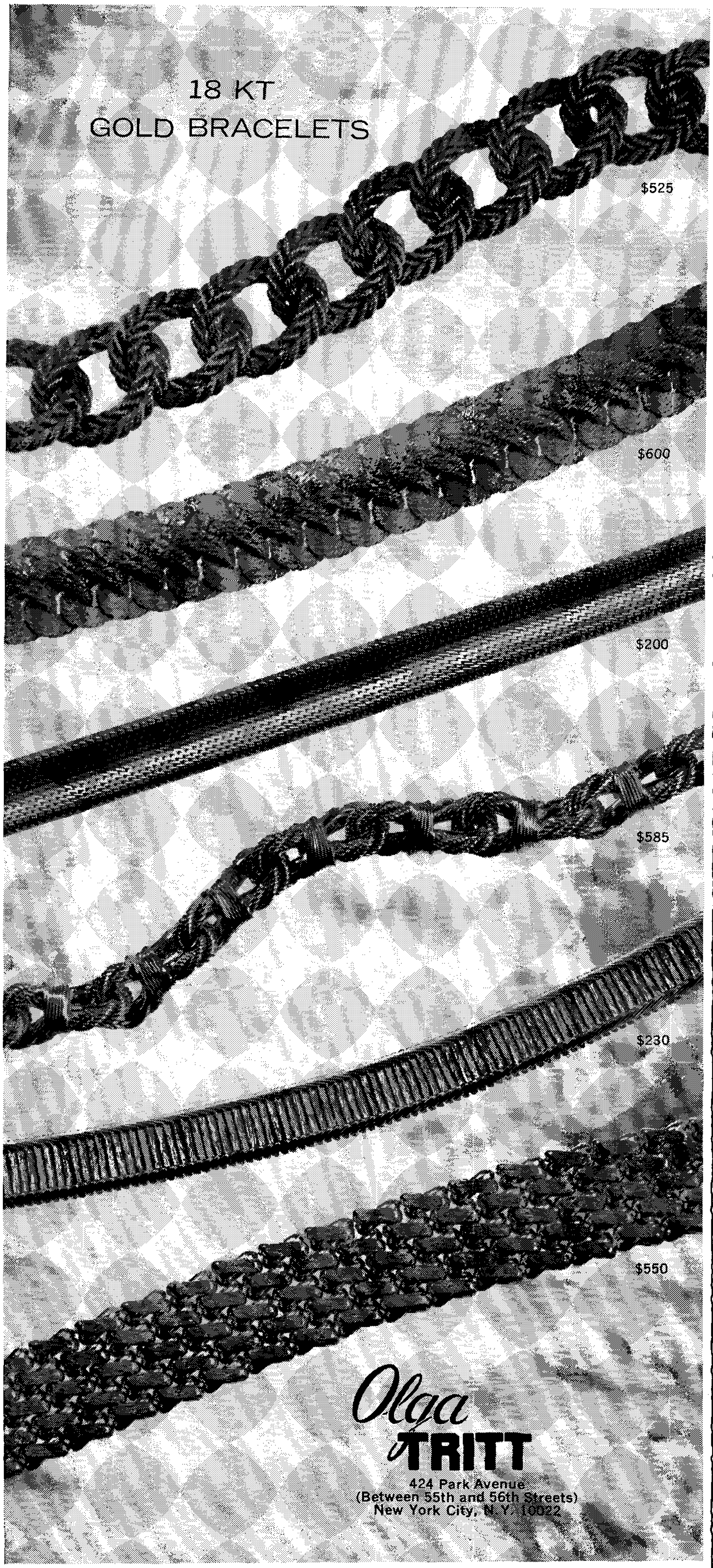


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ballet; and "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Marcia Baldwin, Lili Chookasian, Paul Franke, and Ron Bottcher. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Mirella Freni, Teresa Stratas, Nancy Williams, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8: "Mourning Becomes Electra," with Evelyn Lear, Marie Collier, Lilian Sukis, John Reardon, Sherrill Milnes, John Macurdy, Ron Bottcher, and Raymond Michalski.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—William Steinberg conducting on Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 1, at 2:15; Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 4, and Monday, Dec. 11, both at 7:30 (all with Pina Carmirelli, violin). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program duplicating the first concert ever given by the Philharmonic's progenitor, a hundred and twenty-five years ago. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Eileen Farrell and Reri Grist, sopranos; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; David Nadien, violin; William Lincer, viola; Lorne Munroe, cello; and Robert Brennand, double bass).

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan directing thirty members of the orchestra in the last two in a series of all-Bach programs, with Michel Debost, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30, also with Alexis Weissenberg, piano; and Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30, also with Christian Ferras, violin.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30, with John Browning, piano. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, with Malcolm Frager, piano.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 2-3, at 8:30, with Claudio Arrau, piano; and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 8:30, with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. All seats for the third and fourth concerts have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting, with Harvey Shapiro, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concert—Newell Jenkins conducting a performance of Reinhard Keiser's opera "Croesus" in concert form, with Dorothy Coulter, soprano; Hugues Cuénod, tenor; Bernard Kruysen, baritone; David Clatworthy, bass-baritone; and others. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

American Opera Society—Carlo Felice Cillario directing a performance of Donizetti's "Maria Stuarda" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Edoardo Gimenez, tenor; and Ron Bottcher, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Contemporary Chamber Ensemble—Arthur Weisberg conducting the second in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Nicholas Harsanyi directing. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

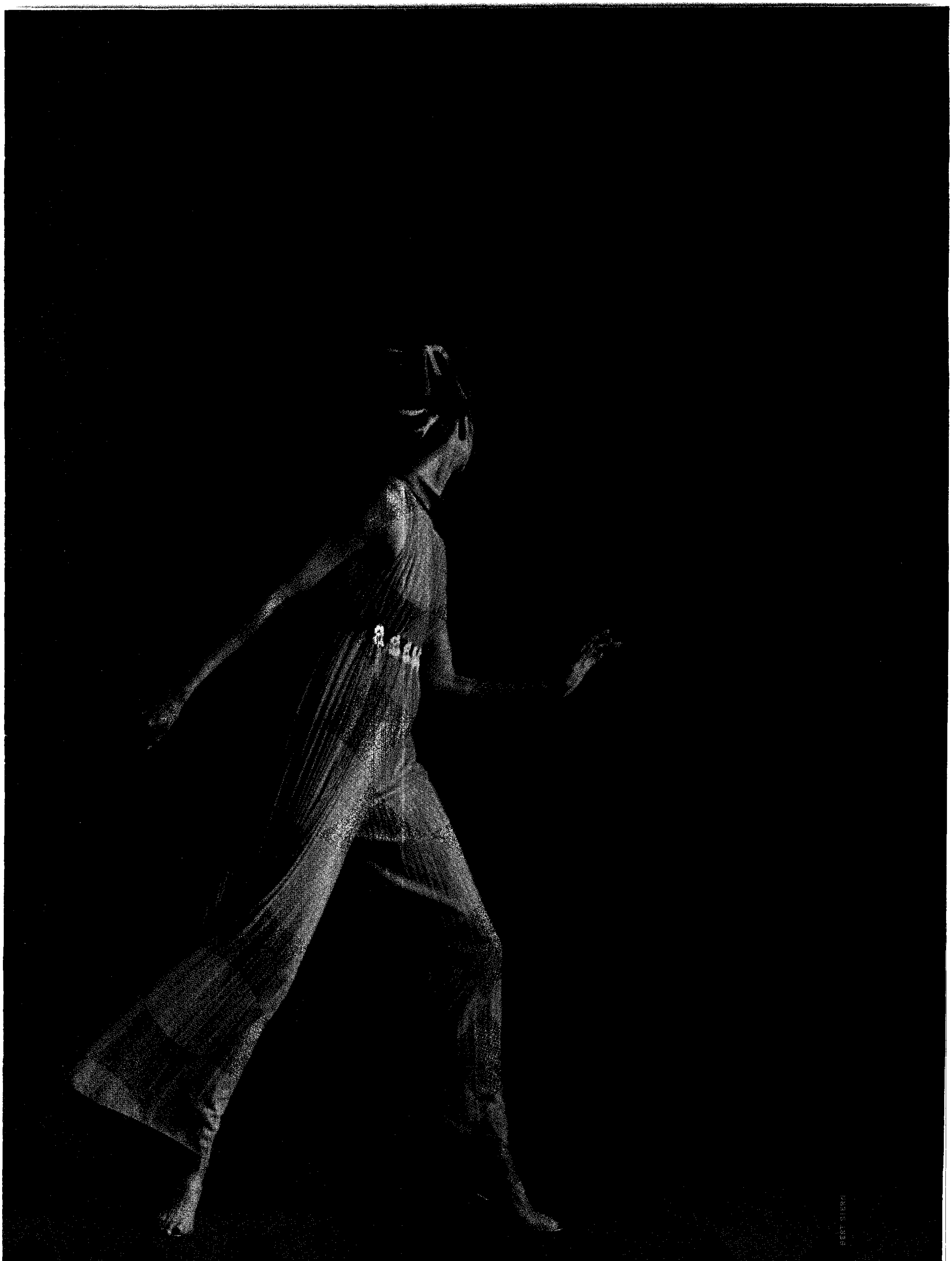
Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the first two in a series of three performances of Handel's "Messiah." (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

New York University and Simmons College Women's Glee Clubs—A joint concert, with E. Jon de Revere and Burton A. Cleaves directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Band and Glee Club—A joint concert, with David S. Josephson and Bailey Harvey directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3093 or 280-3611.)

RECITALS

Hugues Cuénod—Tenor. (La Maison Française, New York University, 16 Washington



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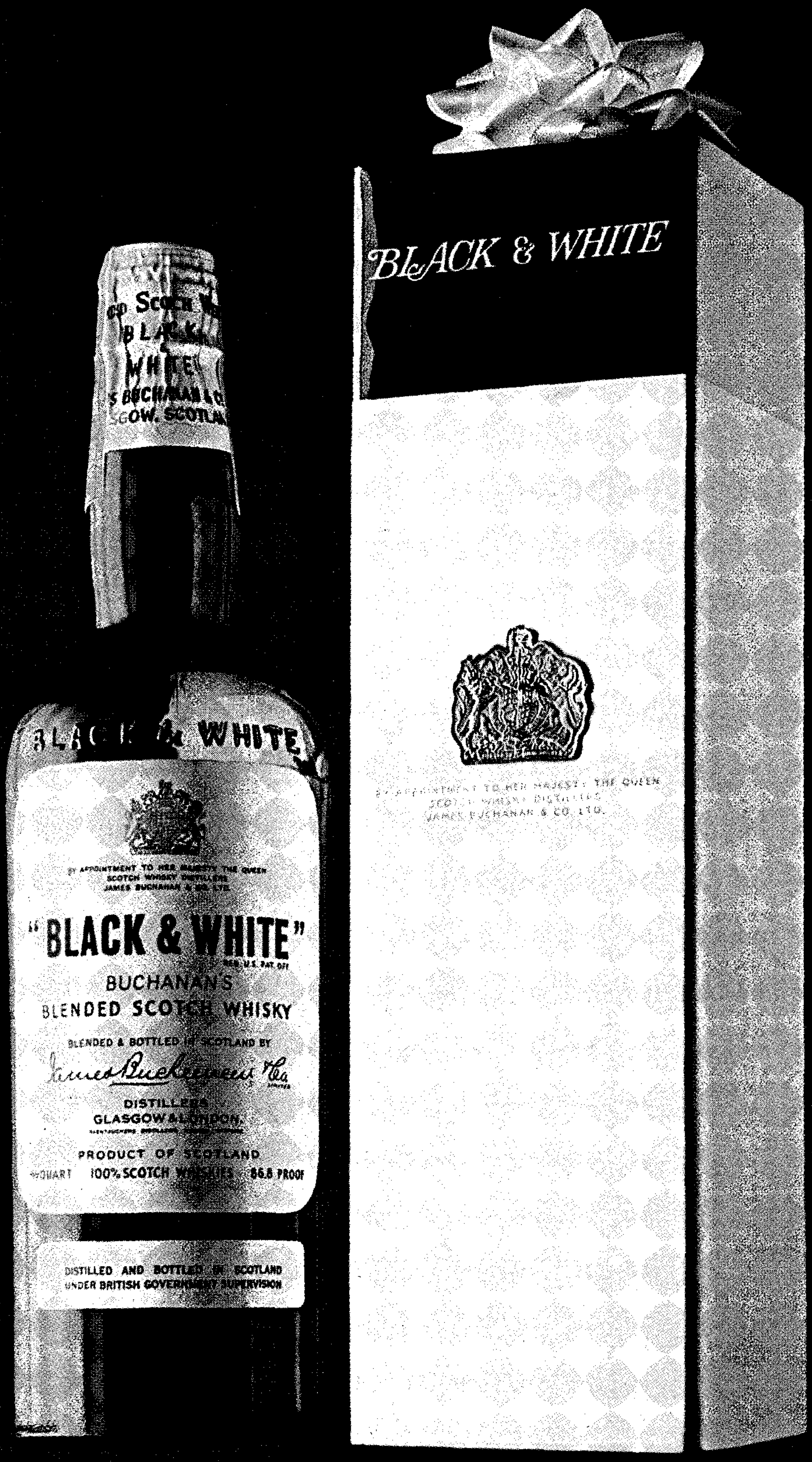
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mews. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Uta Graf—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, in a benefit recital. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 9. For information about tickets, call 752-6490.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30.)

Richard and John Contiguglia—A program of music for four hands and also for two pianos. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Joseph Fennimore—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—Friday, Dec. 1, at 8:30: Zvi Zeitlin, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 3, at 4:30: The Guarneri String Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 685, Mondays through Fridays.)

Quartetto di Roma—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guarneri String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:30, the last in a series of three concerts. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Jaime Laredo—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

New York Baroque Ensemble—An all-Bach program, with Lee Dougherty, soprano, and the Sine Nomine Singers. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Bernard Krainis—Recorder. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday, Dec. 4, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Serkin—An all-Beethoven program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Jeanne-Marie Darré—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano, in an all-Granados program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Ernst Haefliger—Tenor. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 7, at 8:40.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.)

Judy Collins—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:40.)

Note—The Guarneri String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 10, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 4, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

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Mantovani—The English conductor leading an orchestra in his own arrangements. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

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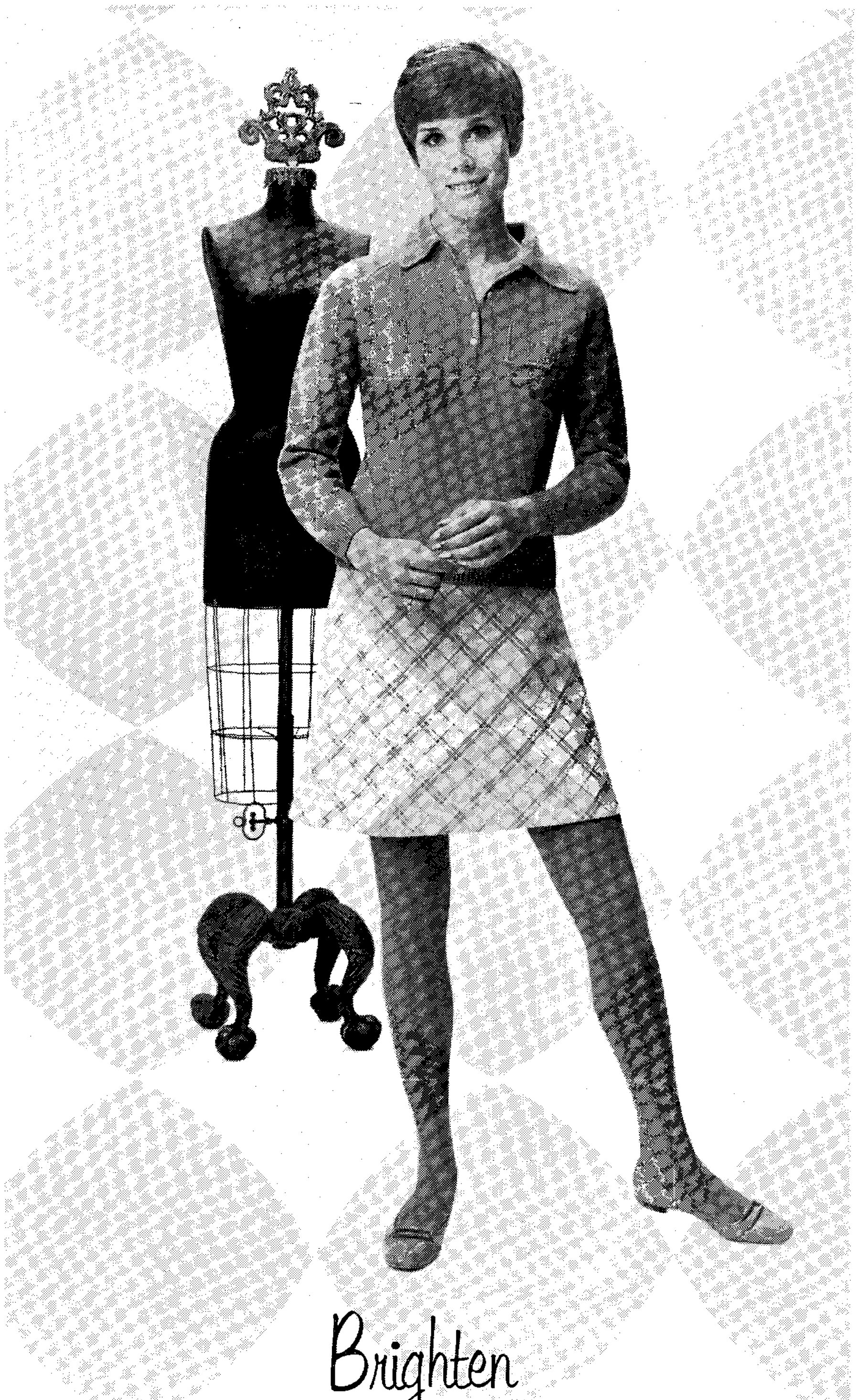

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

arts, this one called "Music and Poetry: Live/Electronic," with Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Nov. 30, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 2, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 5, at 6:30: San Diego vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 9, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Detroit.

DOG SHOW—Kennel Club of Philadelphia. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 9.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Dec. 2: Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Boston College, at Worcester, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Denver Broncos. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 2.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 3, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 6, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Detroit.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at noon; through Friday, Dec. 15. The Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 2, and the Display Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 9. . . . **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Jan. 1.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 7:40; through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano, and the Norman Walker Dancers. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 11 and 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 787-4749.) . . . **BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE:** "Winnie-the-Pooh," plus a number of puppet variety acts. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **FLORSHEIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Puss in Boots." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. Saturdays and Sundays at 1. For tickets, call 565-8853.) . . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "The Bye Bye Tree," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . **MARA AND HER COMPANY:** "The Playful Dragon, a Cambodian Fairy Tale." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 2, at 11 and 3, and Sunday, Dec. 3, at 3.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Aladdin," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 2-3, at 1 and 3. . . . ¶ "Rip van Winkle," Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 9-10, at 1 and 3. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894.) . . . **SILVER BUTTON PRODUCTIONS:** "The Silver Button." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio," Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan," Saturdays and Sundays at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collection of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Stars in the Christmas Sky." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Edward Dahlberg and Isabella Gardner reading from their own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

Flower Show—The Christmas Show presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Dec. 6, from 12:30 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Dec. 1, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Utrillo, Raphael Soyer, Derain, and Poliakoff; from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 2, at 1:45: Chinese and Meissen porcelains and French and English furniture, belonging to Winston Guest. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 7, at 1:45: *Objets de vertu* by Carl Fabergé, belonging to the collection of the late Lansdell K. Christie. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 1.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Nov. 30 at 2 and 5:30: "The Woman in the Moon" (1929), directed by Fritz Lang. . . . ¶ Five programs in a series of American films with French titles. Dec. 1 at 2 and 5:30: "The Dragon Painter" (1919). . . . Dec. 2 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "The Wizard of Oz" (1925). . . . Dec. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Is Matrimony a Failure?" (1922). . . . Dec. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "The Last of the Mohicans" (1920). . . . Dec. 5 at 2 and 5:30: "The Spieler" (1929). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, with Lotte Lenya; no English titles. . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Nov. 30 at 3 and 5:30; Dec. 1 at 3; Dec. 2 at 3 and 5:30; and Dec. 3 at 2 and 4: "The Life and Times of John Huston, Esq." (1967), produced for National Educational Television. . . . ¶ Dec. 5-6, showings at 3 and 5:30: To be announced. . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

Note—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its six thousand lights and six hundred red, gold, green, and blue illuminated bells, and ready to be lighted at about 5:45 on Thursday, Dec. 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: Dec. 12, 16, 19, 25, 27, and 29, and Jan. 2 and 6.

Professional Football—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Detroit Lions, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Dec. 17. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Dec. 10.

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 10, 17, 20, 23, 27, 30, and 31, and Jan. 3 and 7.

Squash Racquets—New York State Singles

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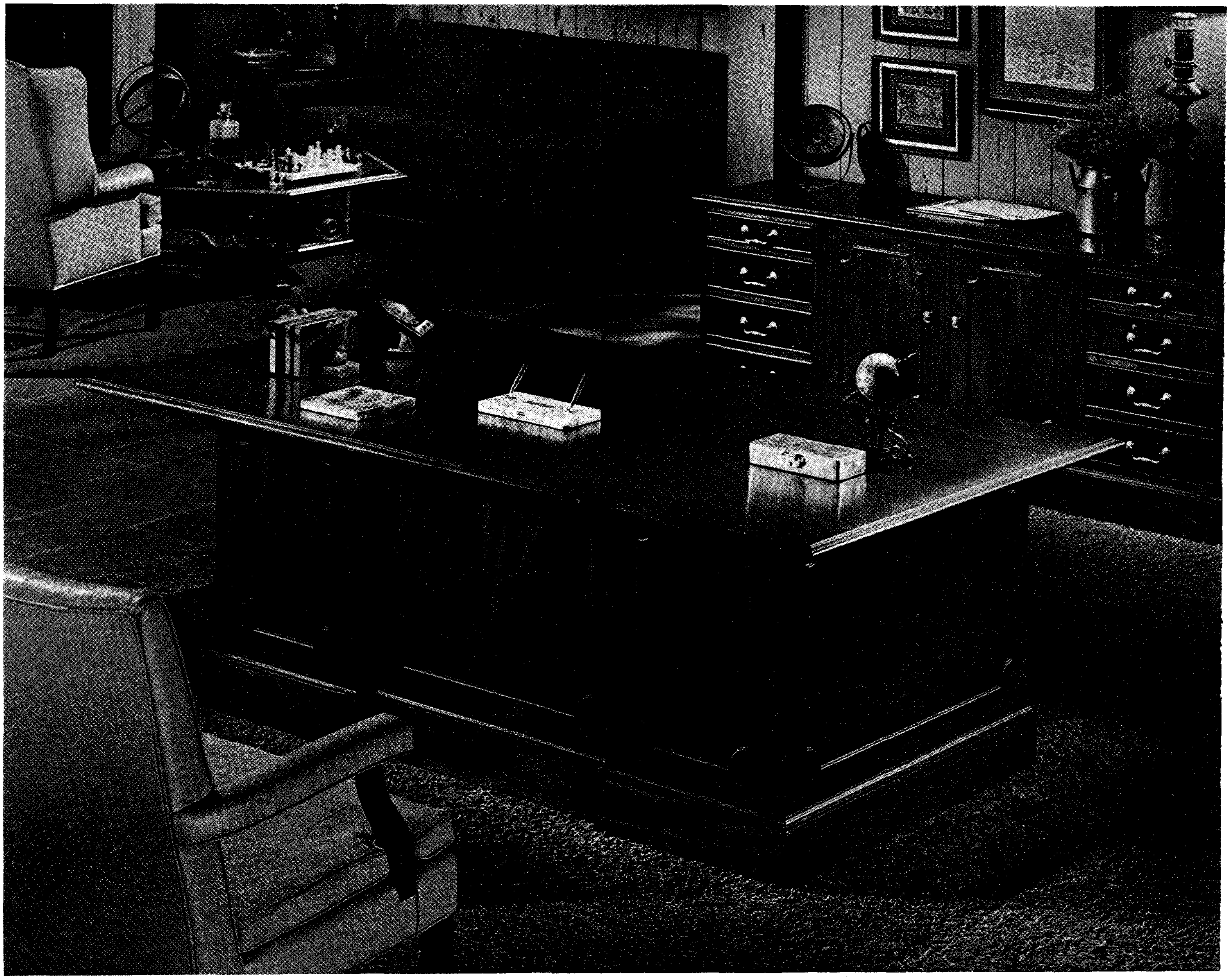

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Championship. (New York Athletic Club. Dec. 16-17.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Jan. 10.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Jan. 3-March 2.

MUSIC—**METROPOLITAN OPERA**, Lincoln Center (799-4420): The season continues through April 20. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Washington National Symphony, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Dec. 12 and 22. . . . ¶ Buffalo Philharmonic Orchestra and Fredonia College Choir, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra of New York, Dec. 15. . . . ¶ Gary Graffman, piano, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Veyron-Lacroix, flute and keyboard duo, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Dec. 19 and Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Menuhin Trio, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, Dec. 26, 28, and 30. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 7. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7459): Joseph Fuchs, violin, Dec. 11. . . . ¶ Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, violin and piano, Dec. 12. . . . ¶ Ray Lev, piano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Berlin Mozart Choir, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 17-18 and Jan. 7-8. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ David Oistrakh, violin, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Pete Seeger, folk singer, Dec. 23. . . . ¶ Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra, Dec. 24, 28, and 29. . . . ¶ Rosalyn Tureck, piano, Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Artur Rubinstein, piano, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Chamber Symphony of Philadelphia, Jan. 9. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Kohon String Quartet, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Sabicas, flamenco guitarist, Dec. 30. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Jan. 10. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE PLAYHOUSE** (535-5350): Yvonne Loriod and Olivier Messiaen, piano, Dec. 12. . . . **FELT FORUM**, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. (CO 5-6800): Holiday Glee Club Festival. Princeton, Dec. 13; Yale, Dec. 15; Brown, Dec. 16; Cornell, Dec. 17; Dartmouth, Dec. 17; Harvard, Dec. 18; Columbia, Dec. 19; and Pennsylvania, Dec. 20. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM**, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): New York Chamber Soloists, Dec. 15.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Spofford," a comedy derived by Herman Shumlin from Peter De Vries' novel "Reuben, Reuben" and starring Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ A three-week revival by the City Center Light Opera Company of "Brigadoon," with Bill Hayes, Linda Bennett, Karen Morrow, Russell Nype, and Edward Villella. . . . ¶ Molly Picon and Godfrey Cambridge are the entire cast of "How to Be a Jewish Mother," a comedy adapted by Seymour Vall from a book by Dan Greenburg. . . . ¶ A musical, "The Happy Time," based on the play by Samuel A. Taylor and the book by Robert L. Fontaine. N. Richard Nash wrote the libretto, John Kander the music, and Fred Ebb the lyrics, and the cast is headed by Robert Goulet and David Wayne. . . . ¶ Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in "Golden Rainbow," a musical with a book by Ernest Kinoy and music and lyrics by Walter Marks. . . . ¶ The second production of the season by the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center will be Shaw's "Saint Joan," with Diana Sands in the title role. . . . ¶ The third production in this season's APA-Phoenix repertory—Ionesco's "Exit the King," translated by Donald Watson. . . . ¶ "Mata Hari," a musical in which Marisa Mell and Pernell Roberts will appear. Jerome Coopersmith did the book, Martin Charnin is responsible for the lyrics, and Edward Thomas composed the score.

OTHER DATES—Coliseum Antiques Fair, at the Coliseum, Dec. 9-17. . . . ¶ The first day of winter is Friday, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Mondays. . . . ¶ Ice Follies of 1968, at Madison Square Garden—the *old* Garden—Jan. 9-21. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Jan. 15.

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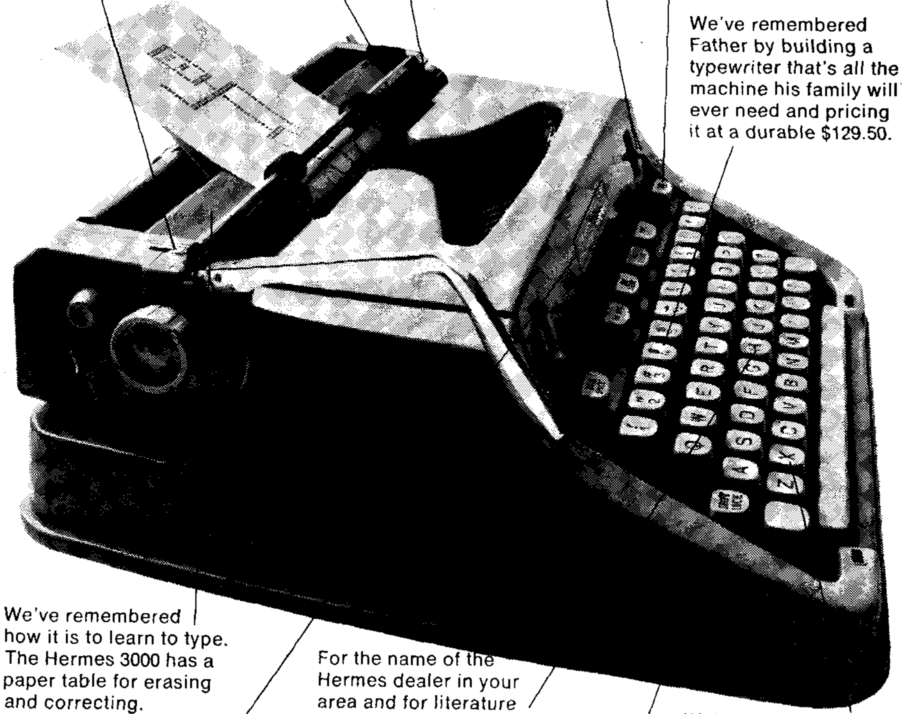

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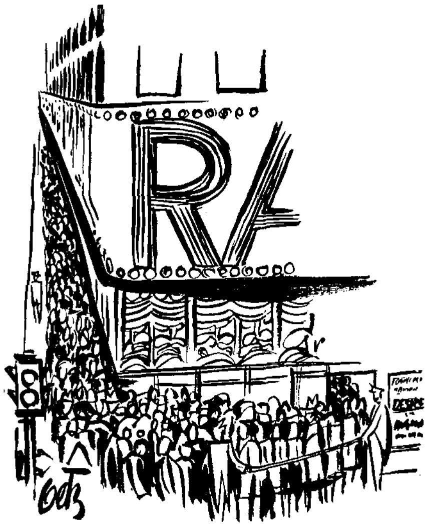
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE



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The Battle of Algiers—A stirring quasi-documentary account of the guerrilla warfare that helped win independence for Algeria. Directed by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Bonnie and Clyde—The police used a thousand rounds of ammunition to shoot the real Bonnie and Clyde (played by Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty in Arthur Penn's film). The two had become the Depression's folk heroes, and they thought they had charmed lives. A shrewd and harrowing study of the criminal's urge to be remembered. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 5.... ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Dec. 5, tentative.... ¶ 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; starting Dec. 6.)

Camelot—A very long and very dull musical, distinguished only by the presence of Vanessa Redgrave and Richard Harris. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Chappaqua—A bold rendering of the mind, anguished but undefeated, of a young drug addict. Written and directed by Conrad Rooks, who plays the leading role. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Closely Watched Trains—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cool Hand Luke—Paul Newman gives a superb performance as a Southern misfit who refuses to be pushed around. Stuart Rosenberg is the director. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

Elvira Madigan—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Family Way—The film is about North-of-England working-class attitudes toward sex, and it is as knowing as the title. Bill Naughton's original stage play was called "All in Good Time," and was much more simply achieved. Hayley Mills' girlishness is hard to bear; John Mills as her overbearing father-in-law is pretty good. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 5.)

Far from the Madding Crowd—If you like Hardy, you will no doubt enjoy this faithful rendering of the grumpy yeomanry of grim old Wessex. The cast includes Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Terence Stamp, and Peter Finch. John Schlesinger directed. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How I Won the War—A pitch-black comedy about the horror of war, and perhaps also about the horror of making a movie about the horror of war. Brilliantly directed by Richard Lester, with Michael Crawford as the star. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717.)

A Man and a Woman—An example of a movie that really moves, directed and photographed by Claude Lelouch, who doesn't make any mistakes in his treatment of a small love story. Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant play the lovers. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—The moral tug of war between Henry VIII and Sir Thomas More, eloquently set forth by Robert Bolt and enacted by a superb cast, including Paul Scofield as More, Robert Shaw as Henry, and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. Directed by Fred Zinnemann. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point Blank—The simple moral of this savage, wonderfully photographed melodrama is "Never try to steal ninety-three thousand dollars from Lee Marvin." (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Dec. 5.)

Reflections in a Golden Eye—A disappointing version of the McCullers novel. With heavy-handed direction by John Huston and starring Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A diverting movie, which would have been a lot better at half its length. With Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore, James Fox, and Beatrice Lillie, and directed by George Roy Hill. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game—A prophecy, in documentary form, of the suffering that would befall England in the event of a Third World War. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.... ¶ Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 6.)

Woman Times Seven—Shirley MacLaine playing seven ogling parts that look as if they have been market-researched as the ideal woman and makeup-buying prospect. Alan Arkin is gravely funny in one episode, and the star's legs are beautiful all the time. Vittorio De Sica directed, but Joseph E. Levine presented it, and the soul of the thing is Hollywood's. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 5.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

America America (1963)—An account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Dec. 6.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—Peter Sellers, Robert Morley, and Constance Cummings enacting a comedy about the introduction of modern American methods into a staid firm in Edinburgh. A British film, based on James Thurber's "The Catbird Seat." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 1-4.)

Boubu Saved from Drowning (1931)—A comedy by Jean Renoir, made in Paris and starring Michel Simon. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 4.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western that makes sport of Westerns. With Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 6.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—A comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Nov. 30.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand is the star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 2-3.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 5.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 1-4.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields again, this time doing his best as a kindly uncle. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni as a modest professor bent on righting social wrongs in nineteenth-century Italy. Directed by Mario Monicelli. In Italian. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 5-6.)

Point of Order! (1963)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Dec. 1.)

Repulsion (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Dec. 5-6.)

A Shot in the Dark (1964)—Peter Sellers as a French police inspector more incompetent than most. (Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th, CO 5-1355; and 86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AG 9-1144; through Dec. 5.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Dec. 6.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—Some Scots and a wartime whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Dec. 5.)

Transport from Paradise (1967)—A Czechoslovakian movie, directed by Zbyněk Brynych, about the transfer of several hundred Jews from a ghetto to the gas ovens of Auschwitz. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 30.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Nov. 30.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl., OR 4-3210; Dec. 1-4.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Happiest Millionaire," Fred MacMurray, Tommy Steele.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
COOL HAND LUKE.

TRANS-LUX WEST, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
Through Dec. 5: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," revival, Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
CAMELOT.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
"An Uncommon Thief" (in Russian).

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 5 (tentative): **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.
From Dec. 6: **THE WAR GAME**; and **AMERICA AMERICA**, revival.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 5: **WOMAN TIMES SEVEN**; and "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 5: "To Sir, with Love," Sidney Poitier; and "After the Fox," revival, Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Tony Rome," Frank Sinatra.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Guilt" (in Swedish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
CHAPPAQUA.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE AFRICAN QUEEN, revival.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Incident," Jan Sterling, Thelma Ritter.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Fearless Vampire Killers," Jack MacGowran, Sharon Tate.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Comedians," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
COOL HAND LUKE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ELVIRA MADIGAN (in Swedish).

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
HOW I WON THE WAR.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sound of Music," revival, Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
REFLECTIONS IN A GOLDEN EYE.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE BANK DICK, revival; and **NEVER GIVE A SUCKER AN EVEN BREAK**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE FAMILY WAY.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Dec. 5: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.
From Dec. 6: "The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Dec. 5: **POINT BLANK.**
From Dec. 6: "The Girl and the General," Rod Steiger, Virna Lisi; and "Eye of the Devil," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
Through Dec. 5: **A SHOT IN THE DARK**, revival; and "What's New Pussycat?," revival, Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers.
From Dec. 6: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and another feature, to be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
Nov. 30: **TRANSPORT FROM PARADISE**, revival; and **THE TRIAL**, revival.
Dec. 1-4: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** and **MAYERLING** (both in French and both revivals).
From Dec. 5: "On the Bowery," "Come Back, Africa," and "Good Times, Wonderful Times" (all revivals and all semi-documentary films).

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Dec. 5: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Dec. 6: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and "Alfie," revival, Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 5: **THE FAMILY WAY.**
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French), revival.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Dec. 5: **POINT BLANK.**
From Dec. 6: "The Girl and the General," Rod Steiger, Virna Lisi; and "Eye of the Devil," Deborah Kerr, David Niven.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Dec. 5: "Waterhole #3," James Coburn.
From Dec. 6: "The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS, a Czechoslovakian film.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Dec. 5: **BONNIE AND CLYDE.**
From Dec. 6: To be announced.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE WAR GAME; and **DR. STRANGELOVE**, revival.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Lemonade Joe," a Czechoslovakian film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"This Special Friendship" (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Dec. 1: **POINT OF ORDER!**, revival; and "Before the Revolution" (in Italian), revival, Adriana Asti.
Dec. 2-3: **HORSEFEATHERS**, revival; and "I'm No Angel," revival, Mae West, Cary Grant.
Dec. 4: **BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING** (in French), revival; and "Another Sky," revival, Victoria Grayson.
Dec. 5-6: **THE ORGANIZER** (in Italian), revival; and **REPULSION**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 5: **BONNIE AND CLYDE**; and "The Man Who Finally Died," Stanley Baker, Mai Zetterling.
From Dec. 6: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and "The Naked Runner," Frank Sinatra.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Nov. 30: **DUTCHMAN**, revival; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
Dec. 1-4: **THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES**, revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
From Dec. 5: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND**, revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE FAMILY WAY.

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"Paris Jewel Boutique"

Rope him in for Christmas.
Cufflinks of twisted 18 kt. gold rope are high on the list for masculine good looks, and sure bets to help tie him up for good. Single loop, $200. Oval, with cabochon sapphire centers, $175. Round, with cabochon sapphire centers, $280.
Designs © Actual size

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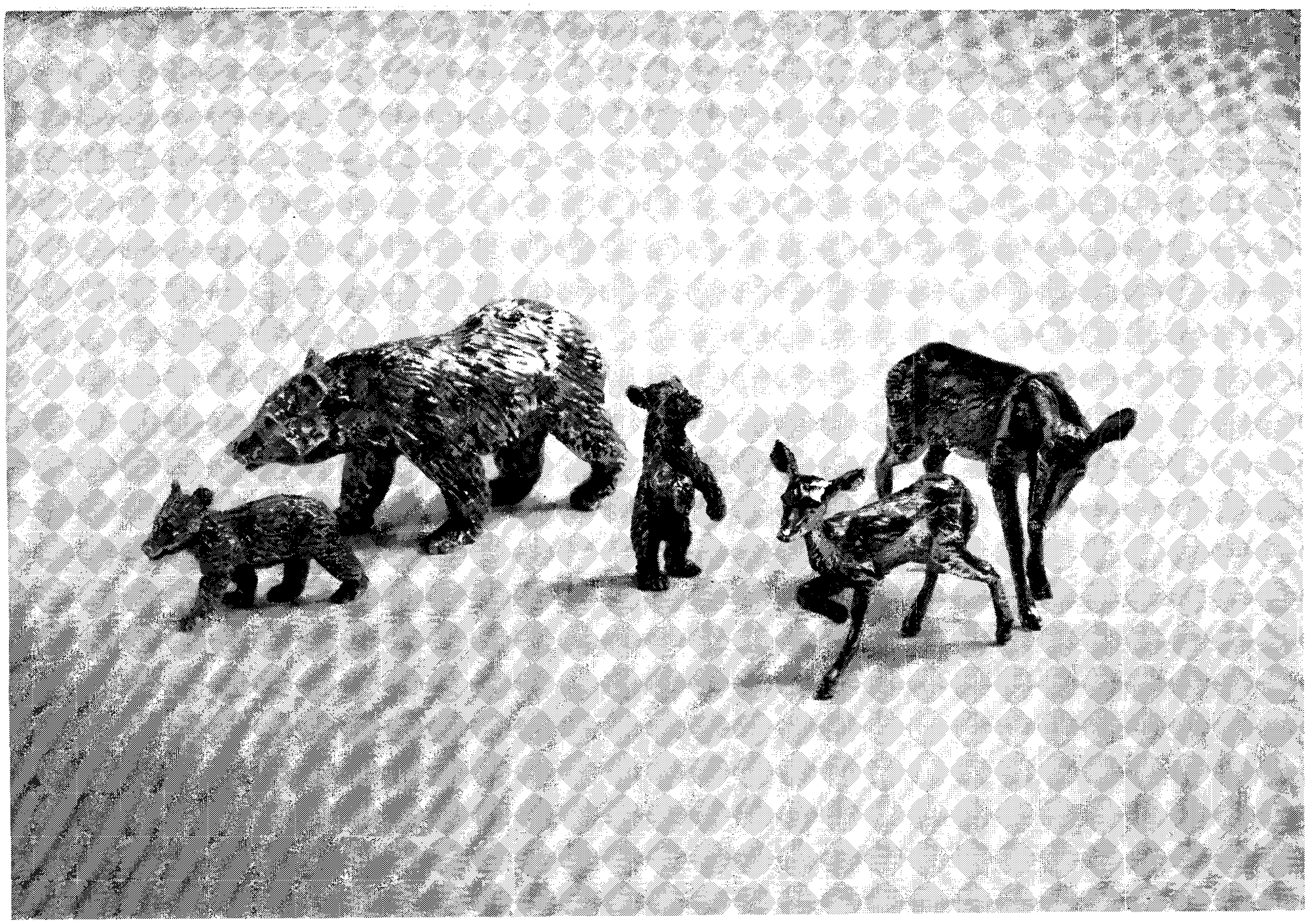

Christmas Morning.
An F. J. Cooper original in solid sterling silver.

Ever notice how at this time of year everyone walks a little faster? And talks a little faster? And worries a little more?

To get a smile from someone is something else.

There's a great deal left unsaid, we feel, in the scene shown above.

And we're going to leave it that way.

Bear family, sculptured by Mr. Sterling Lanier for F. J. Cooper in solid sterling silver, $125. (If you really must split them up, mother bear is $65 and each cub is $30.) Deer family, $85. (Mother, $50. Fawn, $35.) Shown above slightly smaller than actual size.

P.S. Our little chipmunk below (who is just about to gobble down his very last nut) finds himself all alone at this time of year. How sad. Only you can do something about his unfortunate situation. In 18 karat gold with ruby eyes, $100.

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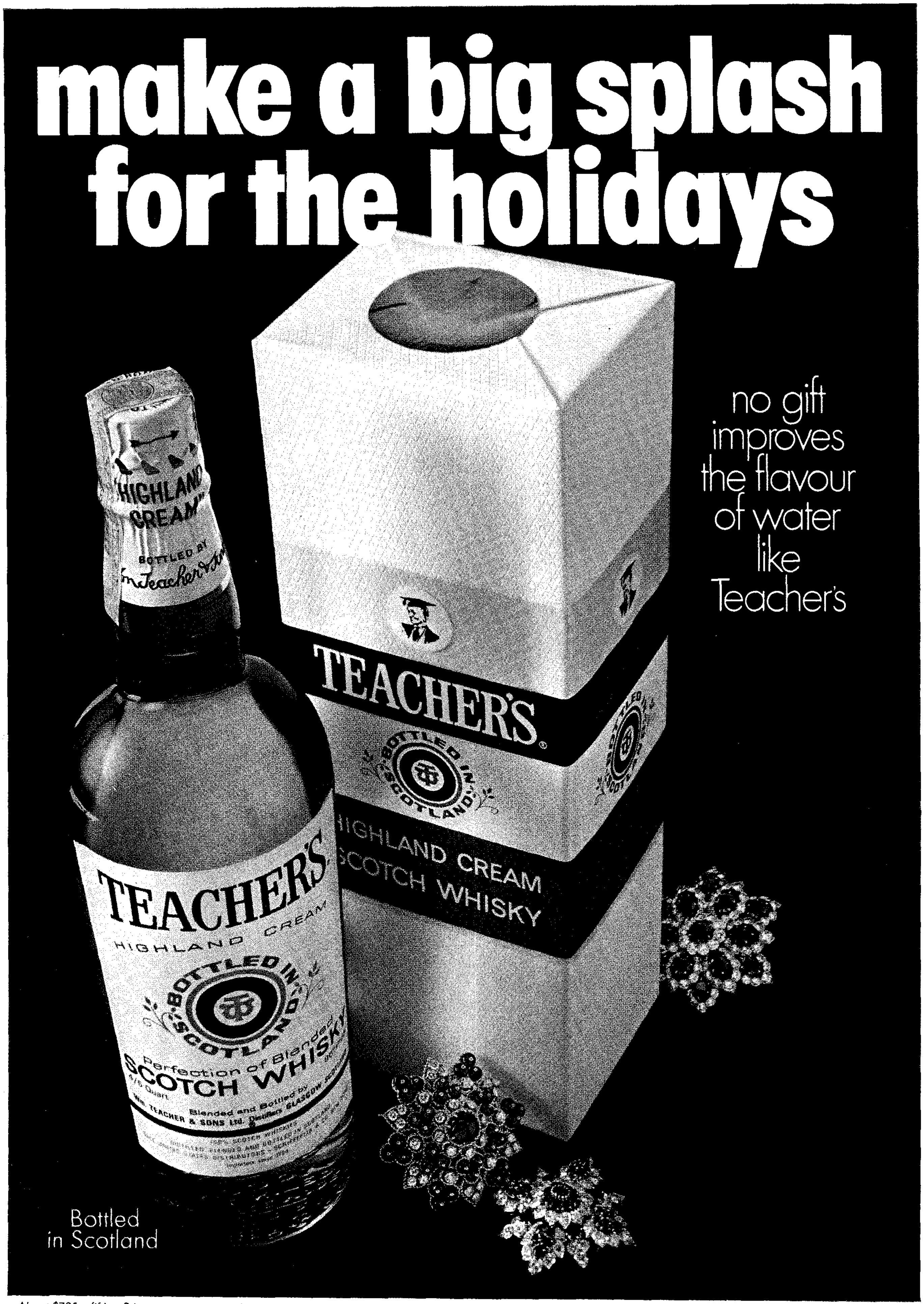
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no gift improves the flavour of water like Teacher's
TEACHER'S
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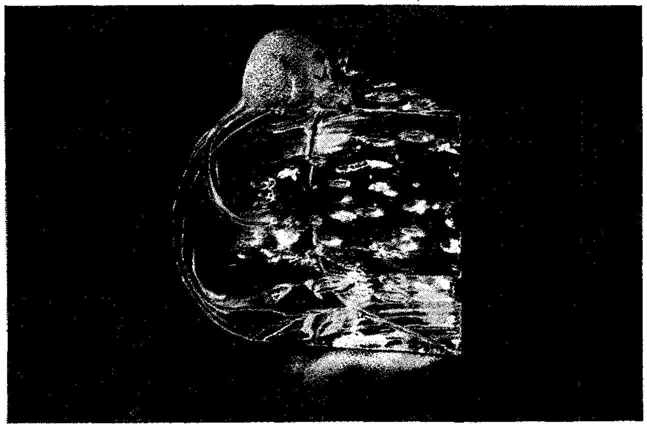
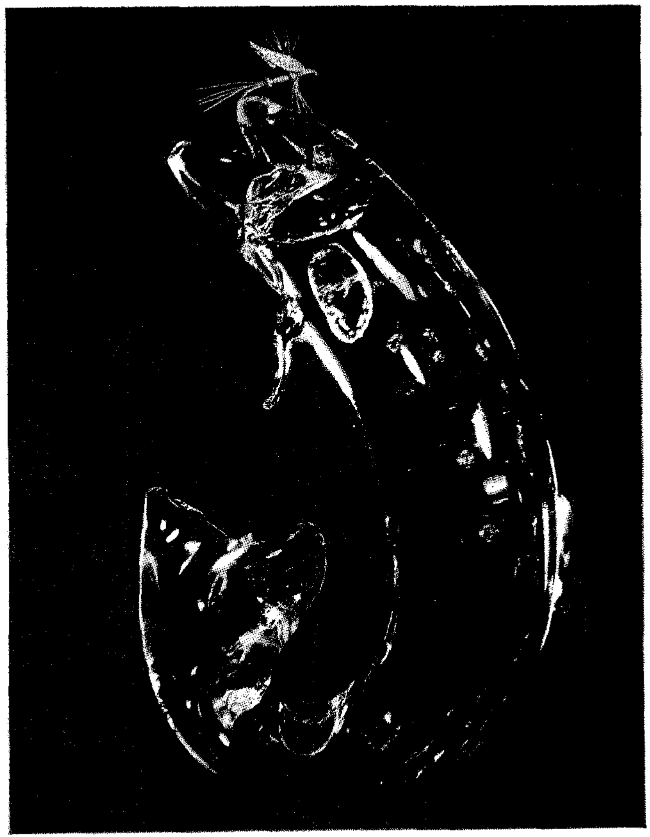
STEUBEN GLASS

Christmas Gifts in Crystal and Gold

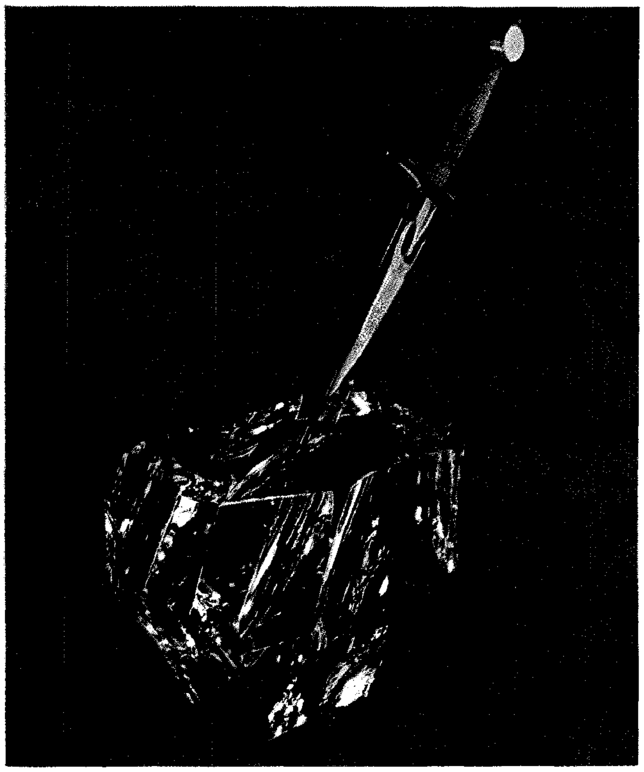
Steuben Glass presents a new group of ornamental *objets* in crystal and gold. Designed by James Houston and fitted with cases of red leather, they are now on view at the Steuben shop: Fifth Ave. at 56th St., New York City.



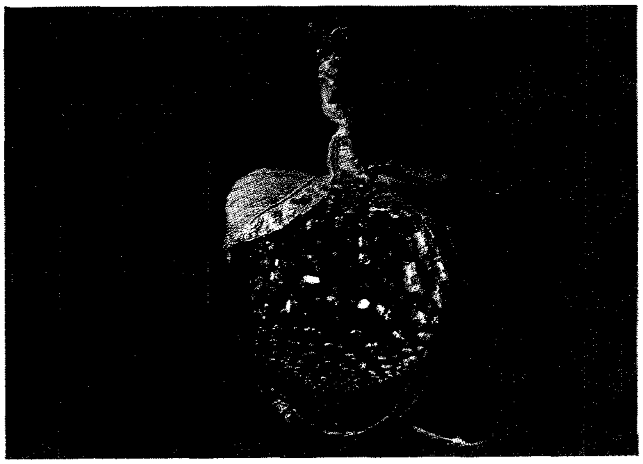
Mouse and Cheese · Height 4″ · Gold, 18k · $550



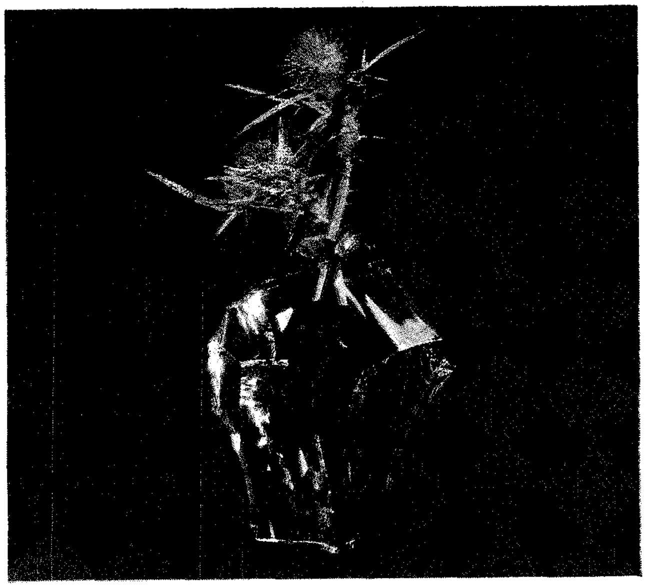
Trout and Fly · Height 9½″ · Gold, 18k · $625



Excalibur · Height 8″ · Silver, sterling · Gold, 18k · $650



Apple of Eden · Height 6″ · Gold, 18k · $550



Thistle Rock · Height 7″ · Thistle, vermeil · $650

The Towle Reputation: We earned it with sterling silver. Can we live up to it with stainless steel?

Perhaps we worry too much. But after more than 275 years of silver-smithing, it would be sad indeed if we tried our hand at stainless and fell flat on our face. The choice was clear: either make stainless worthy of the Towle reputation. Or stick to sterling.

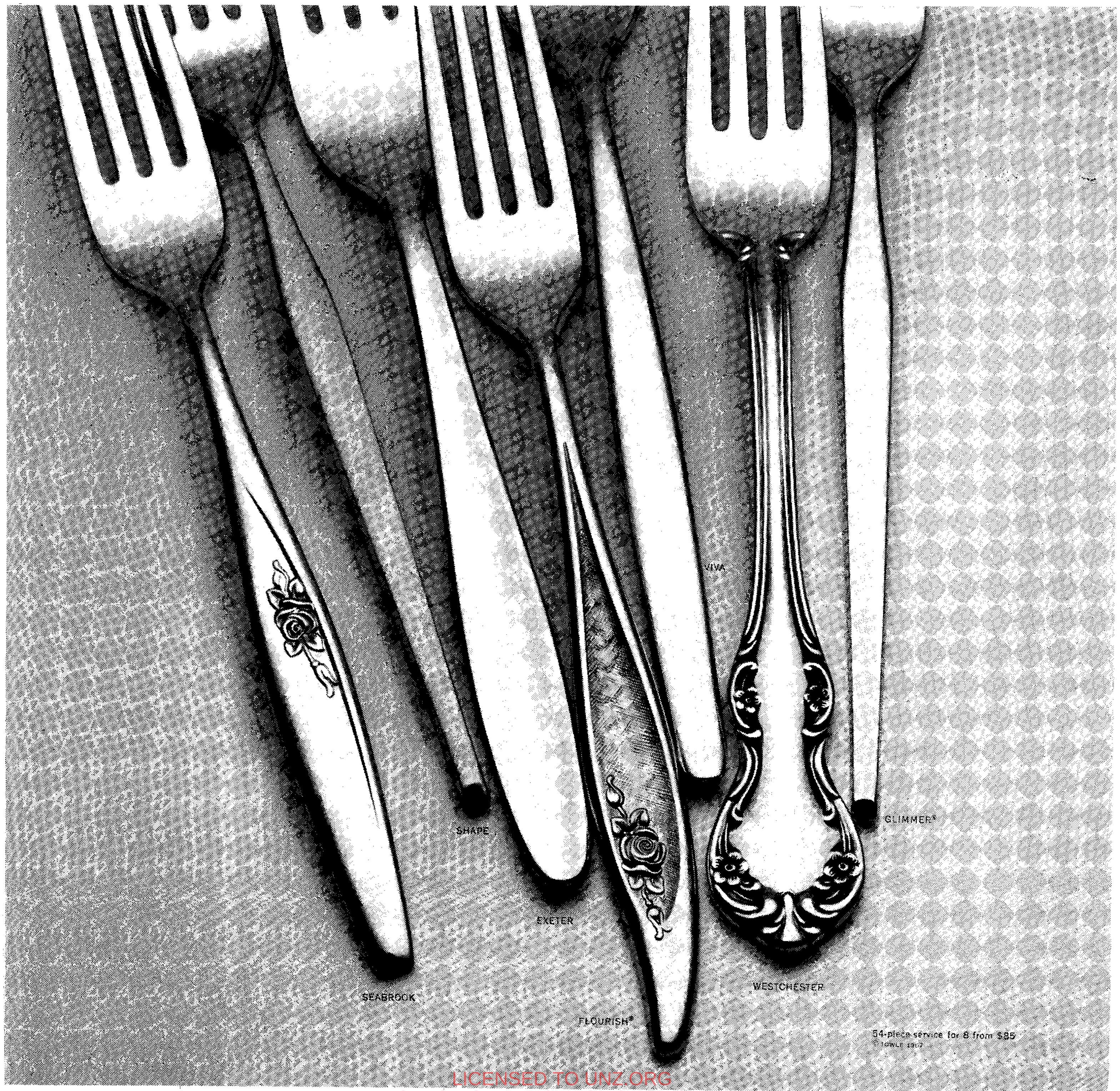
Our decision is shown in the photograph below. The Towle stainless you see there is made of 18/8 steel. That means it's 18% chromium for extra hardness and 8% nickel to give it a warm patina. There is no better stainless. It's also of an intelligent weight. We detest stainless that feels tinny. But we weren't about to make ours cumbersome just to try to impress you.

Finally, this confession: we at Towle do not make the Towle stainless. You see, we are silversmiths. And it takes steelsmiths to make stainless. You'll not be surprised to learn that the best of these expert fellows are still to be found in Europe. So we send our own designs and our own finicky specifications to the finest steelsmiths on the continent. Then, after inspecting each finished piece, blade by blade and tine by tine, we allow them to bear our name.

So we needn't have worried in the first place. The Towle reputation has not been tarnished. It's been reinforced with steel.

Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass.

Towle



54-piece service for 8 from $85

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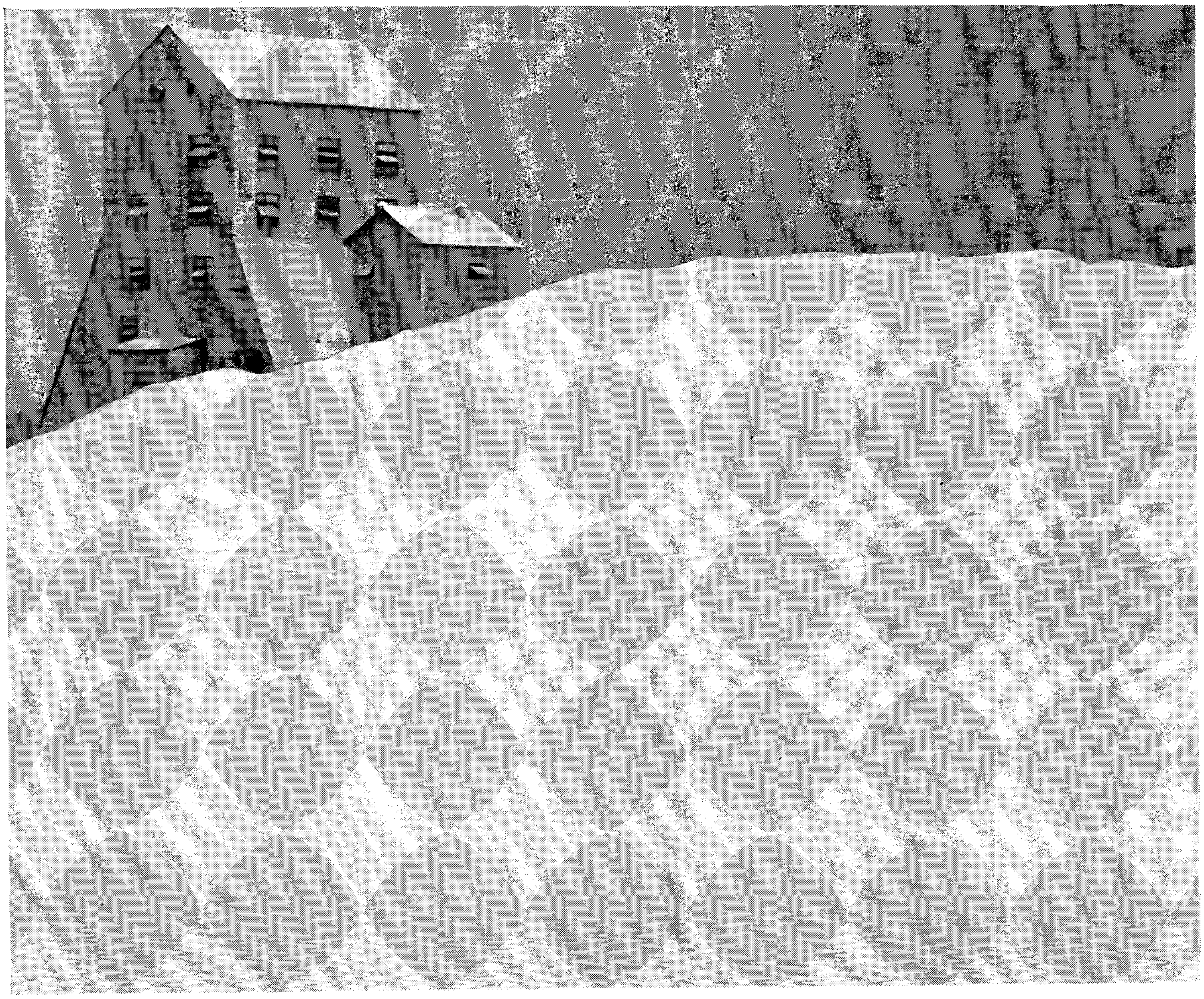
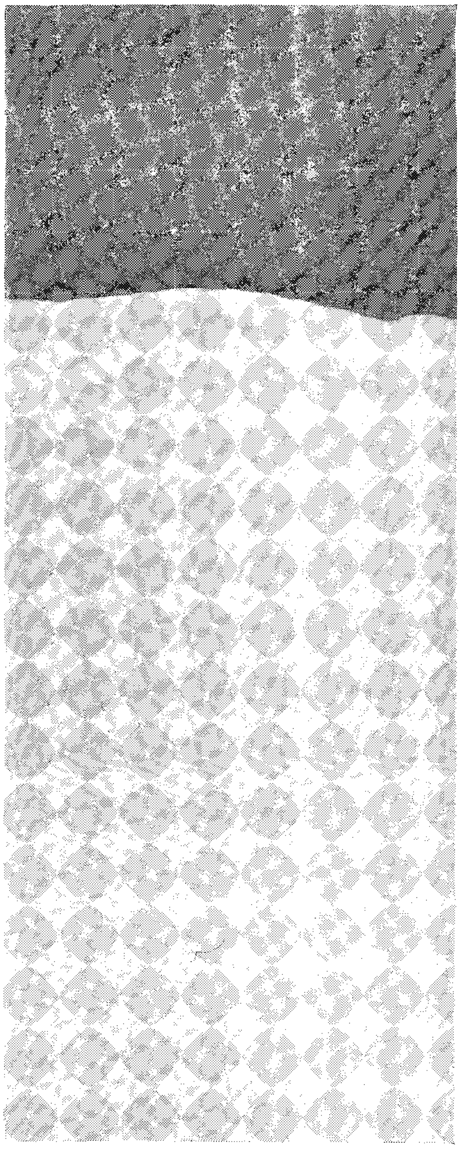
When industry calls the sandman, it's often us.





A very healthy chunk of the earth's surface is composed of sand. However, deposits of silica-sand—virtually pure silica—are comparatively rare. Enterprising prospectors, our Manley Sand division mines and processes high-grade deposits in six states, and supplies industries throughout the nation. Silica-sand ends up in everything from TV tubes to soap. The metals industry alone uses millions of tons annually.

Nature is a chemist of talent and ingenuity. In the case of silica-sand, she took the two most common elements in the earth's crust, oxygen and silicon, and combined them chemically into silica, a most useful chemical material.

Lest you think the sandpile in your backyard is a potentially valuable deposit, we hasten to add that deposits of silica-sand in its purest state are relatively rare.

So if you analyzed the average grain of sand lying around, you'd find a host of pesky impurities, iron being the most common, making it useless for high-grade applications.

Silica-sand produced by Manley for industrial uses is a minimum 99.59% pure silica.

The glass industry uses about 9-million tons a year, each piece of glass being some 70% silica. To make glass, silica-sand is combined with soda ash and lime. When melted at very high temperatures, it cools into glass, at once transparent, impermeable, inert. (Egyptian glass bottles made 3500 years ago have deteriorated not one whit.)

Glass technology has taken enormous strides in the last two decades, with chemists producing glass that bounces, stretches, and behaves, in fact, like almost any material except traditional glass.

Almost 10-million tons of silica-sand are used annually in the metals industry. The engine block of your car, the crankshaft and dozens of other metal components are cast in molds made of silica-sand. Castings weighing 25 tons are not unusual.

Although there are several methods of casting metals, silica-sand casting is by far the most common. So fine is the sand used, and so impervious is it to the molten metal, that castings can be made to tolerances of thousandths of an inch.

Silica-sand ends up in such diverse products as insecticides, asphalt shingles, soaps, paint, and rubber.

Even TV tubes. So there's a chance that if you tune in Walter Cronkite, you may be seeing him through Manley silica-sand.

The several divisions of Martin Marietta produce a broadly diversified range of products, including missile systems, space launchers, nuclear power systems, spacecraft, electronic systems, chemicals and construction materials. Martin Marietta Corporation, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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We wrap our bottle in a palm-frond cover because it gives you a firm grip when your hands are wet from shaving or the shower. The cover is hand-woven and is so unique it's trademarked.

She may still squeeze your toothpaste from the top. And borrow your razor blades. And snitch your cuff links.

But we can promise she won't go near your St. Johns Lime. Except when she finds it on you.

As an alternate to our Lime Cologne, try St. Johns Bay Rum. Another masculine fragrance she will like. But never borrow.

St. Johns® for Men Bay Rum or Lime

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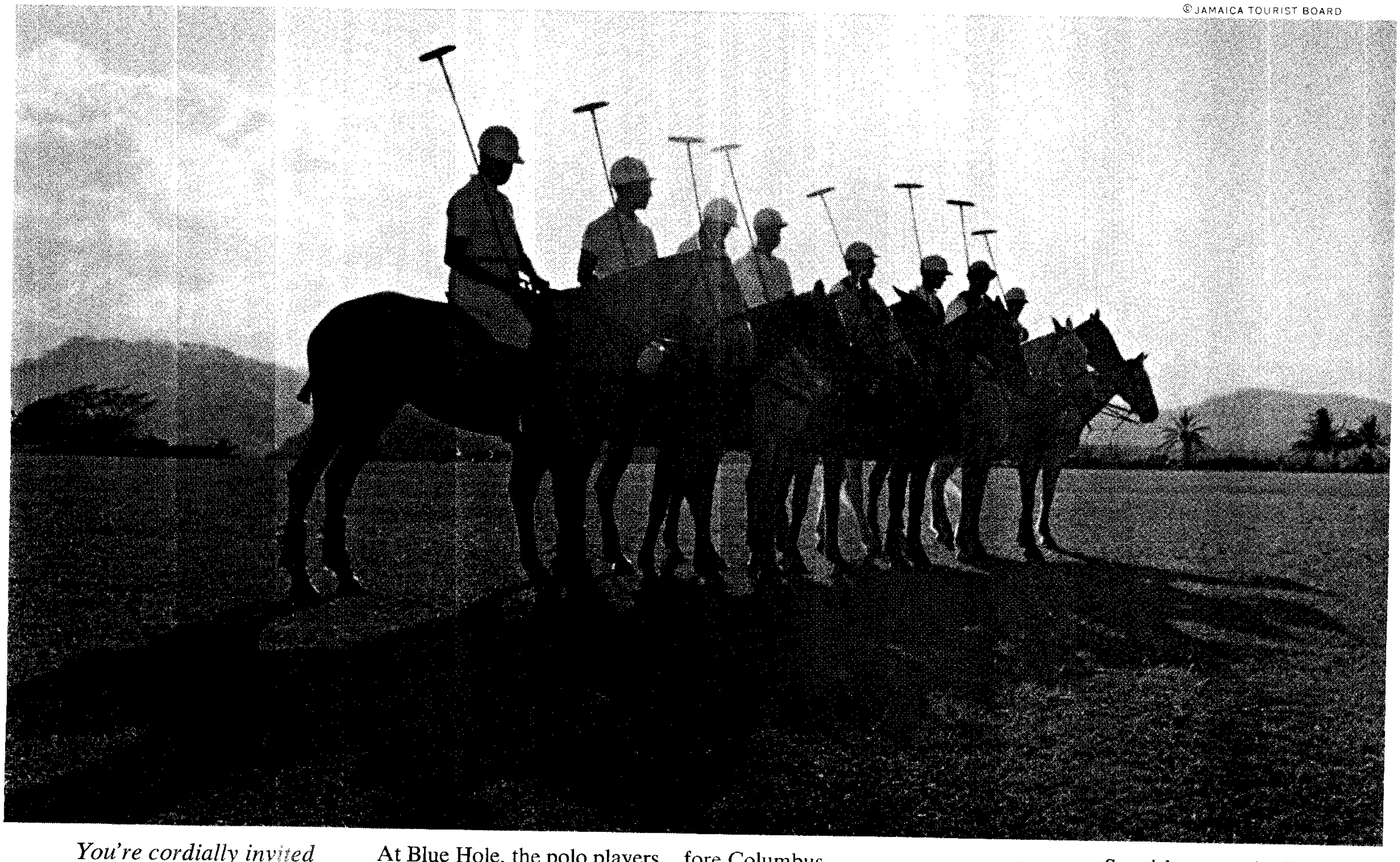
JAMAICA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You're cordially invited to Willie de Lisser's plantation at 4 on Sundays for tea. And polo.

At Blue Hole, the polo players take to the field anytime after tea, scones and a little gossip at the edge of the lawn.

If you happen to be a poloist and would like to play, it can probably be arranged. But have a cup of tea first.

Jamaican polo is leisurely, old-worldish.

In many ways, Jamaica is still an old part of the New World.

At country dances, we still pirouette and curtsey through quadrilles.

The dugout canoes our fishermen use date back to the days before Columbus.

We have stone and mahogany Great Houses built in the days when families visited each other for a month at a time and sat down to breakfasts of "fruits of all sorts, pigeon pies, hams, tongues, rounds of beef."

Some are now hotels: Strawberry Hill, Good Hope. Some, places to sightsee: Rose Hall.

At Port Royal, you can poke through streets Henry Morgan once swashbuckled through. Go to his church. Drink at his bar.

In Spanish Town, elegant, sleepy, rose-red in sunlight, you see our Spanish past. Antique buildings. Jalousied porches. Gardens to bird-watch in.

Stop at its Folk Museum to see how we lived, dressed, washed and cooked 300 years ago.

Even our staple food, breadfruit, has a fascinating past—brought from Tahiti in 1792 through hell and mutiny by Captain Bligh.

For more about old, new and what's to come in Jamaica, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Los Angeles, Miami, Toronto.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. for Du Pont's poromeric

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...and Hartmann's with it. First in shoes, now CORFAM* takes off in luggage to set a new standard for luxury in travel. Du Pont CORFAM is the quality poromeric, the man-made material by Du Pont created for jet-set pace and punishment. Now Hartmann, the quality name in luggage, crafts a unique embroidered floral effect with CORFAM. Rare blooms indeed, with a rich look and a luxurious feel. And Hartmann's collection in CORFAM is made to whisk from weekends to world tours looking as if it never touched ground. Lightweight CORFAM repels water, won't permanently water spot or discolor, washes with soap and water and resists scuffing. Carefree CORFAM is the only ultra way to go. In luggage, exclusive with Hartmann.

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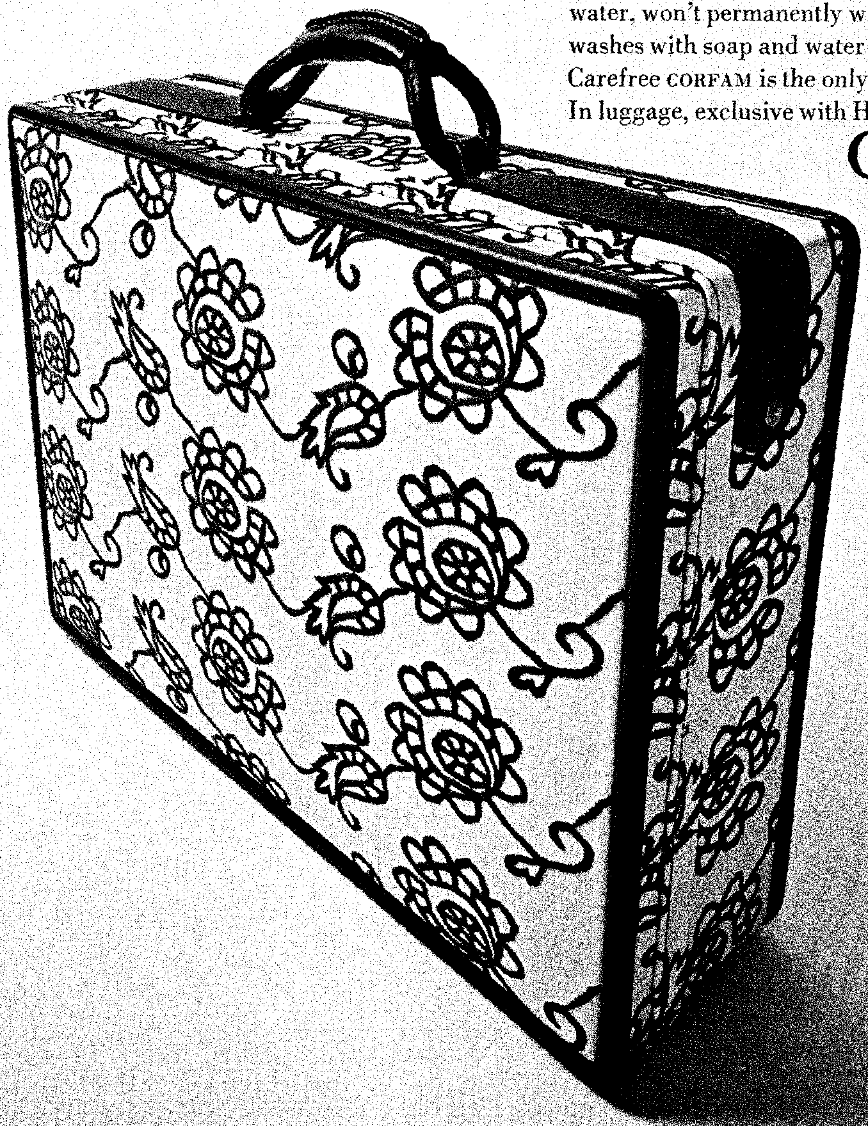

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Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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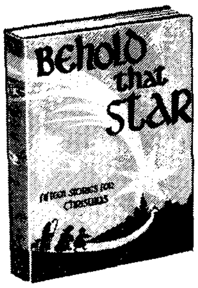
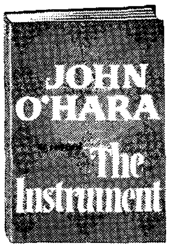
Quick! A pencil! A pen! And


Behold that Star
fifteen stories for Christmas


JOHN O'HARA
The Instrument

1Q. BEHOLD THAT STAR. *Illus.: Maria Arnold Maendel.* A lovely anthology of 15 Christmas stories from many lands incl. writings of Eleanor Farjeon, J. B. Phillips, Elizabeth Goudge. Will bring fresh delight with each reading. Plough. $5.50

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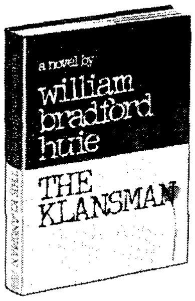
Elizabeth Spencer
No Place for an Angel


a novel by
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THE KLANSMAN

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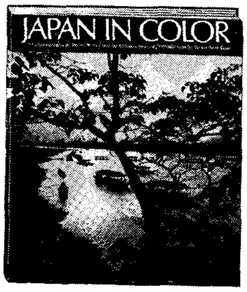
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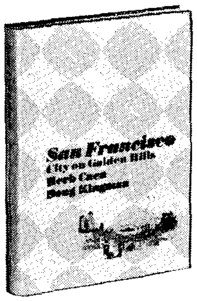
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City on Golden Hills
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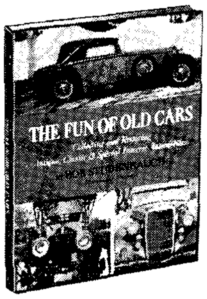
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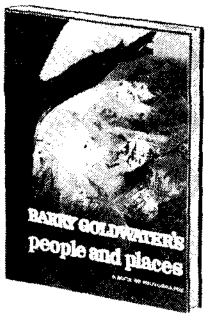
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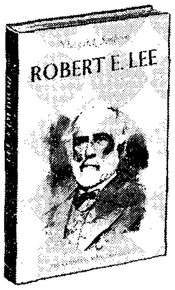
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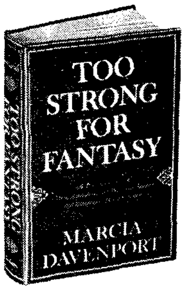
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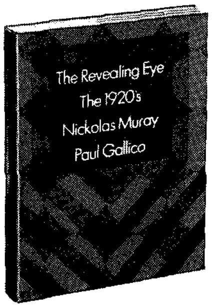
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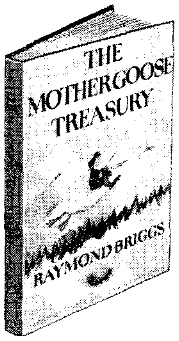
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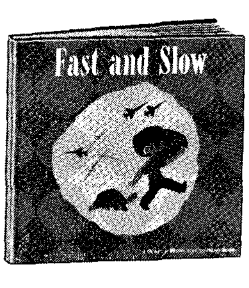
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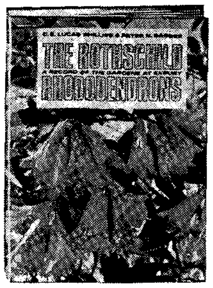
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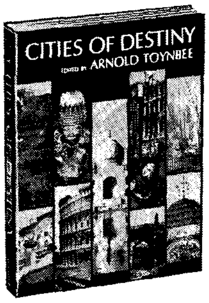
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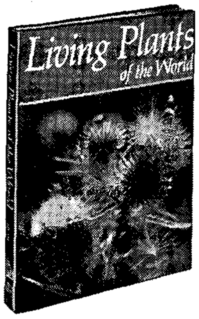
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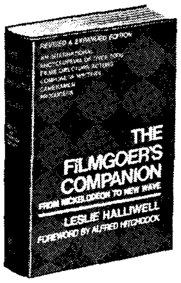
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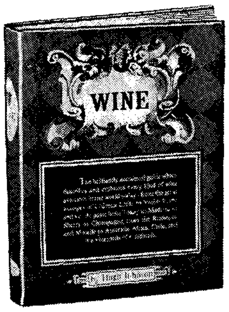
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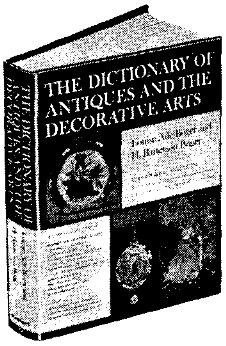
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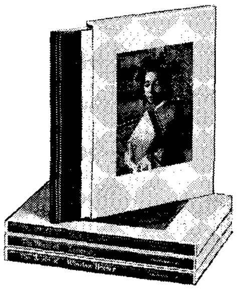

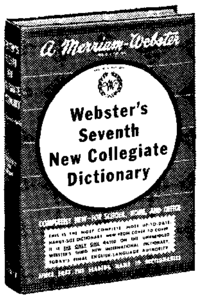
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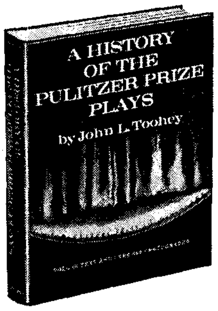
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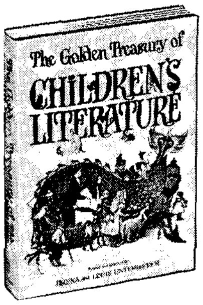
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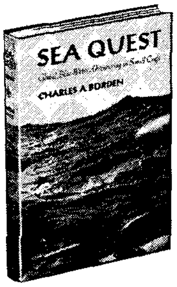
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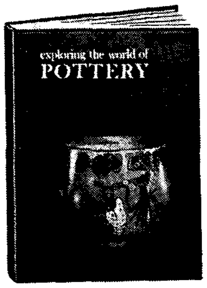
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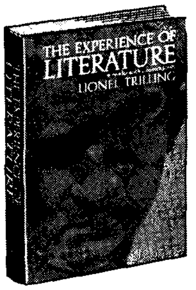
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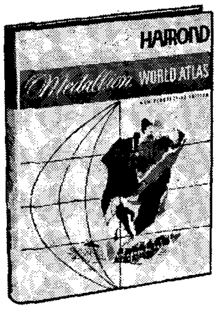
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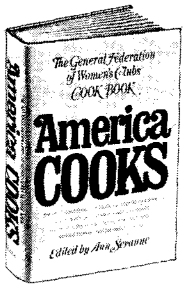
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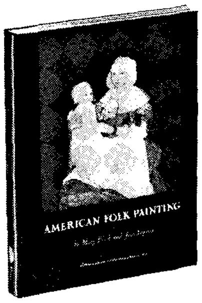
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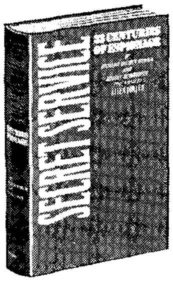
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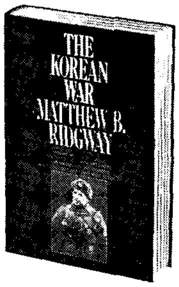
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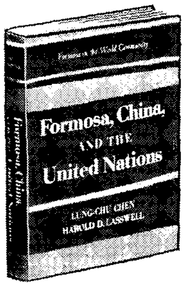
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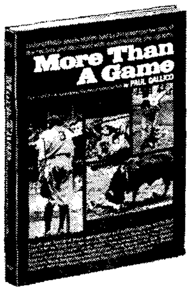
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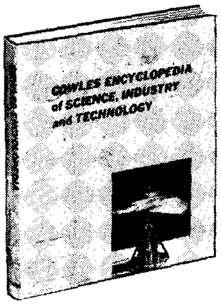
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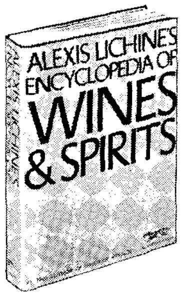
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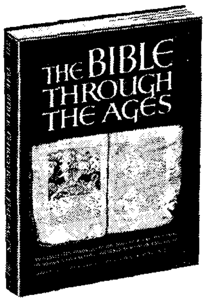
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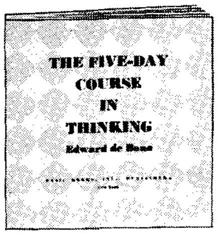
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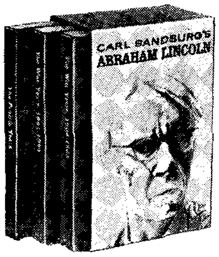
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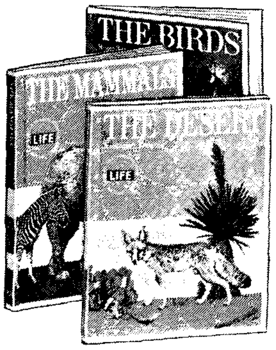
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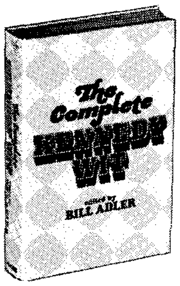
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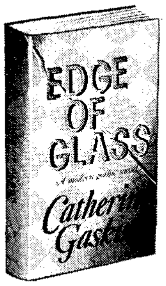
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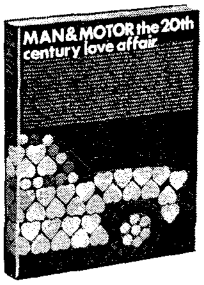
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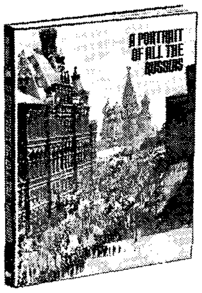
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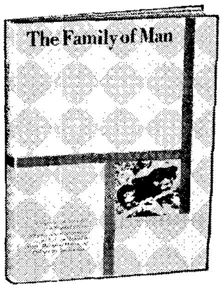
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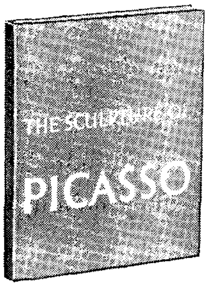
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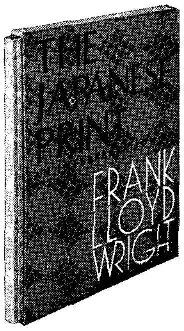
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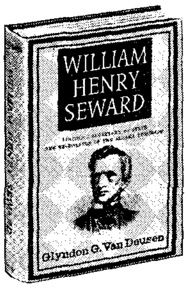
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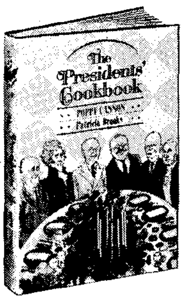
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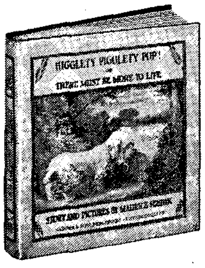
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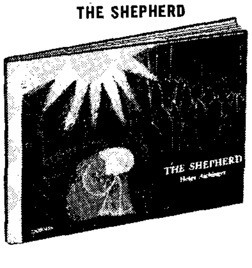
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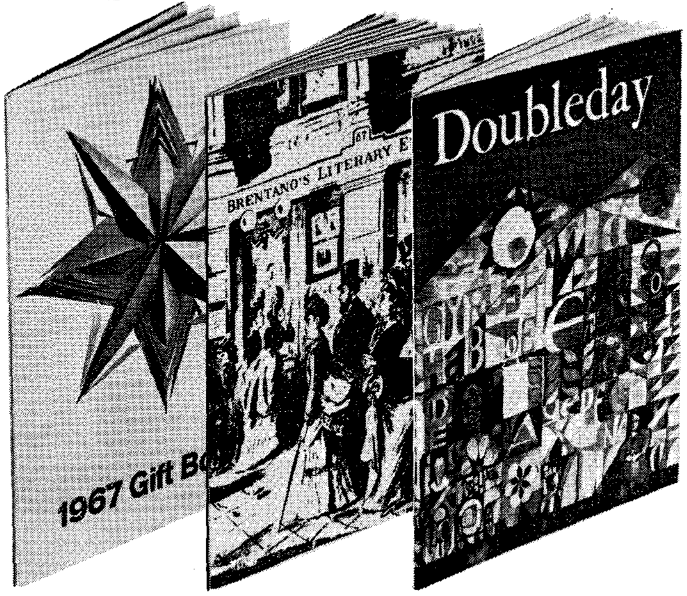

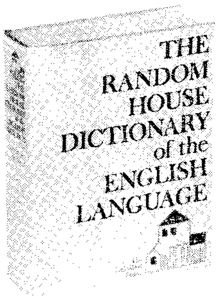

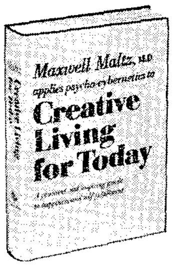
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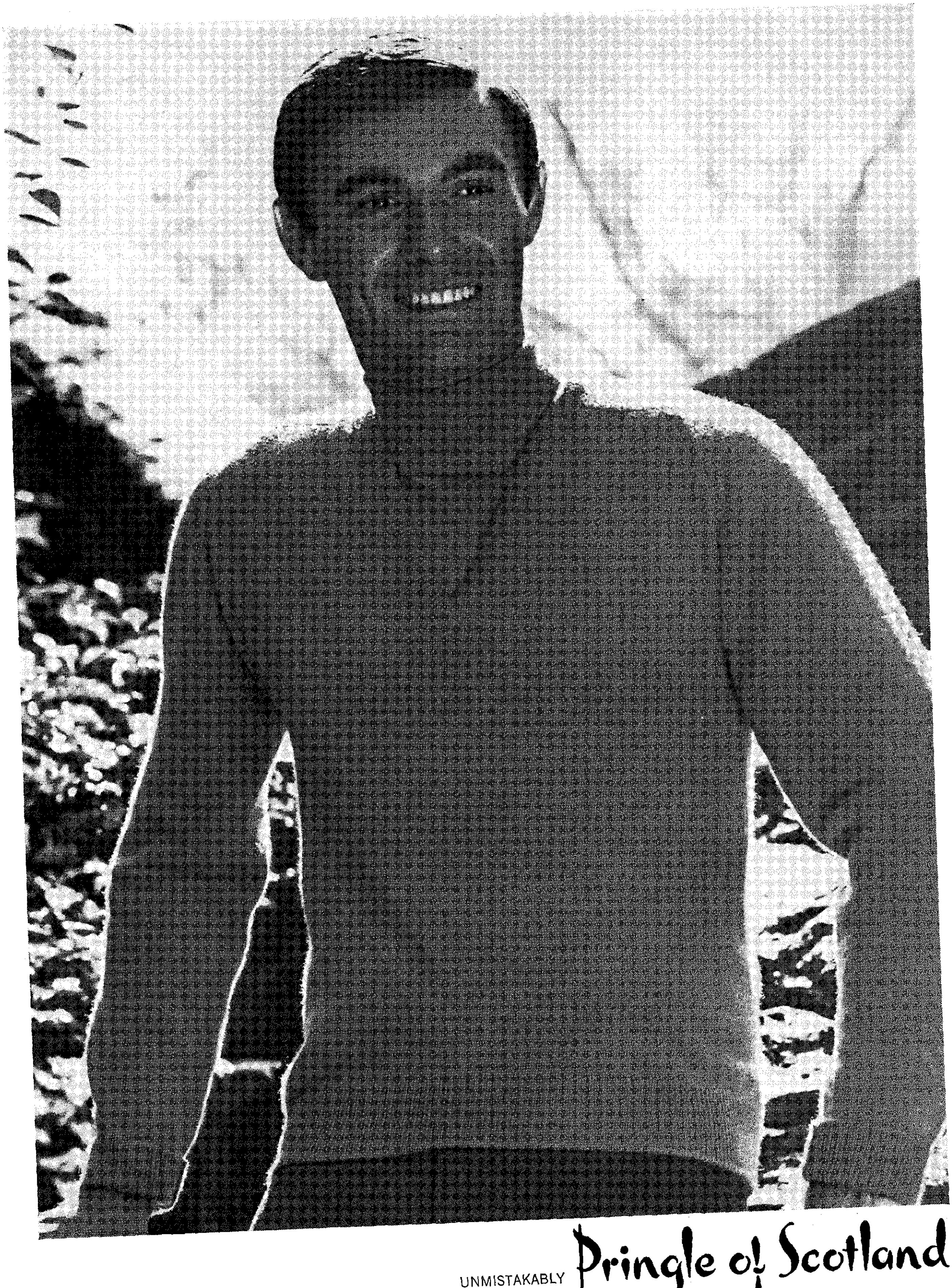

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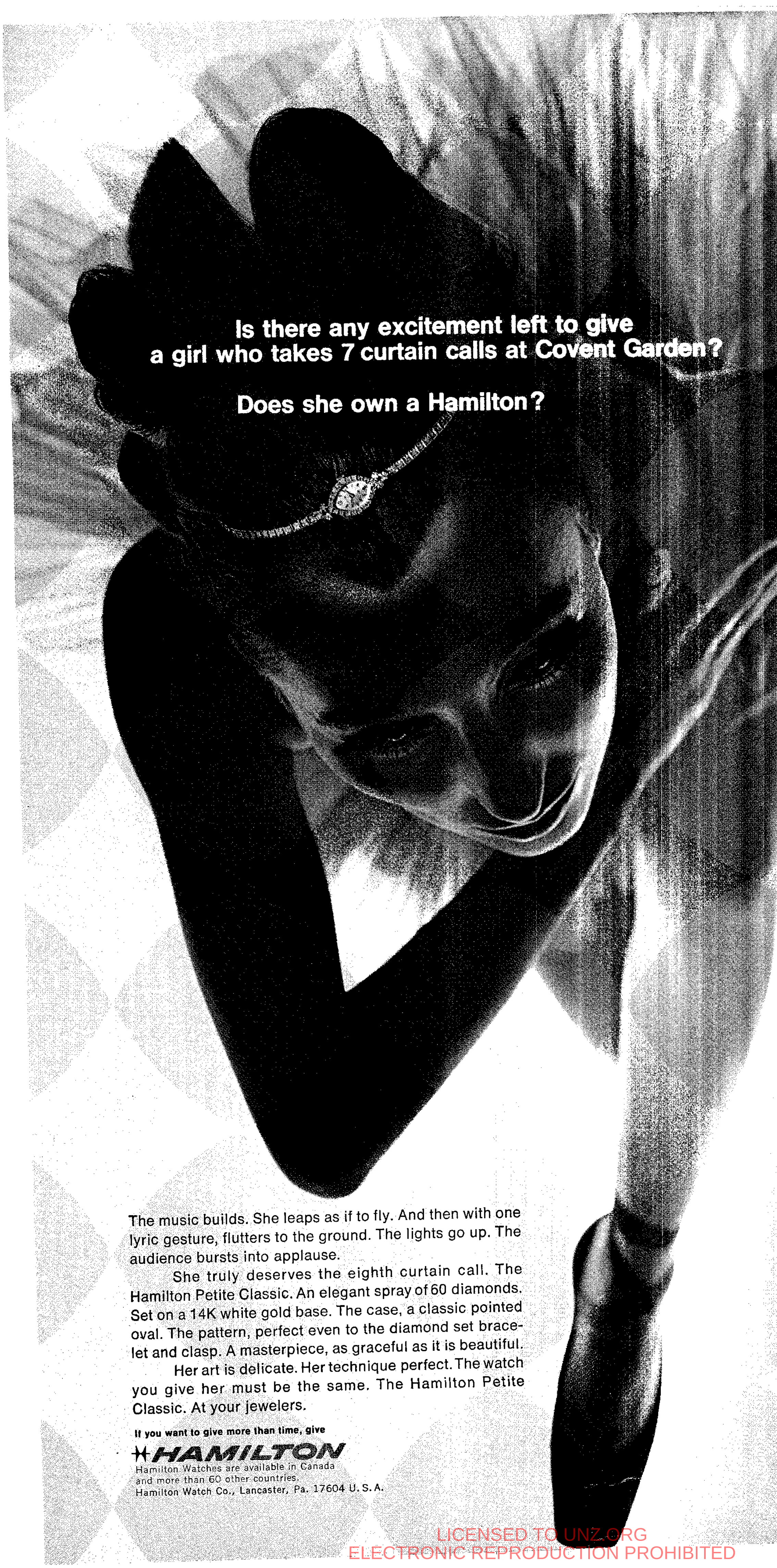
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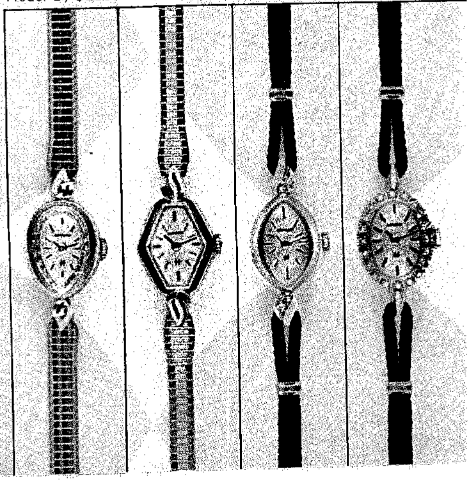

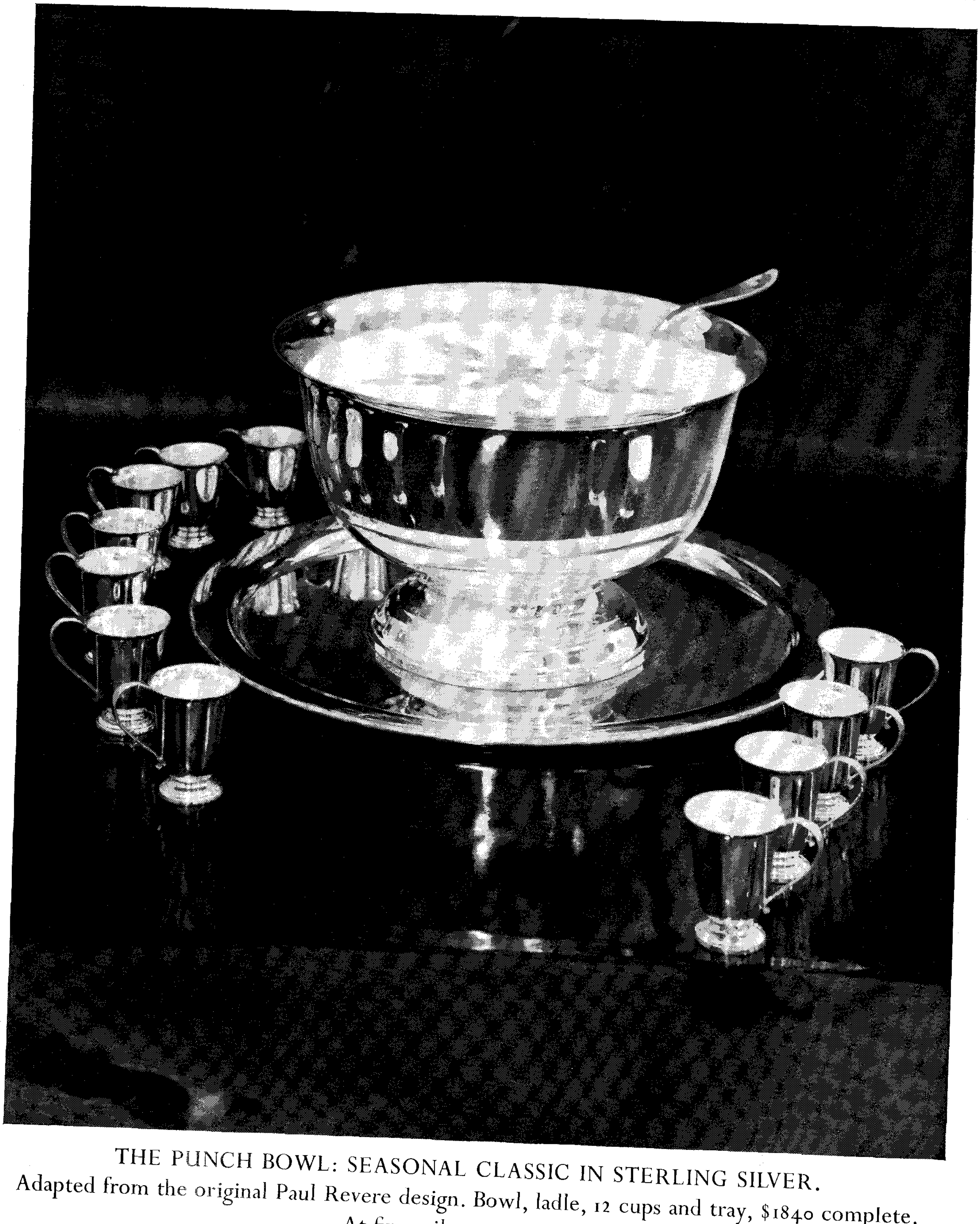

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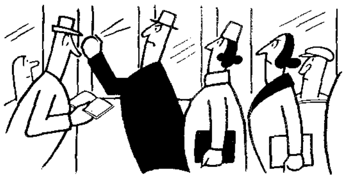
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

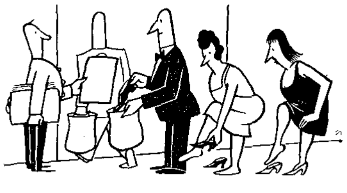
Notes and Comment

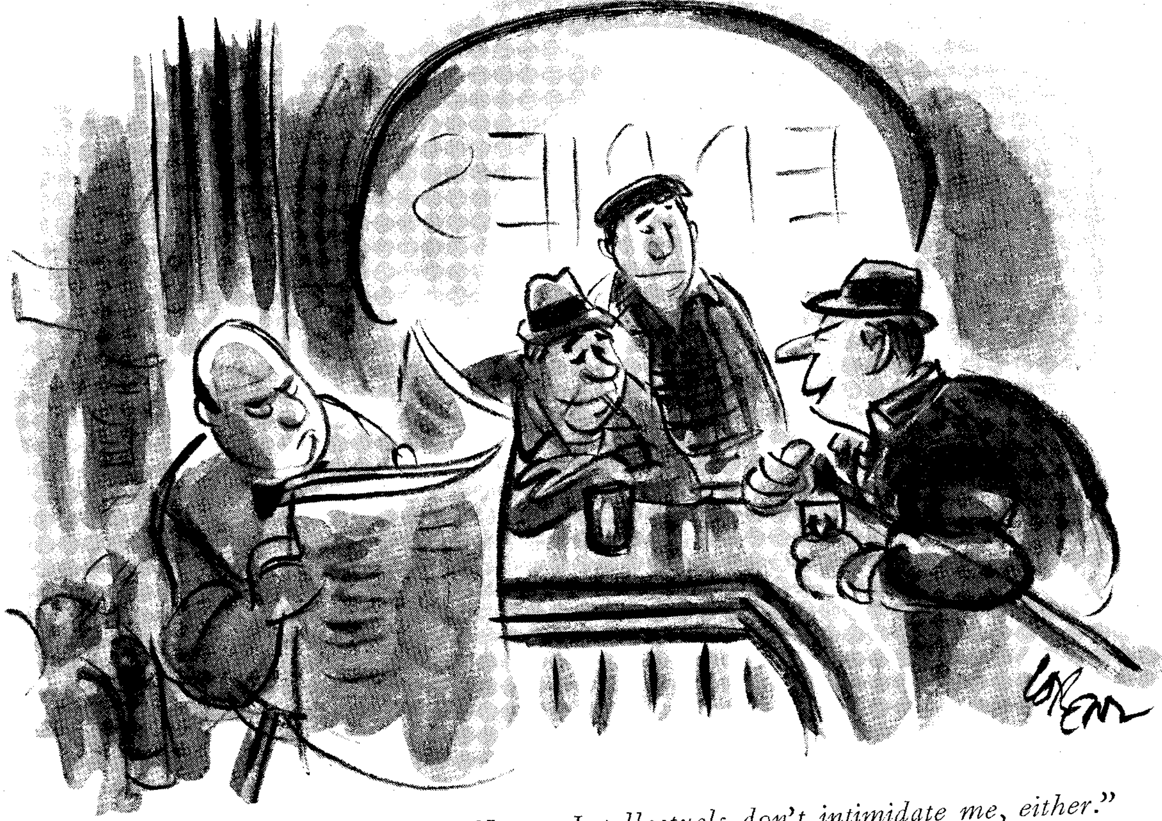
WE have acquired a leaflet, advertised and available in every subway station, that is entitled "Rules for the Regulation of the Use of New York City Transit System," and we believe it deserves a wider audience. This publication appears to be part of a campaign to increase the average subway user's regard for the facilities he rides on by describing, in model bureaucratic prose and with an inattention to the obvious that borders on the utopian, a sort of ideal code of conduct for passengers. Its eight pages of red and blue type can while away a crowded half hour or so on the I.R.T., but for those who prefer their martyrdom neat we offer a summary of its contents. First, let us explain that "Rules for the Regulation of the Use" is *not* a handbook or guide to either the old or the revised mysteries of the New York City Transit System. It does not describe, say, how to open a stuck door, stop the banging of a hinged hand brake, avoid the hurricane wash of a fan, or transfer with ease from the IND to the B.-M.T. It tells us, in chapterlike sections numbered according to some method of its own, things like this: "No person shall injure, deface, destroy, loosen, remove, or tamper with any transit facility." So that we may be clear about the meaning of "transit facility," there is an introduction that defines the most important terms ("New York City Transit System," "Facility," "Police Officer," "Animal," and "Firearm") and explains their uses, as follows: "Any term in the singular shall include the plural," and "Any term in the masculine shall include the feminine and neuter." The meat of the booklet, however, is the part devoted to "Prohibited Uses." These few pages suggest more ways of making trouble than ten dedicated troublemakers could think up in a year. We are not to disobey any notice, prohibition, instruction, or direction on any transit facility; we must not fail to comply with the directions of any police officer; we are forbidden to display banners. We may not solicit alms for any purpose whatever, or "entertain" by singing, dancing, or playing any musical instrument, or "encumber, obstruct, or render dangerous any transit facility." Dubious but spellbound, we read on, through "Animals" ("No person shall carry onto or convey upon the New York City Transit System a dog or other animal, unless it is enclosed in a basket which can be accommodated in the lap of the passenger without annoyance to other passengers") and "Explosives, Firearms, and Weapons" ("No person shall bring into or have in his possession on any transit facility any firearm, slingshot, firecracker, torpedo, fireworks, or other missile-propelling instrument or explosive"). In the "firearm" section, in a possible concession to the gun lobby, the pamphlet notes that "nothing contained in this section shall prohibit a person from bringing into or having in his possession . . . an unloaded rifle or shotgun." It is absolutely forbidden to take onto the subway "an article which is so long as to project above the door of a car or omnibus" or "a soiled or dirty article of clothing." The brief section called "Seats" epitomizes the style of the thing: "No person shall put his foot on any seat provided for passengers of the New York City Transit System, nor place any article on such seat which would leave grease, oil, paint, dirt, or other substance on such seat." It has, you must admit, a ring to it. Now we are caught up in the following section, and read that "no person shall disturb or remove any newspaper, refuse, or other rubbish from any receptacle provided by the Authority for the deposit of such matter." And now, forthrightly and with intent, having reached our stop, we move toward the nearest litter basket, from which an old man in a long, black, and probably soiled coat is removing a copy of the *Daily News*, and, as "Rules for the Regulation of the Use" drifts from our hand into the basket, we notice that the subway entrance is littered with, among other things, scattered copies of our leaflet, every one of which warns that "any violation of the rules of the New York City Transit Authority shall be punishable by a fine not exceeding $25, or by imprisonment for not longer than 10 days, or both."



Paper

WE received an invitation recently to attend a series of events celebrating the opening of an exhibition of paper and paperboard objects, organized by the Museum of Contemporary Crafts and the Container Corporation of America, which is the world's largest manufacturer of paperboard packaging. At the first event, an evening preview at the Museum, we squeezed through the usual crowd of previewers: blond minks with sequinned glasses, minidresses with plunging necklines, men's wasp-waisted corduroy Mod suits with matching turtleneck jerseys, and black ties with matching wives in long black gowns. The only unusual aspect of the crowd was its shoelessness. Each person was required, upon entering, to remove his or her shoes, stow them in a paper bag, and put on paper slippers, both bag and slippers being provided in order to protect the temporary glass floor of the main exhibition room. Everyone walked around making swishing noises with his





"I'm with Dean Rusk, Harry. Intellectuals don't intimidate me, either."

• •

paperized feet. "I feel vulnerable," said a short young man in a dinner jacket and blue jeans. "Everybody's on the same level." A woman next to him, wearing earrings made of wood shavings, agreed. As the crowd thickened, pressing forward elbow to elbow, we managed to catch a glimpse of the exhibits: large egg crates hanging on the walls, cardboard furniture, paper dresses dangling from the ceiling, and, under the glass floor, corrugated paper arranged in geometric patterns. Somebody stepped on one of our slippers, ripping it, and we became conscious of similar, periodic ripping sounds throughout the room, accompanied by the crackle of bumping paper bags. As the evening progressed, discarded slippers lay here and there on the floor next to guests standing in their stocking feet. On our way out, we waded through a mound of crumpled bags and abandoned slippers in the foyer. We asked Mrs. A. Perry Osborn, the Museum's chairman of special events, what would be done with the mound. "God knows," she replied, sotto voce, extending her hand to an arriving couple and flashing them a welcoming smile.

Propelled forward by the shifting crowd, we found ourself on the street in a line waiting to board a shuttle bus to the second part of the exhibition, at the Time & Life Building. Once there, we pressed through another crowd, which was drinking champagne punch, and observed a large blue paper pig, a colony of brown cardboard toadstools about ten feet high, a small and menacing red devil made of papier-mâché, and varicolored paper fish, spiders, and butterflies floating from the ceiling. The crowd surged to an upstairs auditorium for a paper concert performed by the Flux Masters of the Rear Garde—a dozen young men and women who wore black-and-white paper uniforms with phosphorescent shirt fronts. Before an audience of about eight hundred people sitting on cardboard boxes, the Flux Masters tore sheets of paper, burst paper bags, dropped Dixie Cups on the floor, and blew confetti out of their mouths. As a finale, they assembled a giant geodesic structure of cardboard tubing, piece by piece, making it larger and larger, until it spilled from the stage into the audience, whereupon the audience pushed it back toward the stage. Parts of it collapsed, and immediately the Flux Masters and the audience began a strenuous pushing contest. Finally, the audience proved stronger than the Flux Masters, and the whole structure sank in a heap in front of the stage. "Marvellous!" said Mr. Paul J. Smith, the director of the Museum. The guests filed out.

The following morning, we attended "A Street Event," whose purpose was to demonstrate the efficacy of soluble paper. At ten-thirty, a large moving van, two Sanitation Department flusher trucks, and about twenty students from the Parsons School of Design, led by an artist named James Lee Byars, gathered on West Fifty-third Street in front of the Museum of Modern Art—a few doors from the Crafts Museum—while police blocked off crosstown traffic on Fifty-third between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. The students wore long white paper coats ("We're technicians"), and Mr. Byars wore a rumpled white fur coat ("Wolf and gorilla"), black leather trousers, blue sunglasses, and a black derby. Together, they removed an enormous roll of white paper from the van, laid it crosswise on the street, curb to curb, and began unrolling the torso of a paper figure that would eventually lie almost the full length of the street. We turned our attention to a line of perhaps thirty-five boys along the north curb, all wearing navy-blue overcoats and navy-blue knitted caps and addressing each other by their last names. "We're from the St. Thomas Church Choir School," said one. "We'll help hold the man down." The temperature was twenty-five degrees, and the street was lined with shivering spectators, two and three deep on the curbs, stamping their feet for warmth. A woman in blue velvet slacks, carrying a camera on one shoulder and a baby in a pink snowsuit on the other, was ecstatic. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Absolutely nothing's happening but all this paper!" The baby began to cry. We moved for shelter to the Donnell Library, because the ink in our ballpoint pen was hardening from the cold. Watching through the library's glass doors, we saw the paper proceed westward, with the St. Thomas boys moving neatly in formation, kneeling at intervals on the curbs and holding the paper down with their hands. By now, two paper arms had been added—short strips laid at right angles to the street across the sidewalks—and two legs were being appended down near Sixth Avenue. We dashed out to witness the leg-laying, arriving in time to see the left leg split by a sharp gust of wind. The crowd groaned. We took this opportunity to interview two Sanitation Department street-sweepers, Mr. Alfred Vezza and Mr. Philip Papetti.

"The flusher trucks will throw water on the paper and it will disappear," Mr. Papetti explained, in a bored tone.

"Great idea if it works," Mr. Vezza concurred, equally unenthralled. "You never know."

It was now eleven-fifteen, and a round paper head was being unrolled at the east end of the torso. The crowd applauded. At eleven-twenty, the flusher trucks gunned their motors and lined up abreast, preparing to advance toward Sixth Avenue. Everyone turned to watch them as they started along the street with a loud roar, like two giant, heavy-breathing hippos, and shot streams of water from their sides. The crowd jumped back, screamed, and laughed as the trucks' wheels became enmeshed in sticky strips of paper and the whole street turned into a sea of semi-dissolved paper and running water. At eleven-twenty-three, the trucks lurched to the end of the paper man, and the drivers were given a rousing cheer. The street looked like the aftermath of a snowstorm. The mushy dissolve was turning to paste, and the water to ice.

We approached Mr. Byars, who stood on the curb, frowning, his arms crossed on his chest. "A sanitary-engineering dilemma," he said. Suddenly, the street was flooded with streams of water from fire hydrants and hoses; the Sanitation Department was going into action in earnest. A half-dozen sweepers, including the Messrs. Vezza and Papetti, advanced with their brooms like infantrymen and began pushing the paper into the gutters and into manageable piles, so that the hoses could dissolve it thoroughly. The flusher trucks repeated their ponderous, noisy parade down the street.

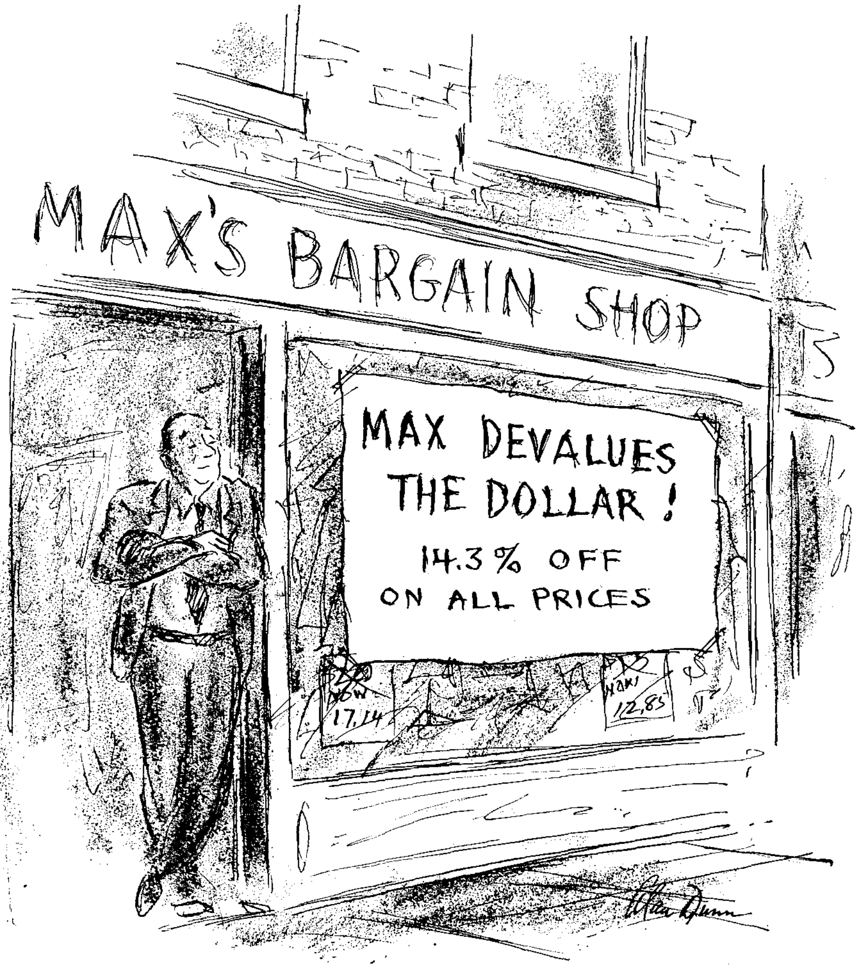
At twelve-ten, traffic was moving again on West Fifty-third Street.

Custom Cars

THE other evening, we went to see the Sixth Annual National Custom Car Show at the Coliseum. A group called Promotions Incorporated, of 19717 East Nine Mile Road, St. Clair Shores, Michigan, puts this on, with a group called International Productions. It advertises the show (which it says will Blow Your Mind) a great deal, and each year over seventy thousand people go to see it. Promotions Incorporated is the biggest promoter of custom-car shows in the United States. This year, it has organized or helped organize the National Custom Auto Fair at the Murat Temple Shrine in Indianapolis, the Eighth Annual Rod & Custom Show at the Civic Center in Pittsburgh, the Eighth Annual Autorama at the Sports Arena in St. Louis, the International Custom Auto Fair in Minneapolis, the Sixth Annual International Rod & Custom Show at the International Amphitheatre in Chicago, and the Fifth Annual International Rod & Custom Show in Milwaukee. The seventy thousand people who go to the Annual National Custom Car Show at the Coliseum go mainly on Saturday and Sunday. We went on a rainy week night, and we were early. As we approached the doors of the Coliseum, only fifteen or twenty people were waiting for the gates to open. These people, who were standing quietly behind crowd-control cordons, were not really very young, for the most part. There were a number of men whom we took to be between twenty-five and thirty, and who had combed their hair in the pompadour-and-duck-tail style of the nineteen-fifties. The sight of them made us feel nostalgic, which proved to be the right mood. We joined their small line.

The show opened at six, and we went into the great, fluorescent lobby of the Coliseum, where we were immediately accosted by a program man. Only by buying a program, he said, could we get an official ballot, and only with an official ballot could we vote for our favorite car. We wanted to vote for our favorite car, so we bought a program. The program cost seventy-five cents, and the ballot, stuck inside the front cover, turned out to be a lengthy questionnaire, asking if we would like further information from advertisers about camshafts, fire suits, intake manifolds, or torque wrenches. It also asked how we had heard about the show, and what radio station we listened to. We took our ballot and went up to the second floor. (There was a Puerto Rican festival on the first floor.)

On the second floor we found several kinds of custom cars. There were "conservative customs," which were standard cars that had been changed only a little, and there were "radical customs," which had been changed a great deal. In addition, there were cars that had been in movies, and there were motorcycles. We began with the conservative models. One, which was a Lincoln called La Madonna, resembled a Lincoln in every way



except that it was painted a strange gold color. This color, a sign said, was the result of a process known as "diamond shellizing," and was "truly a space-age achievement." We moved on toward the radical models. We looked at The Bouncer, which was really only semi-radical, for a long time. It was a 1940 Ford owned by a fellow named Dick Jutila, of West Allis, Wisconsin, and a sign said that it had originally cost seventy-five dollars (which seemed a fair price) and that it represented a total investment of forty-two hundred dollars. The Bouncer's undercarriage was completely chromed where it was not upholstered in something that looked like velvet. There was a mirror under the rear of the car, so that the undercarriage could be seen. This was quite impressive, making cars with upholstered dashboards look like small change. Not far from The Bouncer was something called the Lovemobile, which *used* to be called the Little Deuce Coupe but is now the official car of a man named Louis Abolafia, who is running for President of the United States on a love platform. In the days when it was the Little Deuce Coupe, this car was on the Ed Sullivan program with the Beach Boys, and on a record cover with the Beach Boys. A sign said that it was a 1932 Flower-Powered Ford and was available for bookings.

As we walked around for a while, edging our way toward the *really* radical cars, we passed a man who worked for the United Automotive Manufacturing Company and who was explaining that amperage is the heating element of electricity, and that if you *raise* the voltage but *lower* the amperage your spark plugs will last much longer. He had a demonstration that proved this, but he said he hadn't performed it before, and not to blame him if it didn't come off. It did come off, though, and he seemed pleased. By this time, there were more people, and by the time we got to the really radical cars, there was a lot of distracting activity. For one thing, there was a Go-Go contest right in the middle of the radical area, with an announcer and a rock group from Blackwood, New Jersey. Here were girls who had won regional contests at other Custom Shows, and who were competing on a stage, two at a time, for the title of Miss U.S.A. à Go-Go. One girl in the pair we watched was named Kathy and was Miss Massachusetts Go-Go, and the other was named Yvonne and was a two-time winner from Baltimore. When the music began, they danced, and when it stopped, they stopped and caught their breath and switched places, and then the music began again. Kathy had a frantic way of dancing; Yvonne was more subdued. When the music stopped a second time, there was some applause but not much, and they went off the stage. Then a woman with a clipboard picked two others to go out. The whole thing was a little sad, and no one seemed to enjoy it much.

We realized that we had not yet marked our ballot, so before leaving we looked around again, and picked No. 600, which was a black 1946 Lincoln Continental. It was a nice-looking car, and it had originally been owned by Arthur Godfrey and is now owned by Russ Rosen, of Brooklyn.

Ned O'Gorman

AT nine-forty-five on a cold morning last week, Ned O'Gorman, a tall, thin, thirty-six-year-old poet, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, a brown turtleneck sweater, a scarf, torn blue jeans, and blue sneakers, walked down a sidewalk in Harlem, leading a three-year-old boy by the hand, and turned in at a storefront doorway. The store, which consisted of two rooms, had been converted into a combination library (for all ages) and day center (for children) by a Harlem community-service agency; its windows were covered with signs offering free tutoring, free music lessons, and free classes in art. "They've got an eight-month-old baby in that house," O'Gorman announced angrily as he came through the door, "and no heat, no light, no hot water for the last two months!" He continued talking, almost to himself, as he removed the child's jacket. "The baby's got a cough. This despicable nation!"

There were nearly a dozen small children—many of whom O'Gorman had collected from the neighborhood earlier in the morning—playing in the two rooms that had been a store; a couple of adults who assist O'Gorman in running the place were guiding them through various activities. O'Gorman, stepping over and around the children, went to a cupboard, reached past some jars of paint and a can of roach killer, and pulled out a large bottle of vitamin pills. He handed one to each child. "*Commonweal* gave these to us," he told us as he dispensed the pills, "and the *New York Review of Books* is giving us our next six hundred. Almost everything we get I beg from somewhere—books, toys, food, clothes, money. The agency pays our rent and my salary—sixty-one dollars a week—but it takes from fourteen to fifteen hundred dollars a month to operate the place, and I have to beg. I call up people and beg. It drives me crazy, but there's no other way." He grabbed a handful of scissors from another cupboard and gave a pair to each child. "Sit on the rug," he said cheerfully, handing each child a magazine, "and cut like crazy."

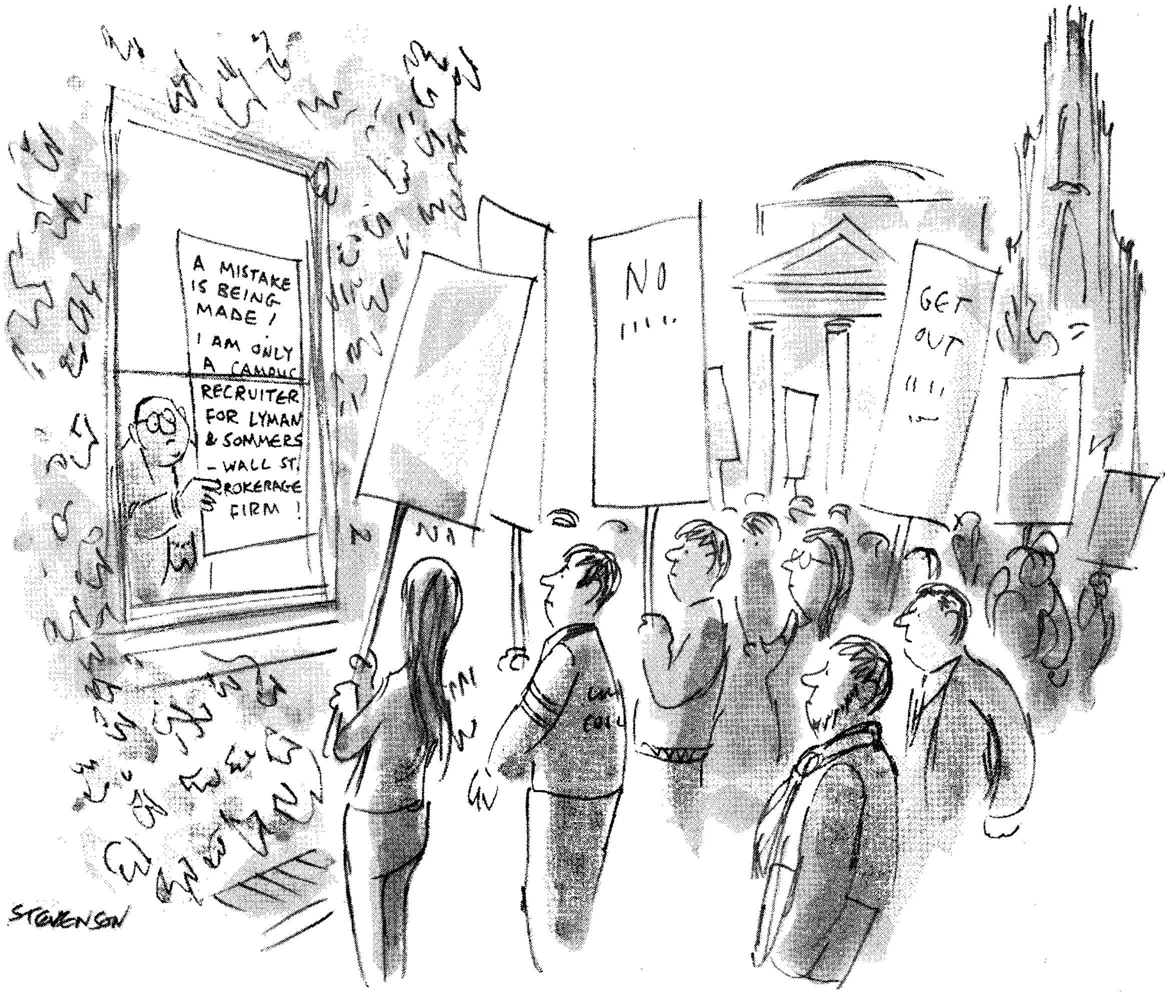
The children sat down and began cutting, and we walked into the library half of the store—a warm, bright room with an Oriental rug, tables for painting at, chairs, shelves of books, mobiles, sculpture ("Robert Lowell gave us those," O'Gorman said as we paused to look at a pair of statues), and walls covered with prints (Rembrandt, Rousseau, Piero della Francesca), maps, scenes of the world clipped from magazines, and portraits of distinguished Negroes. There was a Sister Corita poster with a quotation from Kierkegaard ("Deep within every man there lies the dread of being alone in the world, forgotten by God, overlooked among the tremendous household of millions upon millions") and, nearby, a small hand-lettered quotation from O'Gorman himself: "The secret is to risk disaster, hope for triumph, and describe the forms of the incarnation." From a record-player came the voice of Ella Fitzgerald, singing from an album called "Sweet Songs for Swingers." Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G Minor and "The Irish Uprising 1916-1922" sat on top of stacks of albums next to the record-player.

"You're going into the station," said a voice at our knee, and a small boy pushed another boy, astride a toy tractor, past us and into the hollow of a desk. When we went back into the other room, a child was producing some high, piercing notes on a flute, over and over again. One of the adults leaned down and said, in a kindly voice, "Thomas, will you play the low notes for me?" Thomas looked dubious and resumed the high notes.

"We'll have cider for tea this morning. O.K.?" O'Gorman called to the paper-and-scissors group, and then he put on his scarf and hurried out the door to collect more children.

We went along, and asked him to tell us how he had come to the storefront.

He said he had been raised in Connecticut and Vermont. "I was a child of affluence and good luck," he told us. "All the genial things—all those corny things like music, quiet hours, peaceful vistas, cows, chickens, fresh air—I had in abundance. In my childhood, all the powers to nourish life were present, and none of the powers of destruction. But here, for these children, it's usually the opposite. The whole theory of the storefront was to build a place where the senses of the children could thrive." He interrupted himself, saying, "No, that's too extravagant. Not thrive. A place where the senses of the children could at least *exist*. The first thing that is demolished around here is the senses. I wanted to help build a place of possibilities, of hope and tranquillity, based on the poetic imagination. The storefront's a happy place—most of the kids are happy when they're there." He told us he had taken his Master's in English at Columbia, received a couple of Guggenheim Fellowships for poetry, travelled abroad, helped edit *Jubilee* for four years, worked in the poverty program in Harlem, and is now teaching a course called "Revolution and Prophecy" at Manhattan College one night a week. He has three books coming out this winter and spring—a volume of verse, an autobiography, and a book based on the course he teaches. Every day, he works at the storefront. "If you write a poem, you're organizing chaos into form," he said. "Here you're trying to give order and joy to the chaos of reality. The children are the great fruit of this chaos. I love the children and I love to build something; this seems to me an accurate job of work to do."


A MISTAKE IS BEING MADE! I AM ONLY A CAMPUS RECRUITER FOR LYMAN & SOMMERS - WALL ST. BROKERAGE FIRM!
NO
GET OUT
STEVENSON

Mr. O'Gorman, followed by us, turned in at a building and rang an apartment bell. Presently, a door at the end of a hall opened, just wide enough for a woman to peer out warily. O'Gorman greeted her and asked if her children were coming to the storefront that morning. She opened the door wide, and we entered a dark apartment. O'Gorman started putting coats on two small boys who were inside and chatting with a man who was lying in bed near the door. The man explained that he had the day off and was getting some rest. O'Gorman discovered an open sore on the head of one of the boys, and examined it. "Is this ringworm?" he asked the woman. She said no, but after some discussion it was agreed that only the other boy might go to the storefront. The one who was to be left behind burst into tears, and O'Gorman spent several minutes consoling him. Then we departed, O'Gorman holding the healthy boy's hand.

"I've no delusions about Harlem's being a happy, joyous place," O'Gorman said as we walked down the street. "It's terrible that it should exist. And there's the contradiction and absurdity of me being white in Harlem—a place my country has created and done nothing to destroy. I came here, though, as a servant, and I waited to see if they thought I could be useful. And after a while they did. The community is stupendous—we couldn't exist two minutes if they didn't support us. You just continue to work, and you don't lose faith in the healing possibilities of time. No one should come here to 'do good,' or because of guilt. Anybody who comes to Harlem without a sense of joy makes a lot of disaster for himself. You have to be here for reasons of life—to live a full existence. This is a landscape I can move in."

We entered the storefront again, and O'Gorman called out, "Who wants to serve tea this morning?"

The children gathered around, and one of them passed out paper cups and another poured the cider.

"Ooh—sweet!" one child exclaimed when he had tasted it.

O'Gorman stood back near the wall. "The children are so beautiful they overwhelm you," he said to us quietly. In the library now, three older women were reading books. "Scooter Boy!" O'Gorman called suddenly to one of the children. "You have your *own* cup!" A moment later, he said to us, "Working here does something to the weight of your feelings, but if you talk about it you sound like a fool or a grotesque." He shrugged. "I just want to keep going," he said. "As long as you can work, you know there's life." He offered us some cider and then called out, "Everybody get his coat on! It's time for our walk!"

PASSION

APART from the fact that they had both been in India for about a year and both had well-paid jobs with British cultural organizations, Christine and Betsy had very little in common. Nevertheless, they shared a flat. Their friends—Christine's friends especially; Betsy didn't have all that many—were surprised when they first decided on this step and wondered how it would ever work out, but in fact it worked very well, perhaps just because they were so different and led different lives, and so never got in each other's way.

The mantelpiece in their flat was always full of invitations, and they were almost all Christine's. She was tall, slim, and good-looking. She had a number of Indian boyfriends, who would call for her at the flat in the evenings and take her out in their cars. Sometimes she wasn't quite ready yet, and then she would trill from the bathroom that she wouldn't be a second. Betsy in the meantime invited them to make themselves comfortable in the sitting room and have a drink. Sometimes they had several before Christine finally appeared, and then they jumped smartly to their feet while she, laughing and breathless and tying a gauze scarf round her hair, flippantly apologized for keeping them waiting.

Her favorite escort was a tall, handsome officer of the President's bodyguard called Captain Manohar Singh. Betsy, too, was glad when it was Manny who was taking Christine out, and the longer he was kept waiting the better Betsy liked it. She felt good sitting next to the handsome Manny on the sofa and talking to him. She talked to him about India—Indian philosophy or music, or about the current political situation—while he drank one whiskey after the other and sat at his ease, with his large legs apart and a good-natured, listening expression on his face. Betsy sometimes believed that he wasn't really listening, for he never made any kind of remark that could be construed as a comment on what she was telling him. Indeed, he hardly said anything at all, and when he did, it was something completely unexpected like "Boy, did we have a party last night! Wow!" But for Betsy it was really enough to be allowed to talk to him and look at him at such close quarters. Manny was a Sikh, and he had an exquisitely barbered, shining black beard and wore a dark-blue turban. His eyes were not dark but surprisingly light-colored—a pellucid gray shining like a lake between the heavy fringe of his black lashes.

Once, Manny kissed Betsy. It was entirely unexpected. They were sitting on the sofa, and Betsy was telling him about her preference for the Kangra school of painting over that of Basohli, when suddenly he jumped on her. Really, there was no other word for it—he *jumped*, took a leap from where he was sitting and snatched her into his arms. She gave a short cry of shock, but next moment his strong lips were pressed weightily on hers. Beneath his silk shirt she could feel his chest and his ribs as strong as steel. Waves of rapture passed over her like a fainting fit. But it seemed he was more collected than she was. As suddenly as he had seized her, he pushed her away, hastily adjusted his turban, and got to his feet as Christine came breezing in, wafting scent and shouting "Darling!" "Darling!" he answered, with his great boom of a laugh. "Again you are late, ho-ho, darling!" He was quite unembarrassed, while Betsy was left stunned on the sofa, with her hair dishevelled and her skirt slipped high up on her thighs.

With few friends and few entertainments, Betsy had very little to do in her spare time and spent most of it reading. She often went to the American library and became well known to the local staff there. One member of the staff was particularly assiduous in finding the books she wanted and reserving those she had been unable to find the previous week. He was a slim, shy young Indian, who, like a thousand other clerks, was always dressed in a clean but rather old white shirt and Western-style trousers. In the evenings, when she took a taxi home from the office, Betsy often saw him standing in a bus queue. The queue was always immensely long, and many of the buses that passed were crowded and did not even stop. He looked very patient standing there, holding a small, worn brass tiffin-carrier in his hand. Once, it was raining, and she saw him trying to protect himself by placing the tiffin-carrier on his head. She stopped her taxi and offered him a lift; he got in without a word.

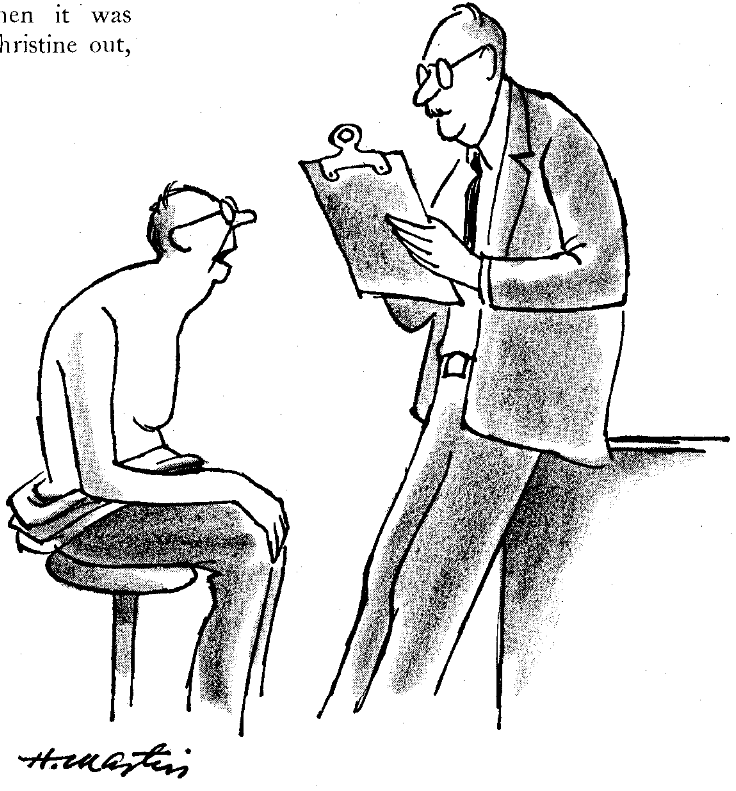
"Where can I drop you?" she asked.

"Where you are going."

"But that may be miles out of your way."

"It is all right."

That was all she could get out of him—"It is all right." For the rest, he sat straight and silent on the edge of the seat, holding his arms close to his sides. He was very wet and exuded vapors of dampness and discomfort. When the taxi stopped at her house and she got out, he got out with her, without a word. "Do you live near here?" she asked; she felt quite guilty about him by this time. "It is all right," he said, and stood and waited. Perhaps he was waiting to be asked up, but Betsy couldn't do that, because Christine was having people in. She fumbled in her bag for her keys and, in the process, feeling nervous and hurried, dropped many things on the pavement. He stooped to pick them up, and she cried out in alarm, "No, don't bother!" She crouched down with him



"*Give it to me straight, Doc. Are all systems go?*"

Mom's
REAL
HOME
COOKING

"He won't pass the salt."

on the pavement, and they both scrabbled for her things and got wet in the rain. When she had found her keys, she stuffed everything back into her bag and tucked it bulging under her arm and ran inside, leaving him standing. She had a bad conscience about him for hours afterward.

A few days later, she passed him again at the bus stand. Feeling embarrassed, she looked quickly the other way, but he had seen her, and without a moment's hesitation he ran into the road and signalled her taxi to a halt. He waved both arms like a person in distress. But he wasn't in distress at all; he only wanted a ride with her. Again he came to her door and stood there, waiting expectantly. When she asked him up, he agreed at once. He sat down on a chair and looked round him with undisguised curiosity—up and down the walls, across the ceiling, at all the furniture. Betsy said, "Would you like a drink?" Now that she had brought him here, she didn't know what to do with him.

When she had mixed him his drink, he held the glass as if it were some strange object, and then he asked, "It is alcohol?"

"Oh dear." She bit her lip and stared at him in consternation. "Don't you drink? I'm so sorry—"

But he took a big gulp and, after coughing a bit, another; then he finished the glass. She looked at him apprehensively.

"It doesn't taste very nice," he said.

"No, if you're not used to it. It never occurred to me that you might not—everybody seems to drink such a lot. I mean, all the people one meets—" She stopped herself, for she realized she was saying he was not the sort of person one met. She sought desperately for something to say to cancel this out. But he did not seem to have noticed. He was smiling.

"It is a funny taste," he said.

"Would you like some more?"

"Yes."

This time, too, he drank it down very quickly, as if it were water or tea. She would have liked to warn him but was afraid of hurting his feelings. When he had finished, he was smiling again; he seemed happy.

"Once, we drank beer," he said. "It was at my friend's sister's wedding. We hid behind the cowshed, but afterward one of the uncles found the empty bottle, and how angry everyone was with us!" He giggled. Betsy realized to her dismay that he was drunk. "We were very mischievous boys. I could tell you other stories also. . . . It is a nice place here. Who else lives here? There are many rooms?" He got up and began to walk round the room as if he owned it. He picked up objects and asked their price, and peeped into cupboard doors. "I think you must be getting a lot of salary. How much? More than a thousand rupees? More? How much more? Tell me, please. Only for my information."

Suddenly and without any warning, he was sick all over the off-white rug. He stood there and retched, and held his stomach and groaned. Betsy laid her hand on his forehead. "Don't worry," she said. "It doesn't matter." She had to turn her head away, but she felt terribly sorry for him.

Afterward, she blamed herself severely. She disliked herself for having mismanaged the not overwhelmingly difficult task of inviting an unsophisticated young man up to her flat and making him welcome. She longed to make amends, to invite him again, and see to it that the occasion went off with dignity on both sides. Yet at the same time she felt that she could not bear to have him here again—indeed, ever to see him again—and what she really would have liked to do was to forget the whole incident and the person who had caused it.

A DAY or two later, she heard an altercation at the door. Angry voices were raised, and then her servant came in. "He says he wants to see you," said the servant accusingly. The young librarian had followed him into the room, looking indignant and like a man determined to stand on his rights.

"Your servant was rude to me," he said as soon as they were alone. He waved aside her explanation and apologies. "I am not very much used to being treated rudely by servants."

"Betsy!" called Christine from her bedroom. "Has Manny come?"

"Not yet!"

"Who is that?" asked the young man sternly, but before Betsy could explain, Christine stood in the doorway. She was wearing a pink flowered wrap, which she held shut with one hand. "Hallo," she said to the young man.

Betsy said, "This is . . ." and realized she didn't know her visitor's name. He was too stunned by Christine's appearance to help her out.

"I'm Christine," Christine said. She waited politely for him to introduce himself, but when he didn't she smiled at him in her friendly way and disappeared again inside. She could be heard, a moment later, singing in her bath. The young man remained staring at the spot where she had stood.

"We share this flat," Betsy said. "I don't even know your name. How silly."

"Har Gopal. She is English also?"

"Oh, yes. She works for the British Council." For want of anything better to say, she began to tell him about Christine's job. But he did not listen. He looked rather distraught, glancing now round the room, now at the spot where Christine had stood. Betsy noticed how refined his face was, with a delicately chiselled nose and sad eyes. Every now and again he brought his hand up to his open collar, pressing the two ends together over his throat as if wanting to improve his appearance; it was a movement at once modest and self-protective. Betsy found herself feeling very tender toward this young man.

Then Manny came to fetch Christine. He was in uniform, and all his buttons shone, and so did his beautiful brown, hard-leather boots. He strode up and down the room, waiting for Christine, immensely tall and exuding a smell of whiskey and eau de cologne. His eyes had merely swept for a second over the top of Har Gopal's head; it took only that for him to sum up a fellow-countryman. With Betsy he was, as usual, absently affable. He had never, after the event, given a sign that he remembered having kissed her. Probably he didn't remember. He strode about the room, thinking of other things, and became alert only when Christine entered. She was no longer in her negligée but in a primrose-yellow dress, and golden sandals with high heels, which made her even taller than she was. The room seemed very small with these two in it, and when they had gone, it seemed very empty.

Har Gopal spoke bitterly. "Are they your friends? I don't like that Sikh. I know his type very well." When she made no comment, he spoke harshly to her, as if she had dared to contradict him. "I tell you, I have seen hundreds like him. What do you know about it?" Neither of them in the least questioned his right to speak to her in this manner.

"I am B.A., Kurukshetra University," he said next. "Yes, now you are surprised. You thought I was just anyone, isn't it? B.A. in history and philosophy. And my wife is a matriculate. Come here." He beckoned to her with his slender, fine-boned hand, displaying a surprising authority, and she went.

He jumped on her in the same sudden way Manny had done. Betsy thought, Do all Indian men make love like this? In spite of his frail appearance, Har Gopal was strong. He did not have Manny's massive body

• •

SENECA

What position of honor is there whose purple robe, augur's staff, and patrician shoes are not accompanied by squalor, banishment, the marks of ignominy and a thousand disgraces, and the utmost contempt?—*Lucius Annaeus Seneca, "On Tranquility."*

Still young, with more than average skills, observed
With casual interest by the ascetic sage
And the acquisitive, he was unnerved
To find that he could earn more than a wage
As lawyer, tutor, rhetorician, and
It was not long before he learned that sadness
Came from failure, or deep shame that unmanned
Successful men, and saw a kind of madness
Ahead, peculiar to the philosopher
Who, hoping to meditate right at the core
Of rage and resignation, must bestir
Himself to his time's version of either/or.

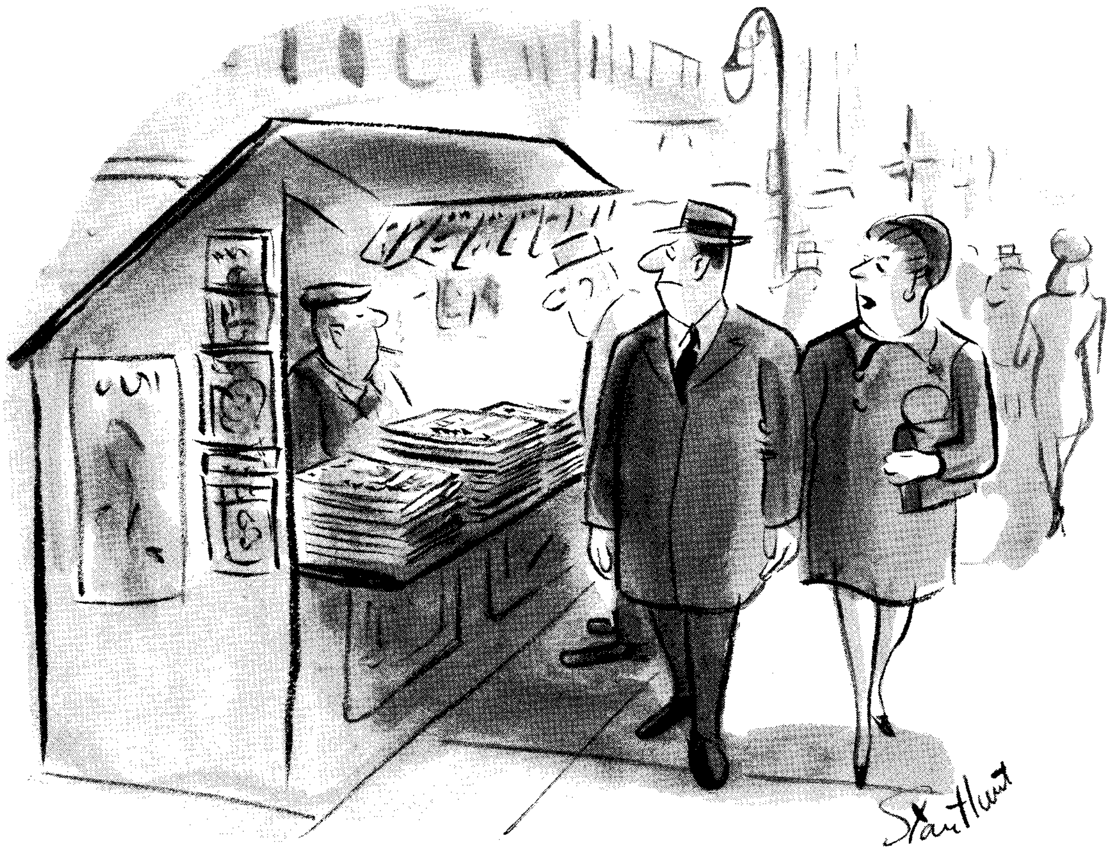
So Seneca took on the poor and the rich,
Pleaded their cases in an evil court
For outrageous fees, left some without a stitch
Because of loans, according to report,
With usurious interest rates, so that he might
Ponder on Justice a few hours a day
At his costly villa, slowly bringing to light
Such truths as "some can neither command nor obey
Their passions," and, banished from Rome at last,
Deemed it "easier not to acquire than lose;"
Then, grovelling for return, as the years passed,
Saw in it neither contradiction nor ruse.

Too many books, and too much time alone,
And "no advantage in getting rid of the cause
Of sadness in private life . . ." He seized the bone
The empress threw; the thought gave him no pause,
Even in later years, that he must nourish
The spirit of her child who would burn Rome.
"Suffering tyrants" caused his pen to flourish,
And dreams of friendship in the hippodrome,
Till the mysterious deaths of men most near
Led him to proffer Nero all his wealth
Now that the boy had flowered and an old seer
Suffered from public life and failing health.

Nero refused and kissed him. The order to die
Followed, as was expected by the man
Who taught "Nothing endures," and pacified
Us, comparing us to the sleepless who only can—
Twisting from side to side—lie in the one
Position, then another, till they rest
Mainly from weariness. Farewells begun,
He censured the mourning period with zest
Till his wife's begging to die drove him to prize
Her true nobility and to intone,
"No man can appear worthless in his eyes,
Because he knows that he is not his own."

—David Galler

strength but a sort of sharp, incisive, relentless quality which rode down opposition. He went straight ahead without question, not skillful but resolute, steely. He commanded respect.



"Why don't you stop griping and do something about strikes, Vietnam, poverty, slums, drugs, overpopulation, inflation, air pollution, and traffic congestion?"

Betsy was in love with Har Gopal. If she hadn't been, the situation might have become embarrassing. He came every day to the flat, and when any of Christine's friends were there, he sat in a corner like a poor relation and looked at them with burning, hungry eyes. Afterward, he was angry with Betsy and blamed her for any lack of respect he felt had been shown to him. Christine was always very nice and tactful with him, and in return he went to some pains to make serious conversation with her. He would tell her about the unemployment problem in Uttar Pradesh, or the number of light aircraft manufactured by the Hindustan aircraft factory per year. She would appear to be listening and would say "No, really?" and "How fascinating!" in between, without irony. She might be doing her nails, daubing on the varnish with exquisite little brushstrokes, and he would look on in fascination. He loved seeing her do her nails. Sometimes he asked Betsy why she didn't paint hers, and he clicked his tongue in disapproval when she held them out to him, clipped very short and one or two of them bitten down at the end of her short, squarish fingers.

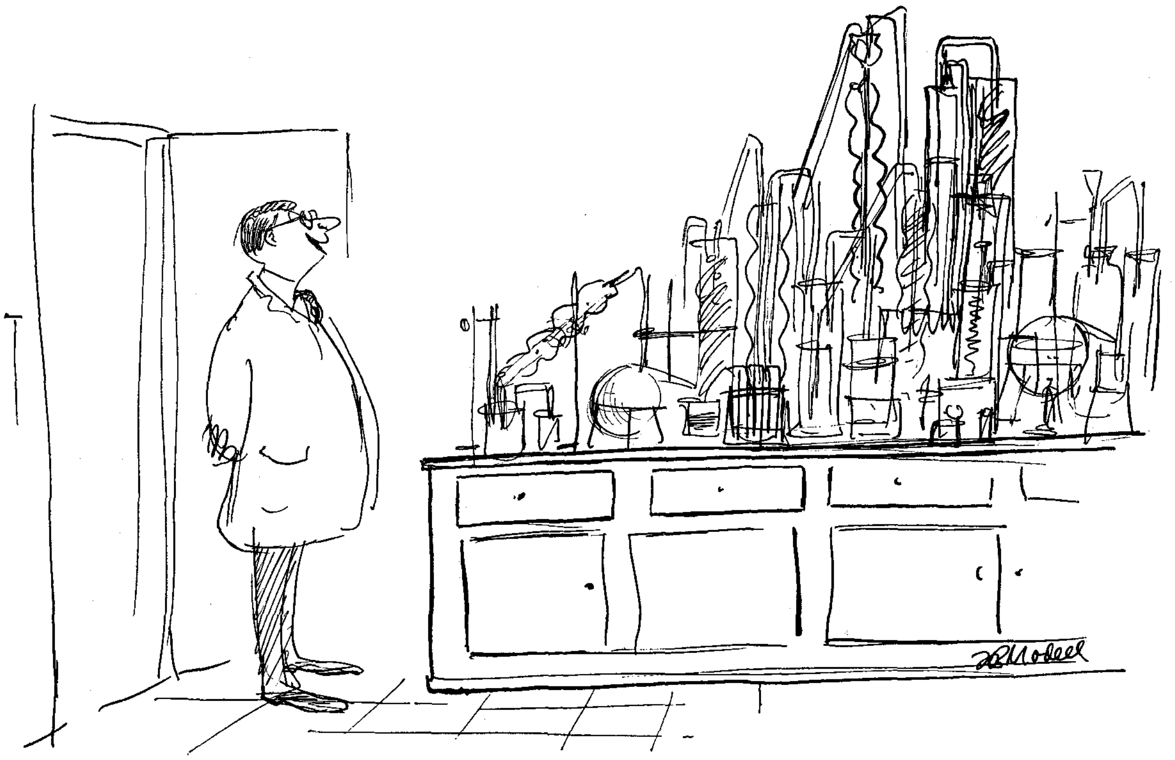
But she took a lot of trouble for him. She brushed and brushed her hair till it shone, and then she slipped a red band round it. She wore white frilly blouses and short skirts and white ballet shoes and a gold locket round her neck. She loved going out for walks with him and would tuck her hand proudly under his arm. He allowed her to keep it there and walked by her side in a stately manner, with his head held stiffly. Many people looked at them. They were both about the same height, both short, but he was thin and she was rather stocky, with very muscular legs. Once or twice, they met people he knew—some friend or neighbor—and he would stop to exchange a few words in a rather formal, self-conscious way, and though her hand remained tucked under his arm, he made no attempt to introduce her. But if they met anyone she knew—a fellow-countryman from her office or the High Commission—she made a point of introducing Har Gopal at once, flaunting him and clinging to him in such a way that her acquaintances became embarrassed and looked away and parted from her as quickly as possible. Har Gopal always behaved correctly, and said "Very happy to meet you," and shook hands all round, the way he knew foreigners did.

Betsy confided a lot in Christine. She needed to have someone to talk to about Har Gopal. "I know it's ridiculous, ridiculous," she said, and buried her head in her arms, overwhelmed with laughter and happiness. "He's all wrong—of course he is—*and* he's married, *and* three children." She hid her face again, and her shoulders shook with laughing. She tried but could never quite explain to Christine what it was she loved so much about Har Gopal. His finely drawn features, yes, his dark, dreaming eyes, his sadness, his sensitivity, and also—but how could she tell Christine this?—she loved the shabby clothes he wore, his badly cut cotton trousers, and his frequently washed shirt, with his thin wrists coming out of the buttoned cuffs. She was positively proud of the fact that he looked so much like everybody else, like hundreds and thousands of other Indian clerks going to offices every morning on the bus and coming home again with their empty tiffin-carriers in the evenings—people who worked for small salaries and supported their families and worried. She frowned with the effort of trying to express all this to Christine, and said finally that, well, she supposed she loved him for being so typically Indian.

Christine laughed. "But that's why I like Manny, too."

Betsy had to admit that Manny, too, was typically Indian, but in a very different way. Manny was the India one read about in childhood, colored with tigers, sunsets, and princes, but Har Gopal was *real*. He was everyday, urban, suffering India that people in the West didn't know about.

Har Gopal often asked, "Do you talk about me with Christine?" He wanted to know everything that they said. When she teased and wouldn't tell, he



"Now, let me see. What needs discovering?"

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twisted her wrist or squeezed her muscles till she screamed. He loved practicing these boyhood tortures on her; it was the only way he knew of being playful, for that was how he had played with his friends at school and college. He had never had a woman friend before. But he had had many male friends, and they had had grand times together. He often told Betsy about his friends, and it always put him in a good mood. He had a serious, even melancholy nature, but when he recollected his student days, he became gay and laughed at all the mad pranks he and his friends had played together. One of his friends, Chandu, had been a great joker, and how he had teased the masters at school! No one could do anything to him, because his father was an important man in town. Another friend had had the ability to chew up newspapers and even razor blades. They were all crazy about the cinema and went to see the same film over and over again till they knew the lyrics and dialogue by heart. He could still recite great chunks of old films, and he did so for Betsy and sang the songs for her. She loved his voice, which was sweet and girlish, and the soft expression that came into his eyes when he sang, but he said no, no, his voice was nothing, she should have heard Mohan, then she would have known what good singing was. They all had thought that Mohan would surely go into films and become another Mohammed Rafi, but instead he had got a job in the life-insurance corporation. There had been so many friends, and they had all been so close and had thought their friendship was eternal, but now Har Gopal didn't even know where most of them were. Everyone was married, like himself, and had his own worries and no more time for friends. But he still thought about them often and wished for the old days back again, or at least to have one friend left with him in whom to confide his thoughts and have a good time together.

"Well, you've got me now," said Betsy, putting her arm round his neck, tender and comradely.

But he could not feel about her the way he did about his friends. He was, she knew, less fond of her. She excited him, and he was proud to have her, but he did not really, she often suspected, *like* her. All the loving came from her side, and he accepted it as his due but made no attempt to return it. There was something lordly, almost tyrannical, in his attitude toward her. When he lounged at his ease in her room, all his shyness and shabbiness—that depressed quality that had been so evident in him when he stood with his tiffin-carrier at the bus stop—left him completely, and he became what, as a Brahmin, he perhaps was by nature: an aristocrat, for whom the goods and riches of this world were created and whose right it was to be served by others. It was Betsy who served, and the goods and riches were the things she gave him for which he had developed a taste—English biscuits, raspberry syrup (he never again drank alcohol), tinned peaches.

He kept some clothes in her room, and when he came to her straight from the office, as he usually did, he would take off his trousers and carefully fold them and put on his dhoti. He dressed and undressed with delicate precaution, so as never to be seen naked by any human eye, not even his own. Although his lovemaking left nothing to be desired, he never lost his reticence; his manner was always controlled and fastidious, and never for a moment was there any abandon in it. Betsy, on the other hand, was all abandon. She would fling off her clothes, leaving them just where they dropped, and walk round the room naked. Very often she forgot to lock the door, so that the servant or Christine or anyone who came to the flat could have walked in at any time. She didn't care. Her attitude shocked and at the same time pleased him. In the beginning, he could only watch her undressing with his face averted and his eyes half lowered, ashamed of himself and of her, but as time went on he looked at her boldly and with a strange smile, which was perhaps partly appreciation and partly, she sometimes suspected, contempt.

He never spoke to her about his family. She wanted to know so much about them, but he always completely evaded her questions. If she insisted too much, he became annoyed and refused to speak to her at all, and perhaps even went home earlier than usual. So she dared not ask much. But it tortured her to have all this area of his life concealed from her with a deliberateness that suggested she was not worthy to approach it. Why should he feel that way? He was *proud* of her—she knew he was. Otherwise, why would he parade through the town with her on his arm and greet people he met on the way with such a superior air?

Sometimes, when she found he was relaxed and in a good mood, she tried to coax him into talking. "Is your wife taller than me? Shorter? The same? Say!" At once, his good mood would disappear, and he turned away from her, frowning. Once, she asked him half jokingly, "What's the matter? You don't think I'm good enough to hear about your family?" But at that he took on such a strange, closed expression that she realized she had stumbled on something near the truth. But she wouldn't at first believe it; she even laughed at it and said, "My God, what am I—a fallen woman or something?" Still he made no answer, but the expression on his face did not change, nor did he make any attempt to contradict or deny. She laughed again, more harshly, even though by now she felt far from laughing. It was ridiculous, something out of Victorian melodrama, but still it was true; it was the way he saw her. She felt so humiliated that she could speak nothing further and tears flowed silently from her eyes. But even as they rolled down her cheeks, and her heart heaved with pain at the thought of her humiliation, at the same time—so bizarre were her feelings for him—this very humiliation actually increased, exacerbated her passion for him.

ONE day, she went secretly to see the place where he lived. She found blocks of tenements set out side by side and surrounded by an area of wasteland on which had sprung up a dusty little bazaar and a shanty colony of thatched huts. As soon as she got out of her taxi, she found herself the center of a group of children who laughed and marvelled at her strangeness and followed her closely. She looked round her for a time, then plucked up courage and walked through the doorway that led into the compound of the first block of buildings. It was as lively here as in any street. Children played, and there were some men repairing string beds, and a number of itinerant vegetable-sellers and a fish-seller, all of whom were bargaining with women who suspiciously untied their bundles of money from the ends of their saris and complained to one another about dishonest traders. Other women called down from the windows that opened in tiers and rows from the tall buildings. Betsy, with her little cluster of attendant children, looked around her and did not know what to do next. Suddenly she wondered what would happen if he were to come now out of one of those dark doorways and find her standing there. She could almost see the expression of panic and fury that would instantly transform his face, and at the thought of it she began to panic a little herself and to wish she had not come.

But then it was too late to retreat. A round little man in an English-style suit came running up to her, calling in an excited voice, "Yes please, yes please! You have come to see Mr. Har Gopal?" Betsy did not recognize him, but guessed at once that he must be someone whom they had met and Har Gopal had talked to on one of their evening walks.

"This way, please," said the little man, pushing aside all the children and leading her out of the compound. To curious bystanders he explained importantly, "For Har Gopal in C Block." He strutted in front while the children surged after him, and Betsy found herself swept along in the procession. Behind her, the women nudged and talked. The little man led her along the street and then turned into the next compound, waving a plump hand over his shoulder at her and calling, "This way, please!"

Then she saw that the little procession had brought her back to the street where her taxi was waiting. Murmuring apologies that no one heard, she suddenly climbed into it and sat down, and the driver skillfully flicked away the children who at once surrounded the car. Betsy did not dare look out of the window as she was driven away, and she even put her handkerchief up to her face.

The next time Har Gopal came to the flat, he did not talk to her at all but straightaway took his dhoti and a pair of slippers and bottle of hair oil he kept in her bedroom and, grimly determined, wrapped them up in a bundle.

"What are you doing?" she cried out in distress.

He did not answer but made for the door. She clung to him. She begged him to stay.

"Let me go, please," he said, but standing quite still and making no effort to release himself.

"It's only that I wanted to *see* where you were."

"You came to spy on me. Yes, and now you will laugh at me with your friends, because my house is poor and I am poor." Suddenly he shrieked, "I don't care! You can laugh, what do I care?"

"Please don't," she said, and clung to him tighter, but he shook her off and shouted at her,

"I'm home, Molly!"

"And my position? That's nothing to you, that people will say that you come openly to my home?" He sank down to sit on the edge of her bed and covered his eyes with his hands in grief and shame. Betsy sank down beside him, and she, too, covered her eyes. What followed was a loud scene, echoing all over the flat, in which he spoke a lot about his position in the world and she lacerated herself with accusations regarding her own selfishness and insensitivity. When this had gone on for a long time, and she had again and again begged his forgiveness, they were at last reconciled, and she dissolved in tears of gratitude, while he was proud and gracious with her.

Then it was time for him to go home, and on his way out they had to pass through the sitting room, where Christine sat playing ludo with Manny. Those two must have heard every word of what had passed in the other room. Christine delicately kept her eyes fixed on the ludo board, and Manny hummed a tune to himself. Har Gopal's face took on a tight expression, and his thin body seemed to shrink as he walked through the room; he looked as he had waiting at the bus stop. Only Betsy was free from embarrassment as she ushered her lover out of the flat.

That night, Christine knocked timidly on Betsy's door. Betsy was lying stark naked on her rumpled bed, reading the Katha-Upanishad. She was wearing her reading glasses and thoughtfully twisting a lock of hair round her finger. She didn't seem to be a bit shy to be found naked. Her breasts were very much heavier than one would have expected from seeing her dressed. "Yes, come in," she said, and shut her book with her finger inside to hold the page. "I'm sorry. We made an awful lot of noise today, didn't we?" she said cheerfully.

Christine sat on the edge of a chair. She was wearing a flowered wrap and looked crisp and fresh in Betsy's room, which was rather untidy.

"I know it's none of my business," said Christine, talking very quickly so as to get it over with, "but I do think you ought to be a bit more careful."

Betsy laughed and said, "I wish I were the sort of person who *could* be careful."

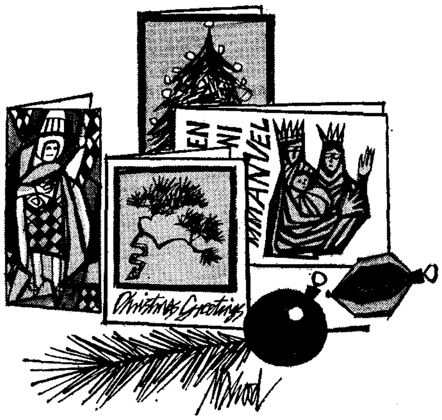
"Everyone's talking, you know, Betsy. In the office and everywhere. I mean, good heavens, not that anyone cares about your having an Indian boyfriend—don't we all?—but he's so . . . *different* from the other Indians we all know."

"You mean he's poor."

"It's not that," Christine said miserably. "But he's—I don't know, odd. And there's something unhealthy about it all. Of course, it's absolutely terrible of me to be saying all this, and do tell me to shut up if you want to."

There was a moment's pause. Then Betsy said, "It *is* unhealthy." She tried to sound detached and dispassionate, but could not keep it up for long. "I suppose all passion is unhealthy. Sometimes, I tell you, I feel *insane*, and what's more, what's terrible, I revel in it! I glory in it!" She rolled over onto her side to face Christine, and her big breasts fell to that side and her eyes shone behind her glasses.

Christine was not the only person who tried to warn Betsy. One day, her office chief invited her to lunch at his house, and in the kindest manner possible, full of embarrassment and apologies, told her that unless she behaved in what he called a more conventional way he would have to have her sent home. Betsy understood that he had to tell her this and that he was right, but she had no intention of changing. Instead, she began to make plans about what to do if she were really posted back home. Of course, she would resign immediately; she would stay and get a job locally. She was vague as to what kind of job and did not stop much to wonder whether anyone would employ her, but she knew that, whatever she did, her salary would only be a fraction of what it was now and she would have to change her whole way of life. She didn't mind that; in fact, she rather looked forward to it. She would have to move out of the flat and go somewhere much cheaper. She thought of herself in some small room in a crowded locality. To get to her, one would have to cross a courtyard and climb up a very dark, very narrow winding staircase. She would be the only European living in the house. Every day, Har Gopal would come to visit her. Actually, Betsy couldn't cook, but now she had visions of herself squatting over a little bucket of coal and preparing a meal for him and serving him just like an Indian wife. She might take to wearing a sari. Perhaps she would have a baby, a boy, who would grow up dark and delicate like Har Gopal.



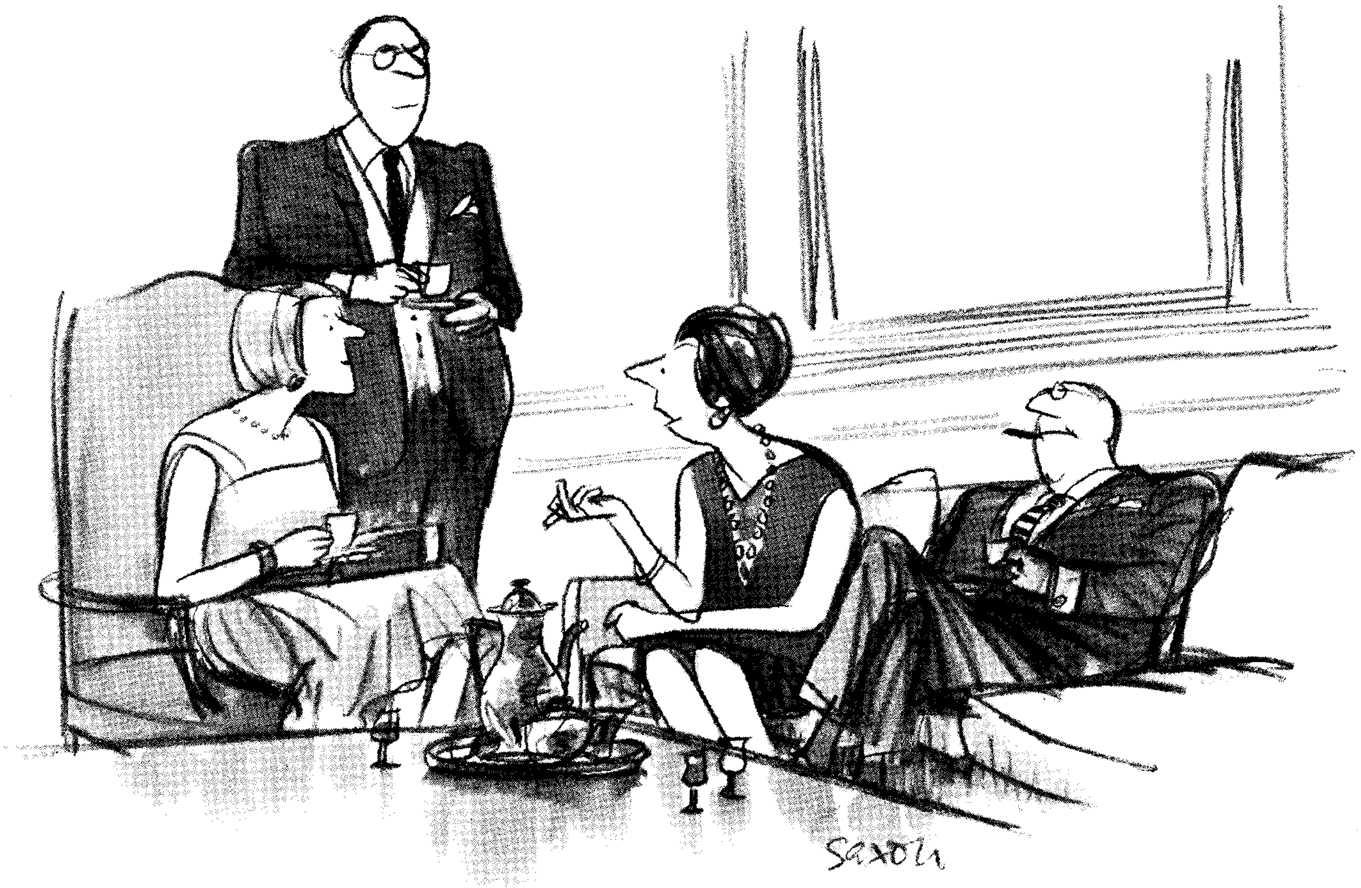
She neglected her work in the office and was distant with her colleagues. She realized vaguely that something was going on around her and that perhaps steps were being taken against her, but she did not bother to find out what they were. Christine told her that she would be moving out of their joint flat soon. She made up some polite lie to the effect that the flat was getting too expensive for her and that she had found another, smaller one elsewhere, but Betsy cut her short and said it didn't matter, because she herself would be moving out, too, very soon. She already saw herself in her small room in the house with the winding staircase.

She even began to make inquiries about the rents to be paid for such places, and about how much money would be needed for the simple, Indian-style life she intended to adopt. All her thoughts were concentrated on this problem. Once, finding herself alone with Manny, who was waiting for Christine to get ready, she even asked him, very seriously, "Supposing you only eat dal and rice twice a day—how much would that come to a week?"

"Only dal and rice!" exclaimed Manny humorously. "And what about a peg of whiskey?"

"I'm being serious, Manny," Betsy said impatiently, but it was impossible to make him be serious with her. Ever since she had started her affair with Har Gopal, Manny's attitude toward her had become strange and ambivalent. He was rather more brusque, and even rude, with her than he had been before, but he indulged in sudden spurts of familiarity whenever they found themselves alone in a room, which extended to pinching her in intimate places.

He did this now, and at the same time he joked with her. "My two, three pegs a day I must have, otherwise I'm like my car without petrol. Hmm? Han?" He encouraged her to laugh with him and drew her close, and his beard nuzzled against her cheek. She struggled to get free, but that made him hold her all the more tightly. She stared into his face and she saw his light-colored eyes and his red, moist, healthy mouth smiling inside his black beard. She let out a cry. He released her immediately, and even gave her a push to get her farther away from him.



"We figured that if you go on a cruise, Christmas is taken out of your hands."

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Christine, zipping up her dress, came in and said, "What ever's the matter?"

"It is Betsy," said Manny. "She thought she saw a snake." He laughed uproariously.

Betsy did not speak to Har Gopal about her future plans. She was afraid. She knew that the idea of anyone giving up a job, an assured livelihood, was not one he would ever be able to understand. He himself was very timid about his own job and took care never to give cause for complaint to his superiors. Not only was he very polite, even deferential, to them in their presence, but he also spoke of them in tones of the highest respect when they were not there and could not know what he was saying about them. Once, when Betsy spoke with lighthearted disdain of one or two of the top people in her own organization, he rebuked her for doing so, and when she laughed at the rebuke, he frowned and became annoyed with her and said that she had no respect in her nature. The very least, he said, that one owed one's superiors was respect, and, quite apart from that, one should be careful what one said about them, because who knew what might not get back to them. But how *could* anything get back to them, asked Betsy, amused, when there was no one there but he and she, and surely he wasn't going to go and tell on her, was he? He refused to smile at the idea but only said that in these matters one could never be careful enough. His eyes even roved solemnly for a moment round the room—her bedroom—as if he feared someone might be lurking somewhere listening.

ONE Sunday afternoon, he was reclining on her bed in his rather lordly way, wearing his vest and dhoti, his feet crossed comfortably at the ankle. He had his arms folded behind his head and was staring into space with melancholy eyes. He looked noble and sensitive and gave the impression of being sunk in deep philosophic thought. This impression, however, was false, for when he finally broke his silence it was to say nothing more significant than "Just see, I have had this blister for two days. It is very painful." He plaintively held up his finger to her.

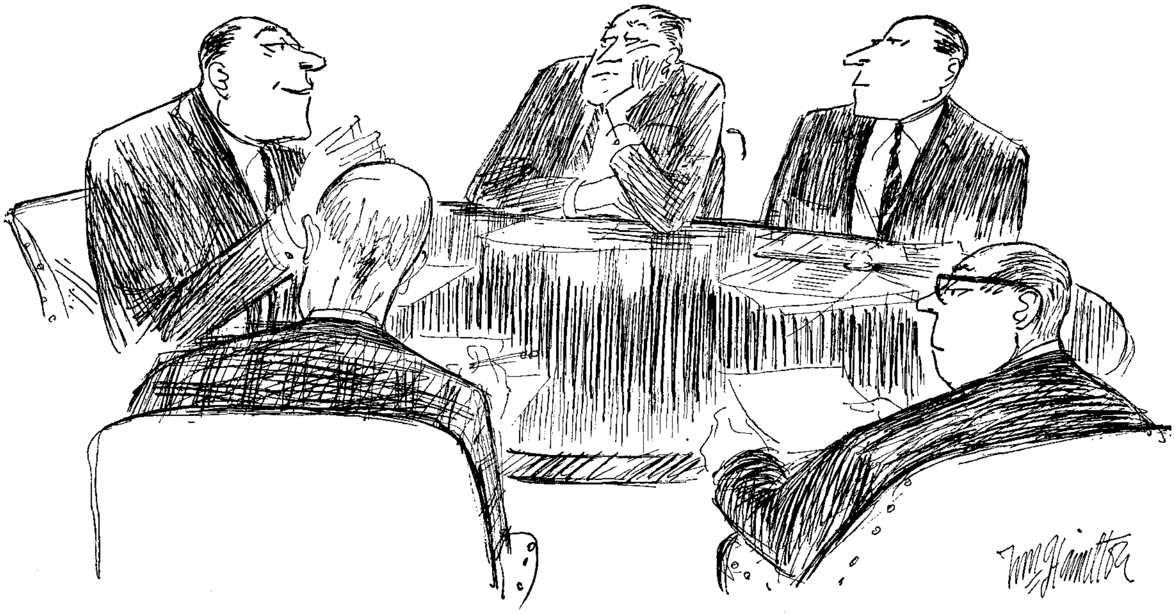
She burst out laughing and, overcome with tenderness for him, threw herself on his reclining figure. "Oh, you're so sweet, so *sweet!*" she cried, and crushed him as tight as she could, as if she hoped thereby to relieve her overwhelming feelings. He cried out and struggled to get free, till she released him of her own accord. He smoothed down his hair with one hand and his dhoti with the other and said indignantly, "How rough you are."

She laughed again and settled herself happily on the floor, leaning her head against the edge of the bed on which he lay. She felt exquisitely comfortable and domestic and knew that this was the way she wanted her life to go on forever. And then she blurted it out—about giving up her job and staying in India so as to be always near him.

Har Gopal was appalled. He quite genuinely thought she was mad. He argued with her, pointed out that even if she managed to get some kind of job in India, which was in itself unlikely, she would never be able to live on the salary she would be paid. But Betsy said no, she wanted to live on it; she was tired of living the way she did here, as a foreigner, as a privileged person.

"I want to live in India like an Indian," she said. "Like everyone else. Like you. Exactly like you." And she seized his fine, frail hand and kissed it.

He drew it away from her. "You



"I'd like to think that you men would have voted me chairman even if I had had only a teensy bit of the stock."

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don't know anything," he said. "If you had to live in a place where there is never enough water, and the neighbors quarrel, and you clean and clean but still the cockroaches come—"

"I don't care," Betsy said.

"Yes, it is so easy to talk," he said bitterly. He got up from the bed and began to get dressed, though it was not yet his usual time for departure.

"I want to give up everything for you," Betsy said. "To lay my whole life at your feet and say, 'Here, take it.' " She shut her eyes, carried away by the passion with which she spoke.

He uttered a short sound of impatience and turned his back on her. He began to comb his hair at the mirror. She came up behind him and put her arms round his waist and laid her cheek caressingly against his back. He continued to comb his hair very carefully; he was always careful of his appearance before going out into the street.

"I'm not sacrificing anything," she said. "Don't think that. Good heavens, do you think I care for my job, or this flat, or money, or anything?"

He could hold himself no longer. "No, you don't care! You are like that. You have everything in life and you throw it all away. Aren't you ashamed? There are others who would give God knows what to have something, to live nicely, but for them—no, there's nothing, not even in their dreams. . . ." His voice failed him, and he could not go on. It was as if all the frustrations of his life had risen up and formed a hard ball in his chest and left him unable to speak. He waved his hand in her direction, dismissing her, not wanting her, and turned to the door.

"Don't go," she pleaded, and held on to his arm. He attempted to free himself, but she held on tightly. Suddenly he became vicious. He thumped his fist on the hand holding on to his arm and cursed her in Hindi: "*Hath mat lagao, besharm kahin ki!*" He left the room, with her running after him.

Christine and Manny were having drinks in the sitting room. Manny put down his glass and got up and strode over to Har Gopal. He seized him by the front of his shirt and shook him to and fro, and Har Gopal allowed this to be done without offering resistance. His face was frozen with fright while his body was being shaken, and the oiled, stiff hair on his head flopped up and down.

"Let him go, Manny," Christine said in a low, embarrassed voice.

Manny gave one last shake and then flung him toward the door. Har Gopal fell down, but he picked himself up again and patiently dusted off his knees and hands. Without looking back at anyone, he walked down the stairs, slowly and with dignity. Betsy followed him.

When he reached the bottom of the stairs, he told her, in a tone of cold command, "Get my things."

"What things?"

"My things. My dhoti and my slippers, and don't forget my bottle of hair oil."

He stood very straight and thin and proud. But suddenly he sat down on the bottom step. He hid his face in his arms and his shoulders shook with sobbing. She sat down next to him. She held him and murmured words of the sweetest comfort.

After a while, he raised his face, which was smeared with tears. He cut across her murmuring and said, "You must leave this place. I don't want you to stay with these people one day more."

Betsy said that they would look for a place for her together—somewhere very cheap, very Indian. She glanced at him to note his reaction, but he gave no sign of having heard her and remained staring gloomily in front of him. She allowed herself to believe that his silence meant assent. At this, her heart leaped for joy, and her mind shone with visions of the new life that was about to begin for her.

—R. Prawer Jhabvala

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MINE

(After the Riots)

A stranger it was never meant for
(years and years after the night raids
set it there), bathing offshore, or
crawling through caves, uncovered it,

nipples intact. Perhaps he thought
the odd shape rock, or hunk of coral
off a sunken reef; maybe a human
artifact tossed overboard, or lost.

Eventually, it gave itself away,
the nipples, the roundish cast, what
few links remained, and a fastening.
Alert to the folk wisdom of his day,

he called the police, who warned,
Don't Touch, Or Breathe, Don't Move
Too Close, and keep people away
until they arrive to disarm the thing.

I know what to think: no one should
lose an arm, stumble on death, be
blown apart. I wish no harm. But, my
heart is with the deep thing that

ticks in secret, and surfaces to speak.

—Frank Polite

DON'T CALL US, WE'LL RECALL YOU

ANYONE who has been anxiously scanning his mail in recent months in the expectation that the manufacturer of his new car is calling it back for additional work may have missed an equally urgent letter from the maker of some other product that needs adjusting. As a consumer service, a few of the more important of the recent rash of recall bulletins are synopsized below:

Books: Fenton, Bayle & Overstogg, publishers of "Cooking for the Boss," by Agnes Pfeiffer Buenaventura, have asked that the initial printing of twelve thousand copies be returned to booksellers for minor adjustments to the recipe on page 176, called Cassoulet à la Grecque with Raisin Sauce. As this recipe now stands, intake of the dish may, under certain conditions, trigger a mild digestive seizure. The publishers have assured alarmed readers that these conditions—which include consumption of at least two helpings of the dish—are highly unlikely to occur and that, to date, only two really dramatic career changes can be laid to "Cooking for the Boss." The adjustment to the recipe, a simple tip-in procedure, can be made by the bookseller in five minutes.

Hacklin Press, publishers of the novel "Remembering Madge Motley," by Helen Crews Drinkwater, have requested that all two hundred and seventy-three copies ordered by booksellers, including any they may have sold, be returned directly to the publishers for rearrangement of the pages. A rare error at the bindery put pages 29 through 60 after page 848, so that the reader does not learn of David Thatcher's sterility until the day after his wife Bethamy's illegal operation, following her drug-prompted liaison with Ormonde Caine—whose own bizarre motivations for pursuing the unlikely affair are suggested in these same pages. Although the error prompted major praise for the work—the *Sandy Hook Advocate* called it "a brilliantly elliptical novel, redolent with echoes"—Mrs. Drinkwater believes the misplaced pages may do serious damage to some readers.

Home Freezers: Approximately twenty per cent of Frostfinger Farms' 20-cubic-foot Polemaster '67 freezers are being recalled for a simple adjustment to the cold controls. When the dial is set at "Coldest" in most of these defective units, the motor will turn itself to "Off." A simple test for the layman calls for keeping a couple of spears of asparagus in a handy corner of the unit. When in doubt about the temperature, remove a spear and hold it horizontally, as if reading a fever thermometer. If spear points to your shoes, unit is one of those that is "Off." Another home test has been designed to flush out the even smaller number of Polemasters that run at "Coldest" continually. Simply remove a packet of frozen vegetables from your freezer and drop in boiling water. If the plastic container melts before the vegetable block, you have one of the "continual-run" units.

Houses: Grock Realty, builders of Walden Pond, Ltd., a 2,240-home split-level development near the city line, has announced the recall of all one hundred and twelve homes in the Georgian Ranch model. Until the man from Grock calls to make the necessary adjustment, homeowners are advised not to open the fireplace damper, the kitchen door, and the laundry chute at the same time. Although the Grock people estimate that this combination of openings is likely to come up only once in seven million times, it has already happened twice at the six-month-old Walden Pond, Ltd., colony. The adjustment to the houses—a simple shift of stresses on existing uprights and the installation of a Lally column in the center of the dining room—can be accomplished in less than a week. Should a Georgian Ranch owner inadvertently make the prohibited series of openings before the Grock people correct his unit, he would be well advised to clear the back yard promptly, as the rear wall will fall out in thirty seconds.

Mates: Punch-A-Date, one of the largest firms in the burgeoning computerized-dating industry, has discovered a technical error in the functioning of its applicant-matching facility, which was designed by a panel of prominent psychiatrists, sociologists, and marriage brokers. Some months ago, it has just been learned, a porter sweeping around the punch-card machine inadvertently changed half a dozen settings with the handle of his broom. Thus, for example, "Over 5 feet 4 inches" registered on nine thousand applications as "Possesses one or more advanced degrees," and almost as many "Loves to dance" subscribers were posted as "Practicing Calvinist." Punch-A-Date estimates that fifty-four unsuitable marriages resulted from the error, for which it assumes full responsibility, and it offers to send Norman Bismeyer, head of its Computer Department, anywhere within a hundred-mile radius to testify in annulment proceedings. The post-marital adjustment is said to be a simple one that ought to take no more than two years.

—Gordon Cotler

PROFILES

THE PINE BARRENS—II

THERE are five principal areas of New Jersey, but, to New Jersey's misfortune, most people think of the whole state in the image of the suburban-industrial corridor that runs between New York and Philadelphia. Northwestern New Jersey, in contrast, is rocky and glaciated farm country, where there are many large lakes and upland hardwood forests. Just across the corridor is a swath of loamy farmland that widens out in a southwesterly direction until it occupies a large part of the state's southernmost counties. A strip of oceanside communities runs down the coast. And what remains, in the low center of the state, is a region that has been known since the seventeenth century as the Pine Barrens. The term refers to the predominant trees in the vast forests that cover the area and to the quality of the soils below, which are too sandy and acid to be good for farming. Few people chose to settle there in the sixteen-hundreds, and a large part of the area has not significantly changed to this day. Although New Jersey has the heaviest population density of any state, huge segments of the pines—as the Pine Barrens are often called—have no people in them at all, and the few towns in the central forest are extremely small. Technically—that is, by their geological and botanical dimensions—the Pine Barrens cover eighteen hundred and seventy-five square miles, or about a fourth of the state. On all sides, however, developments of one kind or another have gradually moved in, so that now the central and integral forest is reduced to about a thousand square miles. This area is, nonetheless, much larger than most of the national parks in the United States, and is so vast that one almost has to go there and climb one of its fire towers in order to believe that so much wilderness exists where it does. The Pine Barrens are not only close to New York and to Philadelphia; they are exactly halfway and on a beeline between Boston and Richmond, and are thus at the absolute center of the great Eastern megalopolis that is now forming. During recent years, I have spent considerable time in the Pine Barrens, because I wonder what will become of them and because I wanted to have a long look at them as they are now before they vanish altogether.

CHATSWORTH, in Woodland Township, is the principal community in the Pine Barrens. It is six miles north of the approximate center of the pines at Hog Wallow, and is surrounded on all sides by deep forest. From the air, two miles away, Chatsworth is not visible under the high cover of oaks and pines. The town consists of three hundred and six people, seventy-four houses, ten trailers, a firehouse, a church, a liquor store, a post office, a school, two sawmills, and one general store. Somehow, Chatsworth is a halftone more attractive than any other town in the pines. The people are apparently just a little competitive about the appearance of their houses, most of which are painted, and this gives Chatsworth a measure of distinction from its "suburbs"—the word used in Chatsworth for small settlements nearby in the woods, such as Leektown, Butler Place, Speedwell, and Jones Mill. People in Chatsworth pay twenty-four dollars a truckload to bring in topsoil so that they can grow lawns. That sort of thing notwithstanding, individualism and personal independence are as important there as they are in the rest of the pines. Two-thirds of Chatsworth's people make their living in Woodland Township—mainly from cranberries and blueberries and from "working for the state highway" and patrolling the woods as fire wardens or foresters. Half the people classify themselves as self-employed. Most of them are descended from English, Irish, and German ancestors who settled in the Pine Barrens in the eighteenth century, and the headstones in the Chatsworth cemetery bear names such as Brower, Bozarth, Dunfee, Leek, Applegate, Ritzendollar, and Buzby.

On the southwest corner of the town's principal intersection is the Chatsworth General Store, the entrance to which was cut into a corner of the building on an angle, so that the door itself, aproned with concrete steps, is the most prominent exterior feature of the building. The door was apparently designed to attract people from both intersecting streets, although the store has no competition for a ten-mile sweep in all directions. When I first stopped in there, I noticed on its shelves the usual run of cold cuts, canned foods, soft drinks, crackers, cookies, cereals, and sardines, and also Remington twelve-gauge shotgun shells, Slipknot friction tape, Varsity gasket cement, Railroad Mills sweet snuff, and State-Wide well restorer. Wrapping string unwound from a spool on a wall shelf and ran through eyelets across the ceiling and down to a wooden counter. A glass counter top next to the wooden one had been rubbed cloudy by hundreds of thousands of coins and pop bottles, and in the case beneath it were twenty-two rectangular glass dishes, each holding a different kind of penny candy. Beside the candy case was a radiator covered with an oak plank. Chatsworth loafers sat there. There were no particular loafers. Almost everyone who came into the store spent a little time on the oak plank. There were three Esso pumps on the sidewalk outside. Esso had been sold there since 1921. Just inside the door, a red kerosene pump was set in the floor. I was told that as many as four hundred gallons of kerosene had been sold through it in a week. Kerosene is widely used in the pines, both for heat and for light.

The general store was built in 1865. It was owned and run from 1894 until 1939 by Willis Jefferson Buzby, who was known as the King of the

Pineys. After Buzby's death, the place was taken over by his son Willis Jonathan Buzby, who assumed his father's title, and who is still called the King of the Pineys, although he and his wife, Kate, recently sold the business to another Chatsworth couple and retired to their house across the street. "We're the original pineys," Mrs. Buzby said to me in the store one day. "People come here and say, 'We're looking for the pineys,' and I say, 'They're right here,' and they say, 'No, we mean the people who live in caves and intermarry,' and I say, 'I don't know of any such people. We're pineys. We live right here.' " Mrs. Buzby is a small woman with gray hair and bright eyes. "We've had electric in here since 1932," she went on. "People come here now and see all the electric fixtures and say, 'My goodness, I didn't know the pineys lived like this.' Some of these homes don't look so good on the outside, but in the inside they have everything—refrigerators, radios, television."

Her husband, who has a forward bend in his walk and is a man of quick motions, said over his shoulder as he moved off to fill an order, "I'm a piney and I'm proud of it."

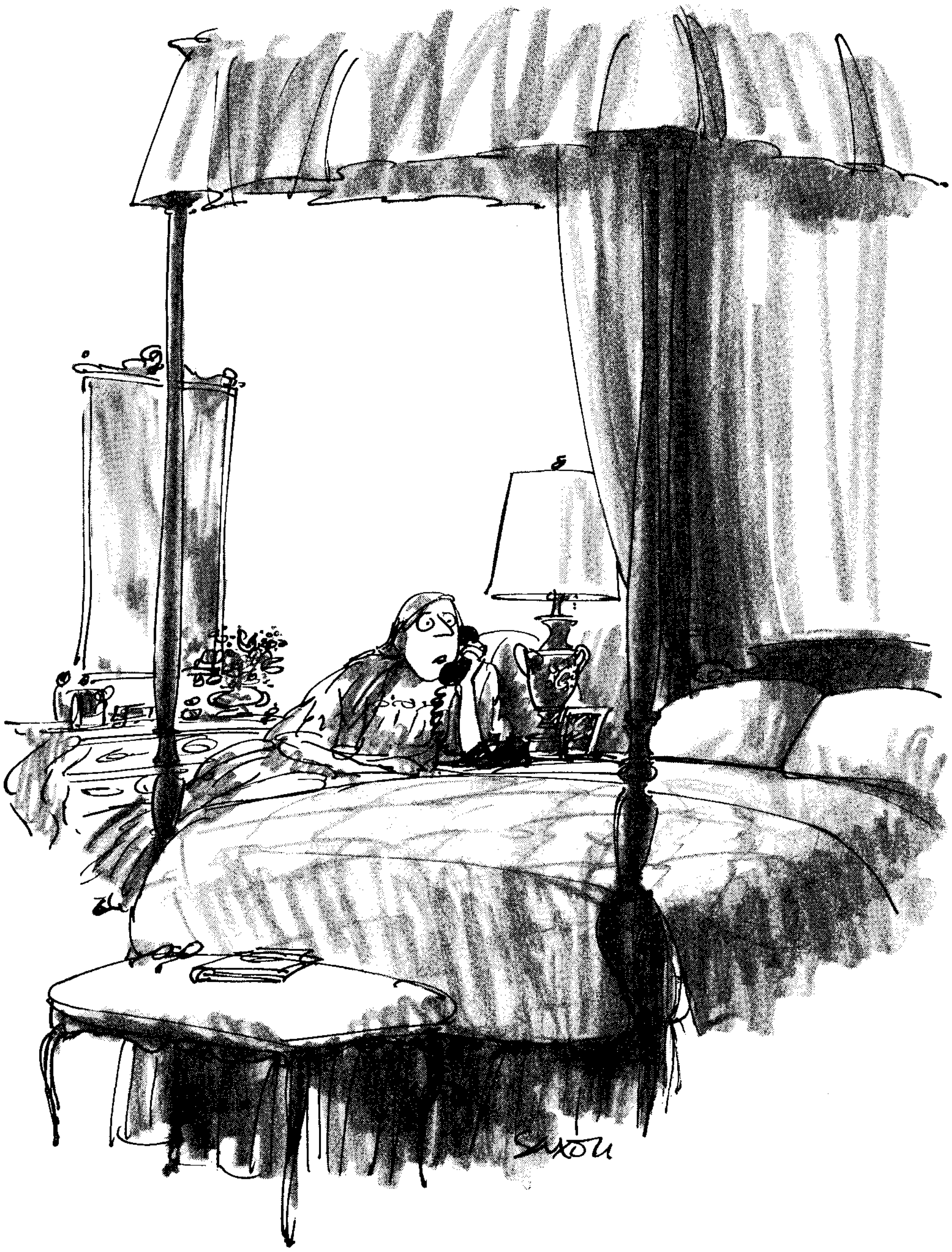
"Live in caves and intermarry, hah," Mrs. Buzby went on. "No one ever lived in caves that I heard of. I don't know of anyone around here except one family that's intermarried, and I've lived here all my life. Illegitimacy is low. In the city, you can do what you like. Here, you make a misstep and everyone knows it. There are some drifters, but not many. We have very few new people in town—perhaps half a dozen."

Mrs. Buzby's maiden name was Ritzendollar. When she went to high school, in Pemberton, on the periphery of the pinelands, she stayed there during the week, and when the roads were bad in winter she had to stay in Pemberton for as much as a month without going home. Her husband went to a one-room school in Chatsworth and did not go on to high school. They have one daughter, Theresa, who married a boy she met at Pemberton High School. Their son-in-law now does acoustical research at the University of Michigan. The Buzbys have two granddaughters. One went to Radcliffe and majored in art, married a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and lives in Palo Alto, California. The other is now at Wellesley. A Wellesley banner was tacked to a canned-goods shelf in the Chatsworth General Store.

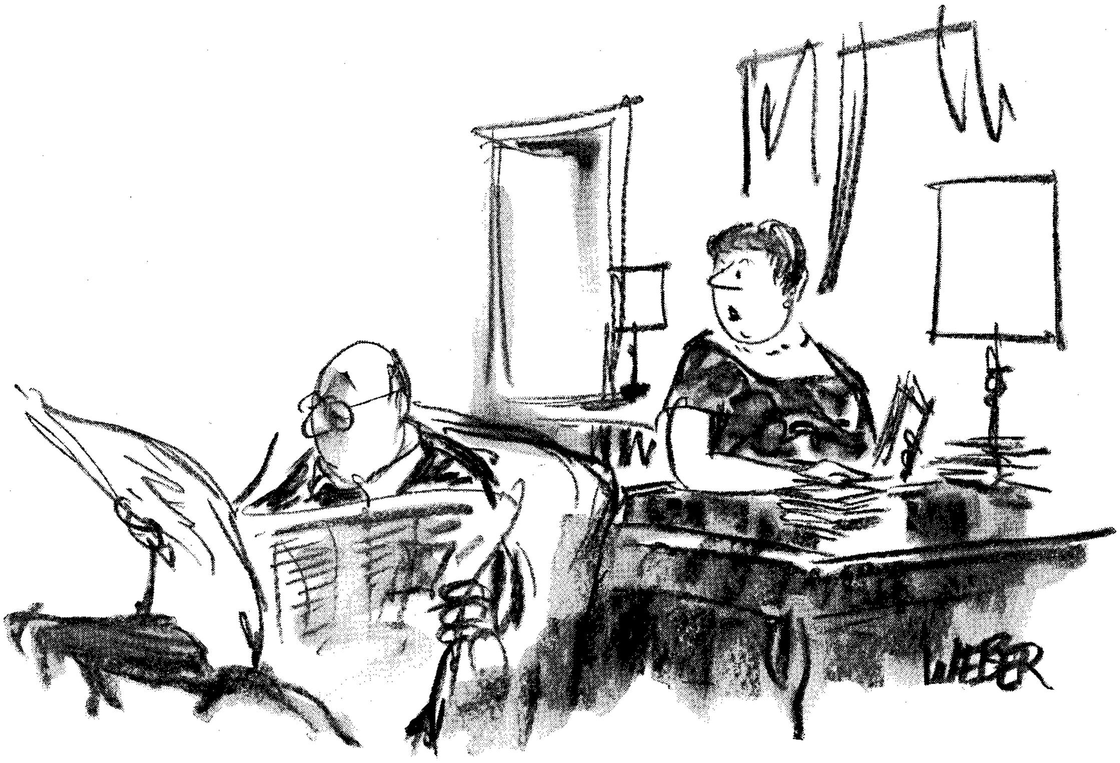
On the store bulletin board was a proclamation signed by Peter T. Brower, mayor of Woodland Township, forbidding all men to shave for six weeks. Violators would be fined two dollars, which would be used to help cover the costs of a coming celebration of the centennial of the township's incorporation. Almost every man in Chatsworth had grown a grisly stubble. Buzby had let his own beard go for the better part of a week. Now he got out an electric razor and plugged it into an outlet. "I better shave," he said, rubbing the machine against his face. "I look like a God-damned Rip van Winkle. It costs you two bucks to shave now."

Out of a mud-colored 1948 De Soto came an old woman in a gray dress that reached her ankles. She bought two cans of beans and one slab of uncut bacon. She complained to Mrs. Buzby about a slab of bacon she had bought two weeks before, and she went out.

An old man in a straw hat, a faded blue shirt, and khaki trousers stopped in for his Philadelphia *Inquirer*. He reminisced with Mrs. Buzby. They talked of the school they went to, in Chatsworth, years ago. There was a big coal stove in the middle of the schoolroom. The oldest boys could throw erasers hard enough to knock the stovepipe out of the wall. When a doctor was scheduled to visit the school, the children ran into the woods to avoid vaccinations. The old man complained bitterly about a teacher who had whipped him for someone else's



"We were hoping you'd be home for vacation, or whatever hippies call it when they're not doing what they do."



"Will Durant and his wife wrote the story of civilization together, and I can't even get you to sign a few measly Christmas cards!"

• •

misdemeanor. As the old man was leaving, Mrs. Buzby drew him out on the origin of the word "pineys." He said, "Pineys is a freak name that was invented in New York City."

A Ford station wagon stopped at one of the Esso pumps, and Mrs. Peter Brower, the wife of the Mayor, pumped herself three dollars and seventy cents' worth of gas. She waved at Buzby and drove away. Buzby got out a book, read the pump from inside the store, and recorded what Brower owed.

An old blue-and-white Chevrolet succeeded Mrs. Brower at the pumps. In it was a tan and extremely tired-looking young woman with long tawny hair. She wore a green blouse. Two small children were crawling on her. Buzby went out. She undid two of her blouse buttons and reached inside. She removed a bill, unfolded it, and handed it to Buzby. He pumped a dollar's worth of gas.

A young man wearing a sleeveless shirt and dungarees asked Mrs. Buzby for a pack of cigarettes and a soft drink. "That will be fifty cents out of your jeans," she said.

Buzby, who frequently addressed remarks not to one person but to the loitering audience in general, announced that he had never had a drink or a smoke. "I got the thirty cents and I can do what I damned please with it," he said.

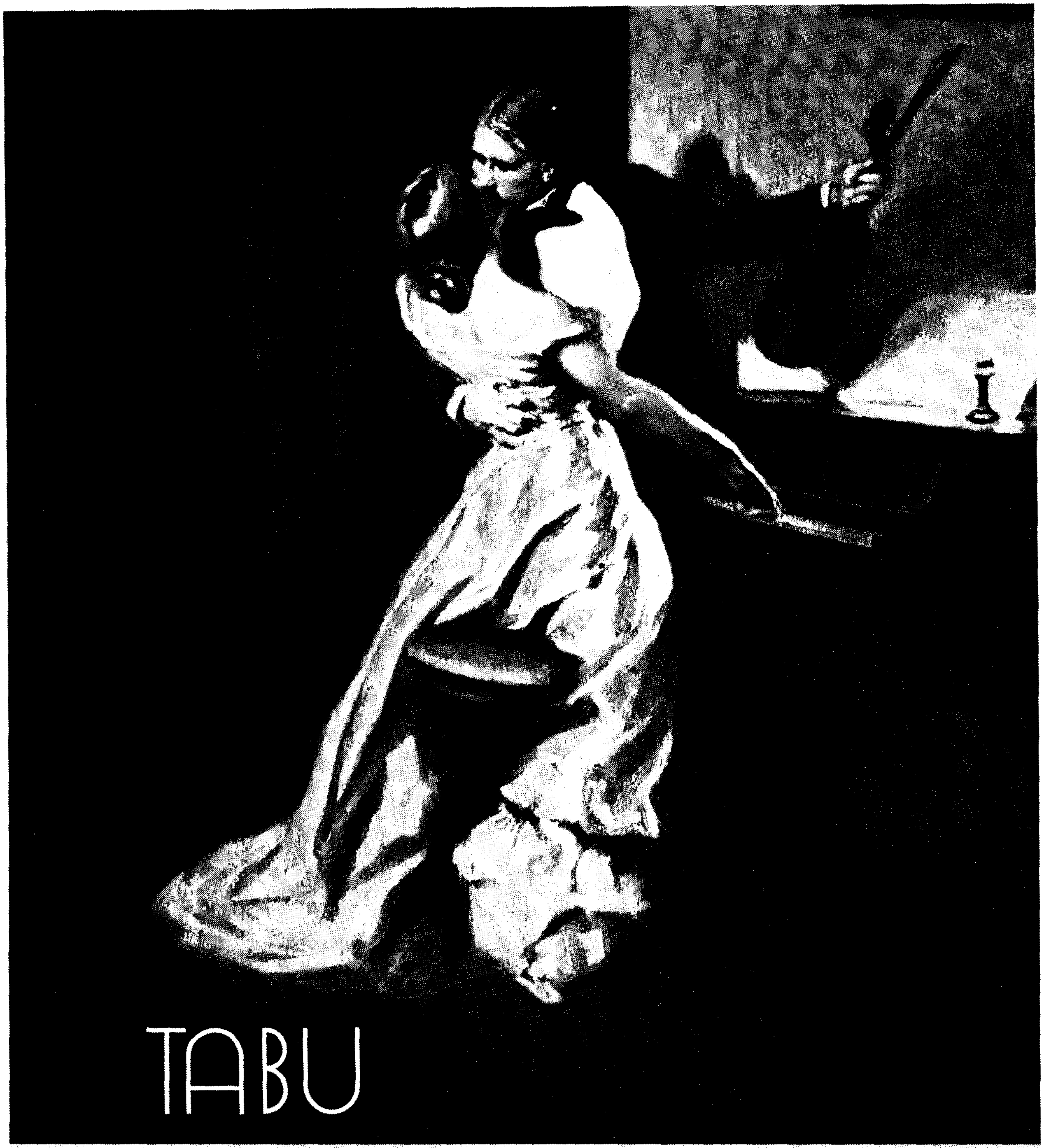
Charlie Applegate, custodian of the Chatsworth school and the husband of a teacher there, sat down on the oak plank for a while. In the course of a conversation, he told me that he once made seven hundred dollars in six weeks gathering wild blueberries. He is tanned, has gray hair, and speaks softly. He has a canoe, and loves to spend his free time on Pine Barrens rivers. "The woods are not built up, because they're so far from everything," he said. "In ten or fifteen years, they're going to build up. There's a proposal for a jetport. Most of the younger people are for it. The older people are not."

Buzby entered the conversation, saying, "As I look at it, damned if I'd want a jetport out there. It's going to be God-damned noisy."

"People from all over moving in would create problems," Applegate went on. "We have no crimes here. *That* would come to an end."

THE statement—often heard in the Pine Barrens—that there is no crime in the pines is essentially true, with only a few exceptions, but among these exceptions some absorbing practices and events have been recorded. Fifty years ago, mounted state police patrolled the pines from barracks in Chatsworth. Now state police from barracks outside the woods patrol the pines, but only as a minor part of their work, which is almost wholly taken up with problems that arise elsewhere. A trooper at the Red Lion barracks, west of the woods, said to me one day, "There's no crime rate at all in the pines. They're loners in there. They don't bother you. You don't bother them. They take care of most of their troubles by themselves." Criminal events involving local people are infrequent. In 1912, a cranberry grower was returning to his bog with money to pay his scoopers when he came to a bridge that had been barricaded on the road from Atsion to Hampton Furnace. The men who had set up the barricade shot the grower and took the money. People still talk about it. Fred Brown—a particular friend of mine who was born in the pines in 1887 and lives in Hog Wallow—once took me to the bridge and pantomimed the crime as he imagined it had happened. A man disappeared from Chatsworth in 1947, his bones were found in 1954, and the case has never been solved or explained. Two old men in Chatsworth fought over a woman in 1963, and one murdered the other. Stickups are all but unthinkable in the pines. Tavernkeepers and storekeepers say that the possibility almost never crosses their minds, and never did at all before the night in 1964 when a man with a silk stocking over his head and a gun in his hand walked into Hedger House, a bar isolated in the woods three miles north of Chatsworth. The man said that he wanted all the money in the cash register. By the accounts of those who were there, the men at the bar looked at the holdup man in surprise and disbelief. After a long moment in which nothing happened, except that one man is said to have continued his drinking, there was an explosion of gunfire from the back of the room and the holdup man fell to the floor and died.

Moonshining has been practiced in the pines for more years than there has been an Internal Revenue Service, but it is done only on a mild scale today. The trooper at Red Lion told me, "All they have to do is dig a hole in the ground four feet deep and set up a still in a swamp. I've only been on two still raids in my life, but that's how they set it up. We don't go looking for moon-



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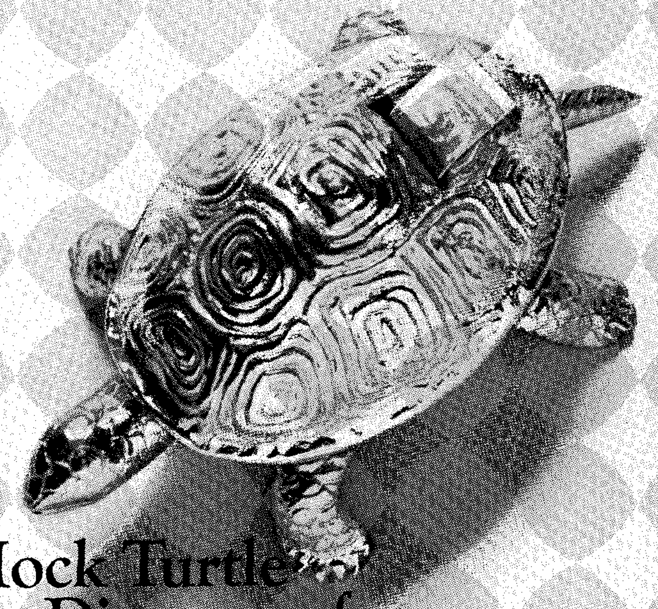

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shiners, to tell you the truth." Any fruit or grain will make whiskey, and the pineys use blueberries, apples, corn, or peaches. Sometimes outsiders come in—from places like Perth Amboy, Jersey City, Newark, or New York—and set up big-syndicate stills at dead ends of the sand roads. Such stills are highly efficient alcohol plants, which cost about fifty thousand dollars. They last a short time, usually, while Cadillacs move in and out of the pines carrying hoods who think they are alone in the remotest place they have ever seen. But all the time they are being watched by the pineys, who tell the police. Syndicate moonshiners could spoil the woods for small-scale, native moonshiners, and the moonshiners of the Pine Barrens have always made extraordinary efforts to keep their forest, for their purposes, free and clear. The age of blimps is over now, but not long ago blimps in great numbers were based at Lakehurst Naval Air Station, on the northeastern border of the central pinelands, and it was common for the big airships to return to Lakehurst with holes in their envelopes. As the blimps hung over the woods, moonshiners frequently shot at them, in the mistaken belief that the sailors in them were sweeping the woods with binoculars in search of stills.

I once asked David Harrison, the chief fire warden of the Pine Barrens area, how many moonshiners are in the pines today.

"We don't know," he said. "We leave them alone. They leave us alone. Look at it this way: If we go in there and report them and they get arrested, they might spend six months in jail; then when they come out—if they wanted to get even—they could burn down half of New Jersey."

When crime occurs in the Pine Barrens, it is usually the work of outsiders, for whom the woods hold sinister attractions simply because they are so vast. From a gangland point of view, it makes better sense to put a body in the Pine Barrens than in the Hudson River. Another state trooper said to me, "Anybody who wanted to commit a murder—all he'd have to do is ride back there with a shovel. They'd never find that body. I always did figure there's a lot of bodies in there. You get in those woods and you can get lost. You could kill a person very easily and throw the body in there, and within three or four weeks the buzzards would have taken care of everything except the bones, and they would be scattered. The sand roads attract suicides. They use shotguns, or hoses

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from their exhaust pipes. In there, since 1900, there have been gangland killings, lovers'-lane killings, feud murders, and bootleggers' shoot-outs. Three years ago, a body in city clothes was found near Hampton Furnace. The case is still under investigation."

AT about three o'clock one July afternoon, in the height of the blueberry harvest, Charlie Leek, the foreman of a blueberry field, came into the Chatsworth General Store to drink a bottle of soda and to cool off. Many people in Chatsworth have small blueberry fields of their own—two to twenty-five acres. A reasonable crop picked from fifteen acres will gross ten thousand dollars. Charlie works for one of the larger growers, looking after about a hundred acres of blueberries and cranberries. I had met him at Buzby's a week or so earlier. He is a big, good-looking man with big gestures, dark hair, a weathered face, flashing blue eyes, frequent smiles, and a solid but capacious middle. He is about fifty, and he has a manner that suggests that he is not afraid to work and not afraid not to work. That day, he wore a blue shirt, dark-blue trousers, and construction worker's shoes. Sitting on the oak plank, he got into a discussion with an old man about the bread their mothers used to make. Despite the considerable difference in the two men's ages, their mothers, Charlie told me, were sisters. "This is Horace Adams, my cousin," he said. "Everybody's a relation in this burg. Yes, Horace's mother and mine used to make their own yeast, too—out of potato water and hops. Modern women aren't up to that."

"They give you cold beans," Horace Adams said. "How is the picking going, Charlie?"

"I got so disgusted I just walked away for a while," Charlie said. "I don't know where they're getting the booze, but some of them got a bucket of water out there and I bet that water is ninety proof."

Blueberry pickers in the Pine Barrens are almost all brought in from outside, but they are not migrant workers. They come mainly from Philadelphia, in privately owned school buses that bear the words "Farm Labor Transport." For the most part, the buses are driven by the men who own them, and the drivers, like their passengers, come from the city. The drivers are mainly Negroes, and so are the passengers. The drivers read newspapers and magazines all day and get three cents a pint on the berries their passengers pick. It

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is up to the drivers to find the pickers, and they start cruising Philadelphia streets before dawn, offering a day's work to anyone they can find, sometimes picking up men who are so drunk that they have no idea what they are getting into and who sober up in the blazing sun of the Pine Barrens wondering how they got there. Busloads vary every day. About a third of the people are steady sober pickers who make daily trips in the same bus. There are always some who do almost no work and are simply taking advantage of a chance to have a day in the country. There is usually a high percentage of schoolchildren, some of whom appear to be too young to have working papers, but at least they seem to enjoy themselves and to be there by choice. Women in their eighties ride the farm-labor transports, too. So, occasionally, do prostitutes, who go with their customers out of the blueberry clearings into the woods. Some pickers spend more in this manner than they earn during the rest of the day. Some become so drunk in the fields that they fall down in the hot sand between the blueberry bushes and pass out. "We got everything from hoochy-coochy girls on up today," Charlie told me. Pickers are paid seven cents a pint. Picking begins when the dew dries on the bushes—and is not done on rainy days—because the blue of a blueberry is a protective wax, and it comes off on the hands if the berries are wet. Some of the wax comes off anyway, and pickers' hands are always blue. A real star can earn eighteen dollars in a day, but most pickers make about ten dollars, and those who do not pick steadily make less than that. Bus drivers clear from twenty-five to fifty dollars a day. Sometimes pickers of any sort are so scarce that growers have to compete for the favor of the drivers, and on days like that the drivers have been paid as much as ninety dollars. When the pickers get into the buses and start the ride back to Philadelphia, the drivers sell them wine. On arrival in the city, some people are drunk and have spent their day's pay in the buses. (This sorry scene is not repeated during the cranberry harvest in the fall, when the bogs are flooded an inch or so over the vines, and the cranberries, which float, are batted free by motorized water rakes until they form a great scarlet berry boom—hundreds of thousands of cranberries bobbing and drifting with the wind or on a slow drainage current to a corner of the bog, where they are hauled in.)

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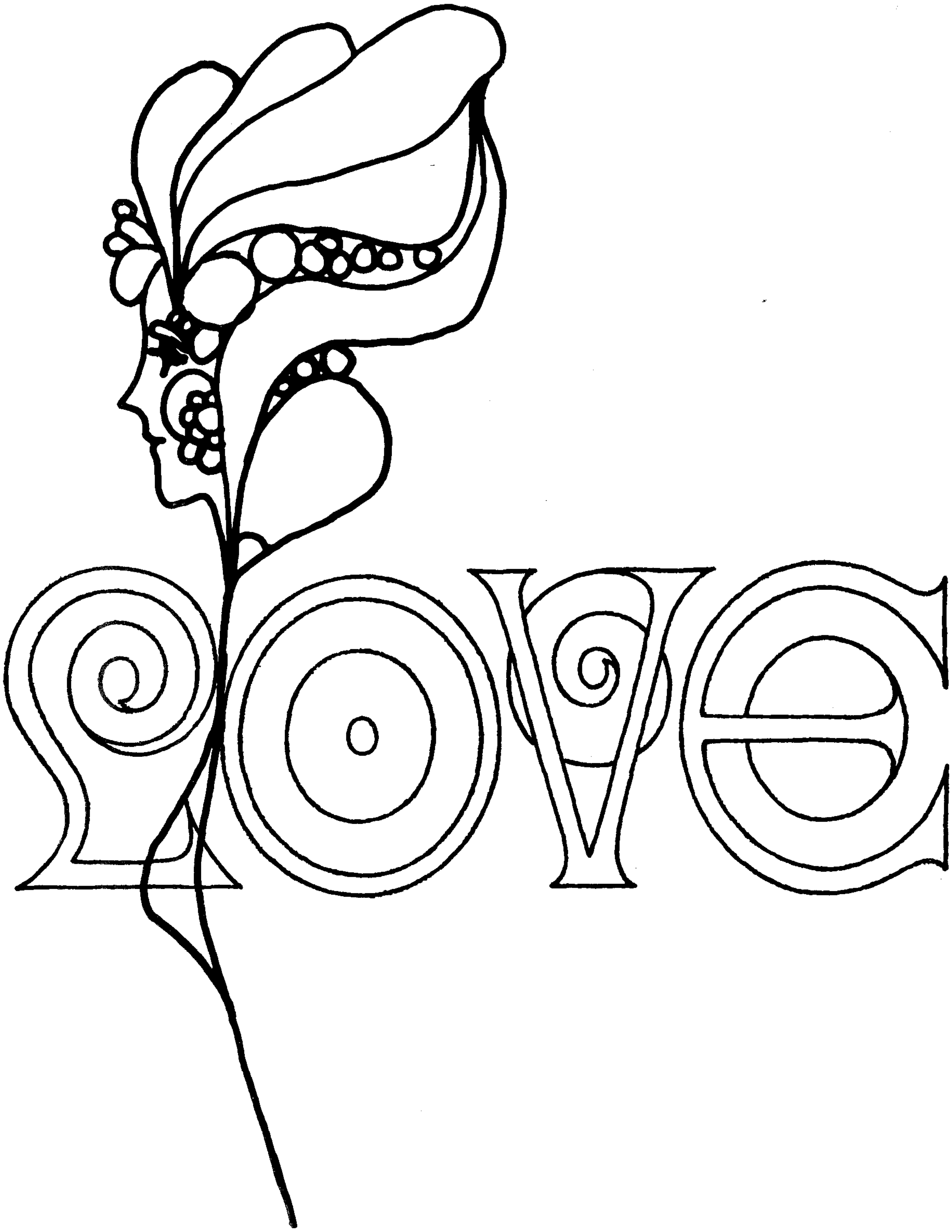
oped in the Pine Barrens. More cultivated blueberries are grown there than are grown in Michigan, the No. 2 blueberry state. In 1911, Miss Elizabeth White, one of four daughters of a cranberry grower who lived about ten miles north of Chatsworth, read a publication of the United States Department of Agriculture in which a Dr. Frederick Coville described the possibilities of crossing various wild blueberries and producing superior offspring. Miss White invited Dr. Coville to use Whitesbog, her family's property, for his experiments. She gave small boards with various-sized holes in them to all pineys who were interested, and said that she would pay for blueberry bushes at a rate scaled to the size of the largest hole that the berries would not go through. Of the first hundred and twenty bushes, she and Coville threw away a hundred and eighteen. From the remaining two, they eventually made thirty-five thousand hybrid cuttings. Of the resulting bushes, they threw away all but four, from which modern cultivated blueberries, in their numerous varieties, were developed. Some of the varieties were given the names of pineys who had collected for Miss White—Grover, Rubel, Sam, Stanley, Harding, Adams, Dunfee. Miss White was in her thirties when the experiments began, and the first commercial shipments were made in 1916. In 1952, she invited landscape architects from the state highway department to Whitesbog and showed them through her blueberry fields. A frail woman, over six feet tall, she carried a cane and wore a Whistler's Mother dress that was as neat as a pin. Her ankles were black from the dirt of the fields, and her hands were midnight-blue from the wax of the berries. In her home, she served each of her visitors a blueberry that was literally the size of a baseball, heaped over with confectioners' sugar and resting in a pool of cream. Then she asked them to consider planting blueberry bushes along the Garden State Parkway. Miss White died a few months after that. Blueberry bushes were planted later in profusion on the margins of the parkway where it runs along the edge of the Pine Barrens.

The Rubel blueberry was named for Charlie Leek's uncle Rube Leek. The Stanley was named for Charlie's older brother. Both varieties are grown in the blueberry patch where Charlie is foreman. He told me this in his pickup truck on the way out there from Buzby's store. He had asked me if I would like to have a look at a packing peter max



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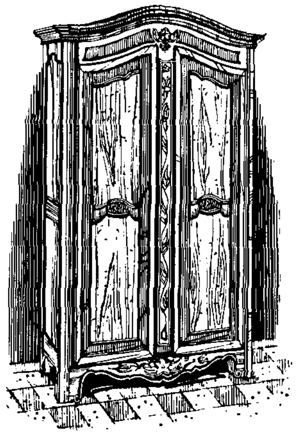

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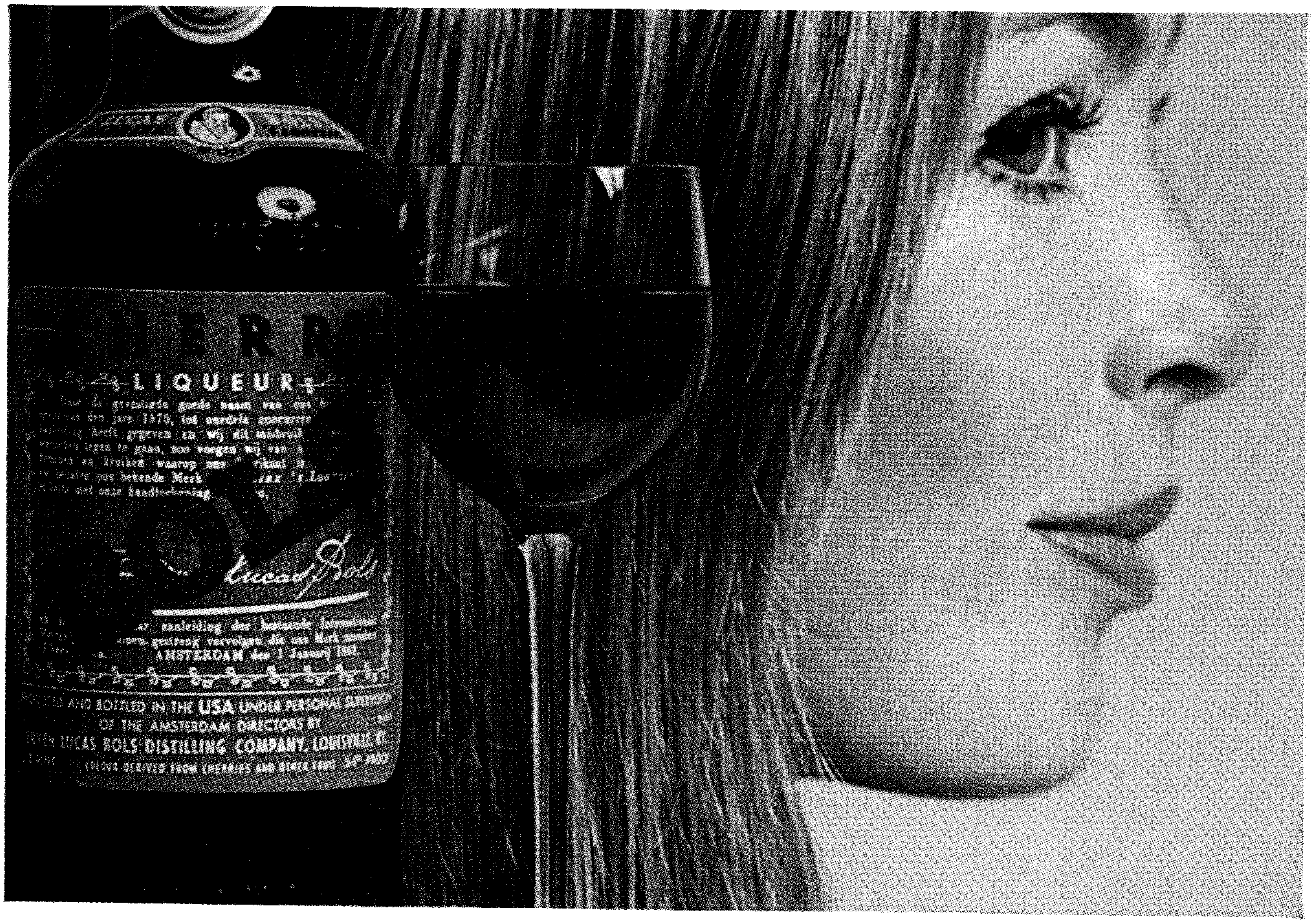
house. On the way, we went past Charlie's home, in Leektown—a settlement of six houses, five of which are occupied by people named Leek. Charlie's place is low, miscellaneously built, dark, and tarpapered. There are many fragments of machinery and several defunct vehicles in the yard. "My son Jim lives in that white house across the road from me, where I was born," he said. Looking closely, I saw traces of the white paint that had apparently covered it when Charlie was a boy.

"What did your father do?" I asked him.

"Worked in the wildwoods," he said. "Sphagnum. Wild huckleberries. Cranberries." He said that he himself had tried working outside the pines once but that he couldn't stand it and had finally come back. While he was employed at an aluminum plant on the Delaware River, he used to drink a fifth of whiskey a day, on the job. "Working with hot metal, you sweat it out," he said. "But if you drink, you abuse your family. You'll abuse your best friend, if you don't look out. I haven't had a drink since I quit that place, in 1941. It's not hard for a man to make his living here in the pines, if he ever lived here. You got wealthy men here. No one bothers you. If you don't feel good, you don't have to work. If you want to get some food, you just take your gun and go out and get it—in season. I don't outlaw. I used to. My son does a little outlawing. He has a car with a sun roof, and he and a friend hunt with it. They go through the woods and they see a deer and they stand up through the sun roof and shoot. You can do what you want to do down here. Most jobs, you have somebody breathing down your neck when you're working. Most of your natives around here aren't used to that, I can tell you that."

We had come to a clearing where thousands of blueberry bushes grew. In the center of it was the packing house—a small, low building with open and screenless windows on all sides. In front of it was a school bus marked "Farm Labor Transport." The driver stood beside his bus. He was a tall and amiable-looking man, with bare feet. He wore green trousers and a T-shirt. The end of the working day had come. Pickers were swarming around a pump—old women, middle-aged men, a young girl. A line was waiting to use an outhouse near the pump. Inside the packing house, berries half an inch thick were rolling up a portable conveyor belt and, eventually, into pint boxes. Charlie's sister was packing the box-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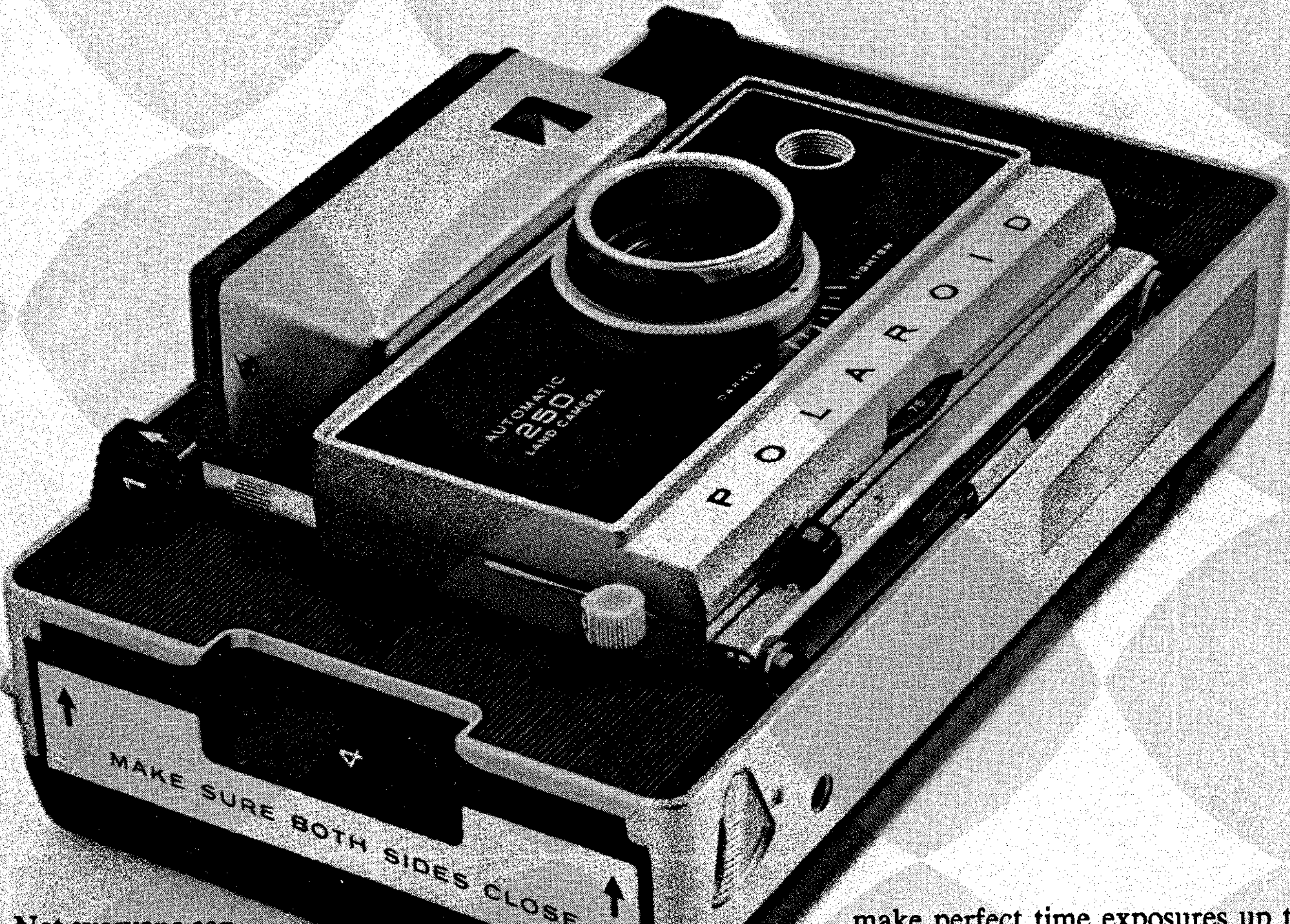

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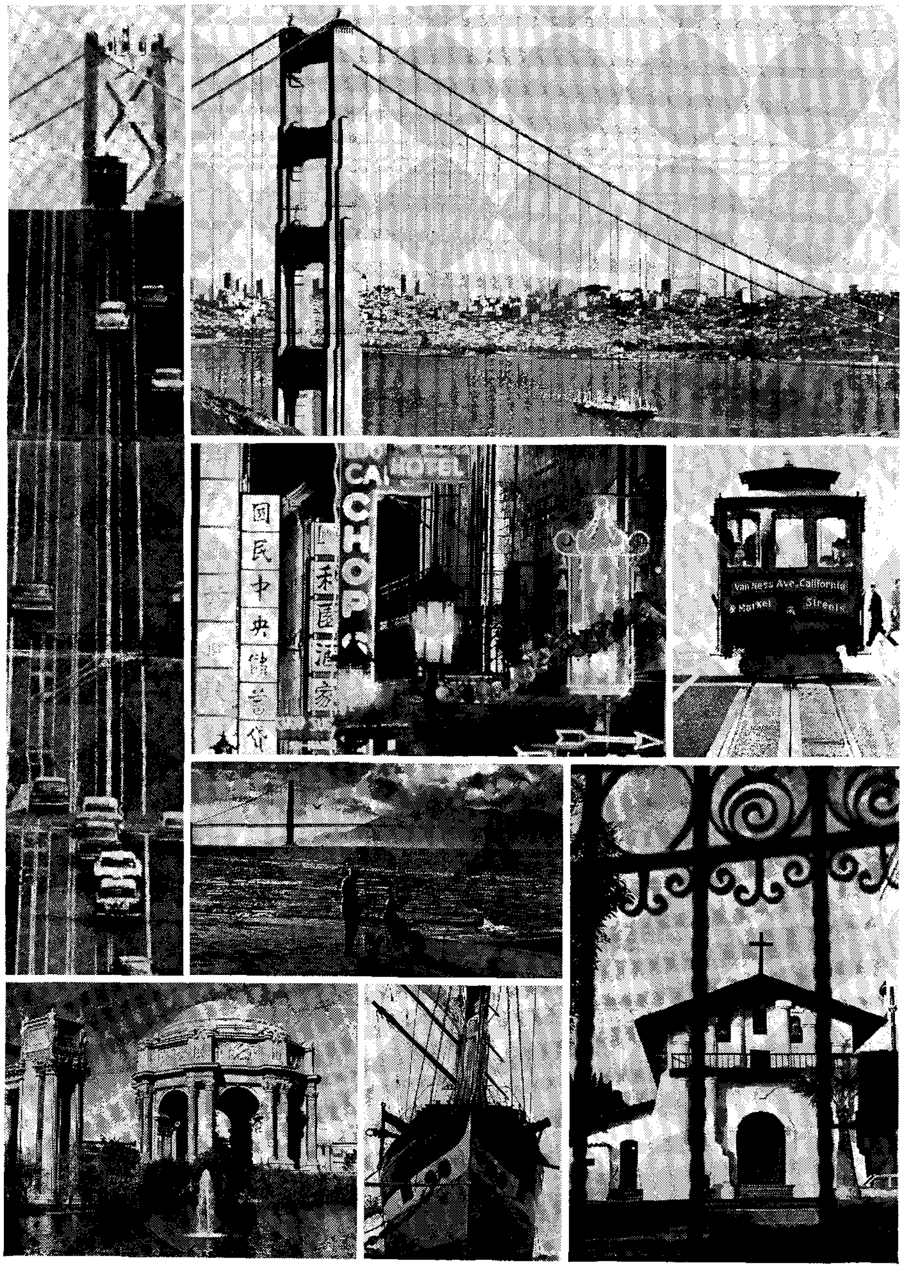
es. Charlie's daughter-in-law was putting cellophane over them. And Charlie's son Jim was supervising the operation. Charlie picked up a pint box in which berries were mounded high, and he told me with disgust that some supermarket chains knock off these mounds of extra berries and put them in new boxes, getting three or four extra pints per twelve-box tray. At one window, pickers were turning in tickets of various colors, and they were given cash in return. One picker, who appeared to be at least in his sixties, tapped Leek on the arm and showed him a thick packet of tickets held together with a rubber band. "I found these," the man said. "They must have fallen out of your son's pocket." He gave the packet to Charlie, who thanked him and counted the tickets.

Charlie said, "These tickets are worth seventy-five dollars."

After loading for the return trip to Philadelphia, many buses stop in Chatsworth, so that the pickers can buy food and soft drinks at the general store. At 6 P.M. that day, they stood four and five deep all along the Buzbys' counters. One after another, they bought Coca-Cola in cold quart bottles and cookies in family-size boxes. One woman, short and middle-aged, wore a gray flannel skirt over a pair of blue-gray cotton slacks. One old man, who had swollen ankles, wore no socks, and parts of his shoes had been cut away to relieve his toes. He bought a quart of orange soda and a bag of potato chips. Half of the crowd seemed to be teen-aged. Noise was high. When the pickers had gone to their buses, Mrs. Buzby said to me, "A couple of the drivers came in here earlier to buy soda water. They use it to cut the wine."

In the memories of the people of Chatsworth, three local events seem to stand out in the past fifty years—the Chatsworth Fire, in 1954; the crash and death in the woods, in 1928, of an aviator who was known as Mexico's Lindbergh; and a visit, in 1927, by S.E. il Principe Constantino di Ruspoli, an authentic Italian prince who happened to be a native of Chatsworth. The Prince's father, Prince Mario Ruspoli de Poggio-Suasa—an attaché at the Italian Embassy in Washington in the eighteen-nineties—had indirectly given Chatsworth its name. During his tenure in Washington, the senior prince married an American whose family happened to own seven thousand acres of the Pine Barrens. The property was near the town of Shamong, as



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Chatsworth was originally called, and the Prince became so fond of the area that he and the Princess built a villa there, beside Lake Shamong, less than a mile from the middle of the town. Their son was born in the villa, and the present Mr. Buzby's mother worked as a nursemaid there. The Ruspolis entertained on the level that might be expected of a diplomat-prince. Into the pines they brought Astors, Drexels, Goulds, Armours, Morgans, Vanderbilts, the Marquise de Talleyrand-Périgord, Don Giovanni del Drago, Prince Brancaccio, and Levi P. Morton, the Vice-President of the United States. Morton (1824-1920), a Vermonter who had become a New York banker on a grand scale, was Vice-President under Benjamin Harrison and was later elected governor of New York. Like most guests of the Prince and Princess, he developed an affection for the Pine Barrens, and, with the Prince and others, he formed a syndicate that built, next to the Prince's villa, a prodigious Tudor manor house that was a copy of Chatsworth, the country seat of the Duke of Devonshire. It was three stories high, with oak half timbers, brooding gables, and five huge chimneys. This new phenomenon in the pines was named the Chatsworth Country Club. Before long, the piney colliers and sawyers of Shamong agreed to change the name of the town itself to Chatsworth and the name of the lake to Chatsworth Lake. The Chatsworth Country Club had seven hundred members around the turn of the century, but its era was to be a short one. When the Prince was sent by his government to another country, the woodland retreat lost much of its appeal. By 1912, an Italian real-estate firm was trying—with no success—to promote it as an attraction for Italian tourists in the United States. Buzby has a pamphlet, published in Italian, that speaks stirringly of the great hall and of the Prince's splendid *palazzina* beside it, in a setting where the air is forever *profumata* with the scent of a million pines. The villa and the manor house stood empty for many years and slowly disintegrated. Draperies hung in place for decades and gradually moldered. Red silk that covered the walls fell away in strips. When the native prince came to Chatsworth to see his birthplace, that is how it appeared to him. He spent one afternoon in the town. He is now dead. Nothing whatever remains of the Chatsworth Country Club—not even a discernible trace of its outlines—and where the

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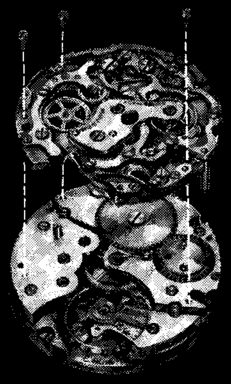

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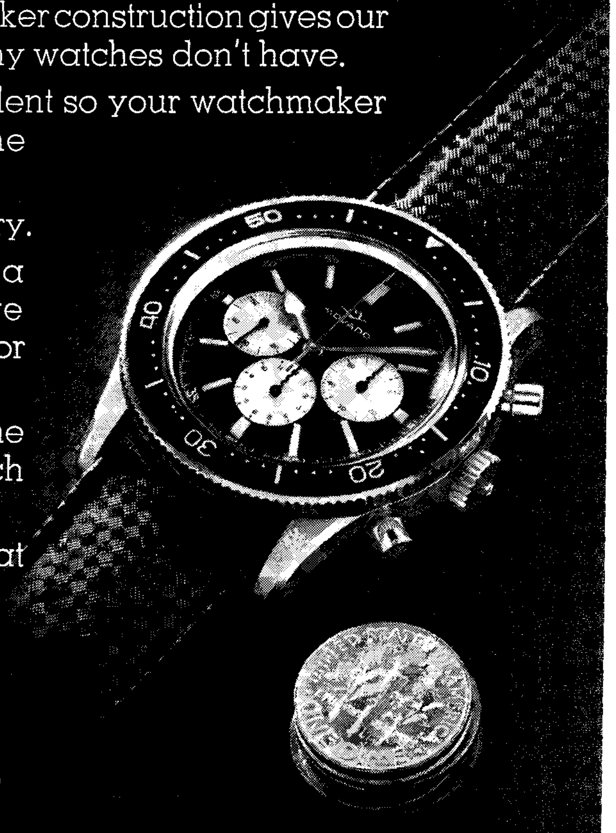

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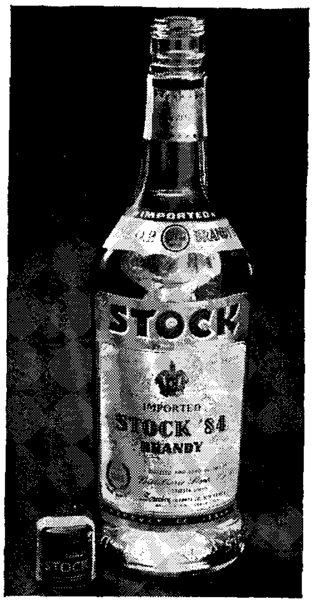

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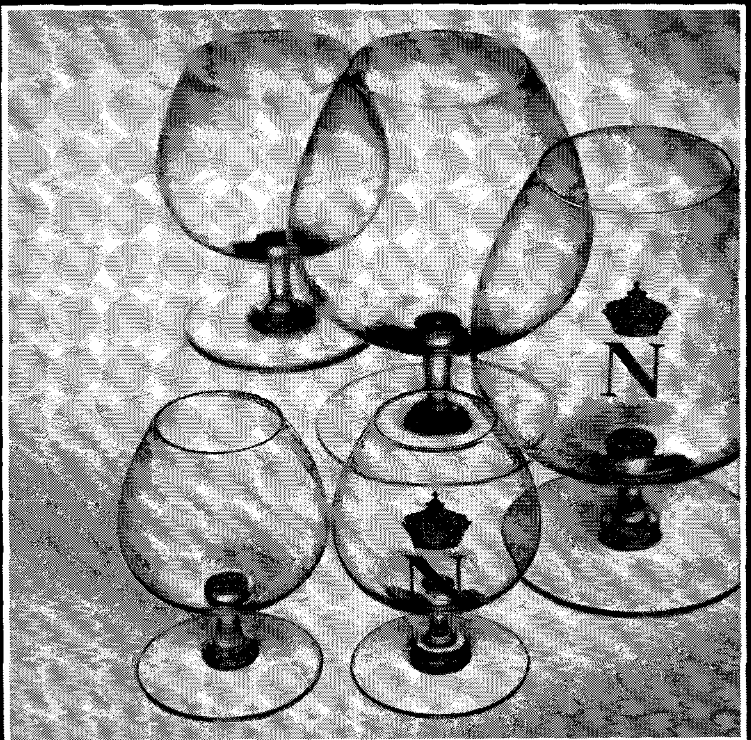

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villa stood the only remnants are a few scattered bricks.

NEAR the headwaters of Tulpehocken Creek is a small clearing where a monument stands, twelve feet high, made of cement in the shape of a pylon. There are two tall flagpoles near it. Out there in one of the wildest parts of the Pine Barrens, trees have been cleared to make three crescent-shaped parking lots behind the monument, although the road that runs by it is untravelled for hours and sometimes days at a time. An Aztec falling eagle stands out in relief on one side of the monument, and Spanish words spill down another, in memory of "*capitan aviador Emilio Carranza, muerto tragicamente el 13 de julio 1928.*" Carranza was twenty-three when he died. He had been a Mexican hero since he was eighteen, when he strafed Yaqui Indians in Sonora while helping to put down the de la Huerta rebellion. Once, one of his wings caught fire and he flew into a thunderhead, where rain put out the flames. His hair was parted in the middle, and he had a long, thin, sad face, more Andalusian than Mexican. After a crash in Sonora, his face bones were set with platinum screws. He was a great-nephew of President Venustiano Carranza, who was assassinated in 1920. With the Carranza name and his military honors, he was the logical choice of the Mexican government to make a good-will flight, in 1928, from Mexico City non-stop to Washington. This was a formal response to a good-will flight made in the reverse direction by Charles Lindbergh the previous December. Carranza, who took off on June 11, 1928, flew a Ryan monoplane, as Lindbergh did, and newspapers called him "Mexico's Lone Eagle." Fog overcame Carranza in Mooresville, North Carolina, and his non-stop flight to Washington included a stop there until the fog lifted. This detail was politely deëmphasized in the warm flurry of inter-presidential telegrams that celebrated his trip, and in the speeches and parades that welcomed him to Washington and, later, New York. His heroism was acknowledged by Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover and Mayor Jimmy Walker. Nonetheless, he had failed to carry out his mission as planned, and he intended to redress the failure by flying home non-stop from New York to Mexico City. Getting away from newsmen, he left Manhattan earlier than he had said he would, and went out to Roosevelt Field on Long Island on July 13th. It was a day of thunder-

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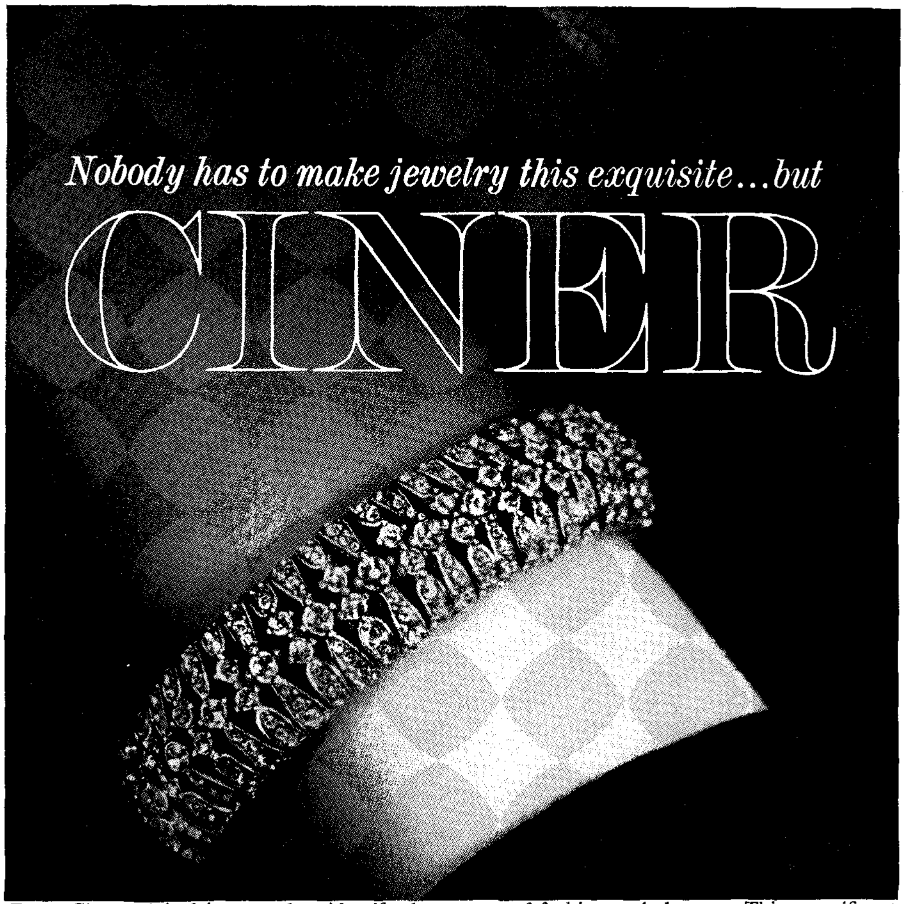
storms. He waited for one to let up, then took off and headed south before another one closed in. There was, however, a thunderstorm over the Pine Barrens, and it apparently killed him. People in Chatsworth still stand around in the general store and say they heard a plane in difficulty in the sky that day, and some say they heard it crash, but no search party went out, and it is unlikely that the crash or even the sound of the plane—in the rumbling thunder—was ever heard at all. Henry Carr, of Chatsworth, and his wife, Marie, were out gathering wild blueberries a couple of days later and came upon the wreckage—at the site of the present memorial, in Tabernacle Township, six miles from Chatsworth. "The men who went out and got him brought Carranza over to our garage and put him on Mother's ironing board," Buzby tells people. A few days later, a thirty-two-gun salute was fired on the front steps of Pennsylvania Station as the body left New York by rail for Mexico City, where three hundred thousand people followed Carranza's cortege to the Dolores Cemetery.

On a Saturday in July, an annual ceremony is held at the graveside in Mexico, and at the same time a ceremony is held in the Pine Barrens at the Carranza Memorial. I was present a summer ago, on an overwhelmingly hot day with a cloudless sky. Three hundred people were there, half of them Mexican. The Mexicans came from as far away as Chicago, but most of them were from New York, northern New Jersey, or Pennsylvania. They were in costume, in the main, and before the ceremony began they played strident arrangements of Mexican songs, like "Mi Patria Es lo Primero" and "Mi Lindo Monterrey," on a record-player that was set on the tailgate of a Chevrolet station wagon. Girls in florid skirts and white blouses took thirty minutes to make up, combing and spraying one another's hair and swaying to the sound of the phonograph. Little boys wore frilled shirts and straw hats. One man wore a green-white-and-orange sombrero, a red bandanna around his neck, and a black shirt. A Mexican colonel, tall and trim in a deep-green uniform, walked through the crowd and took a seat in a folding chair under a canopy, where people from Chatsworth and other places in the pines sat quietly in the heat, waiting. Two trucks from the state Forest Fire Service arrived, a bus and a truck from Fort Dix, and an ambulance. A fire warden came out of the woods carrying a six-foot pine



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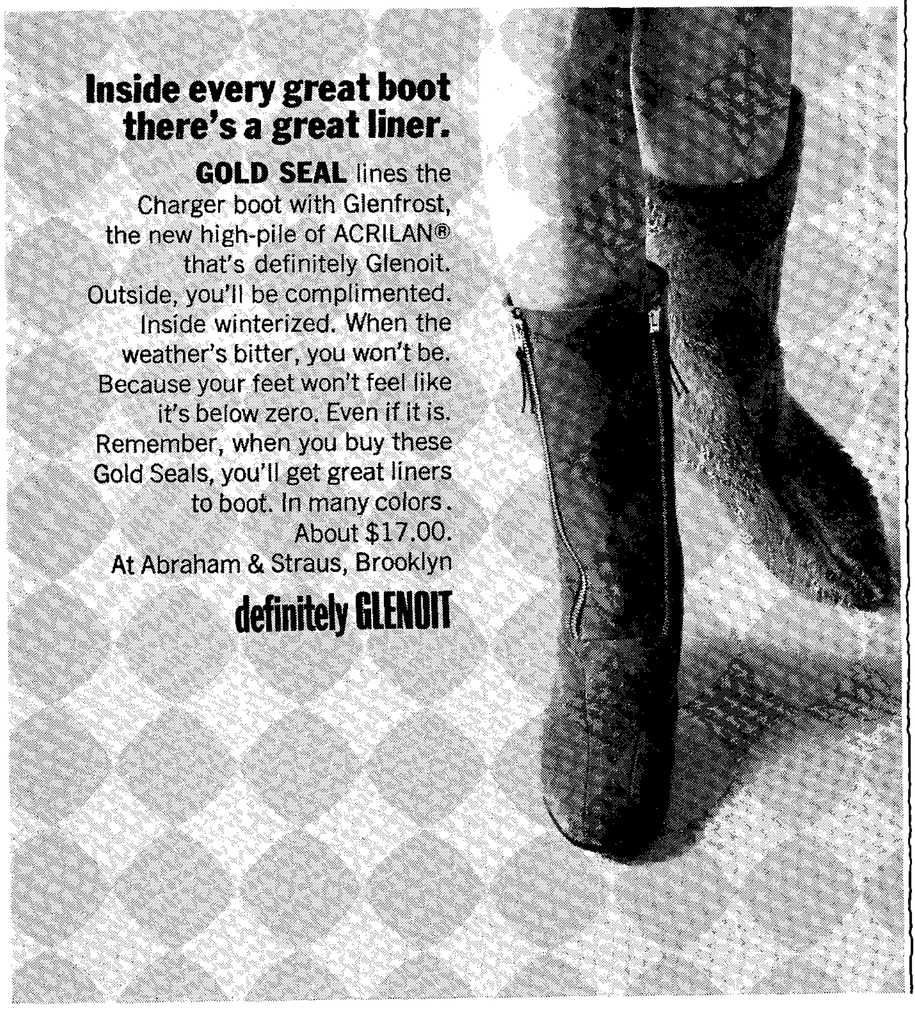
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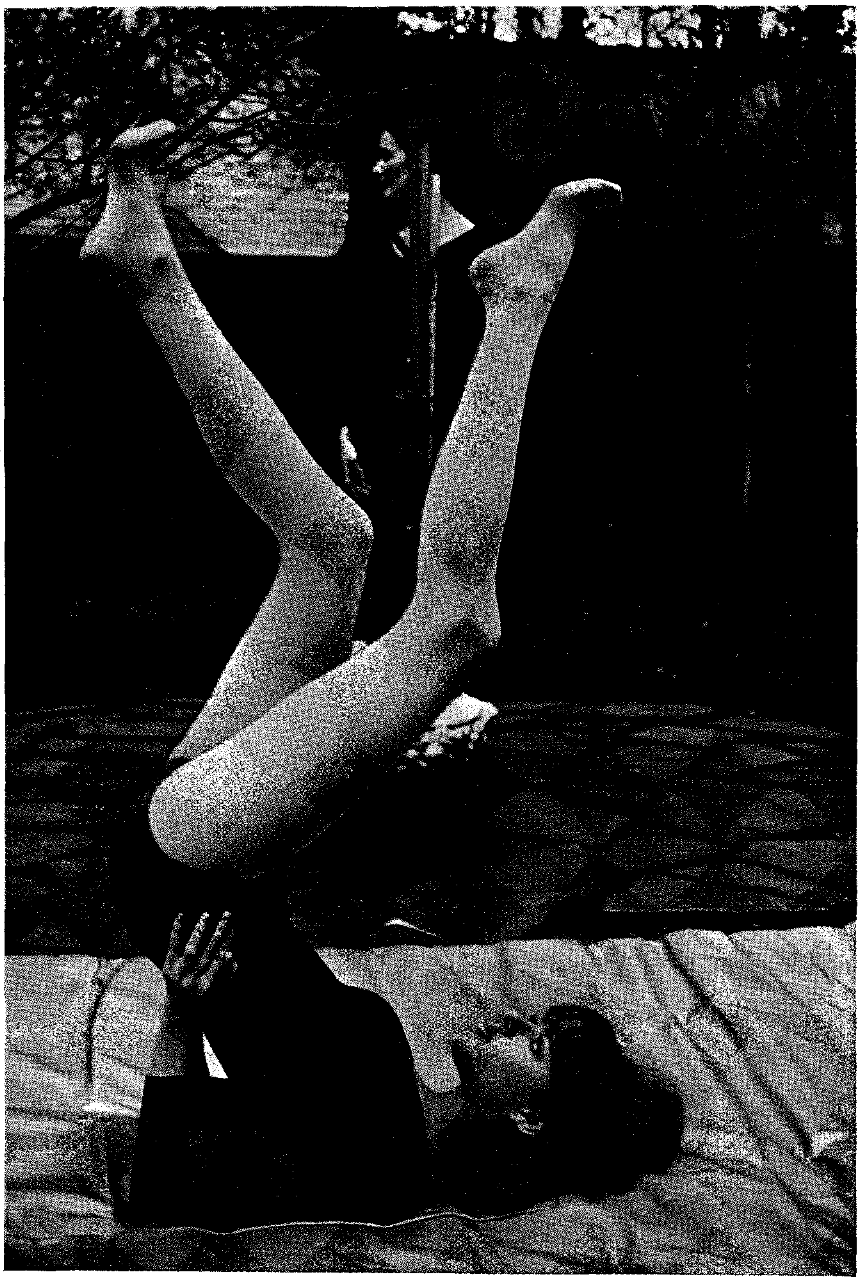

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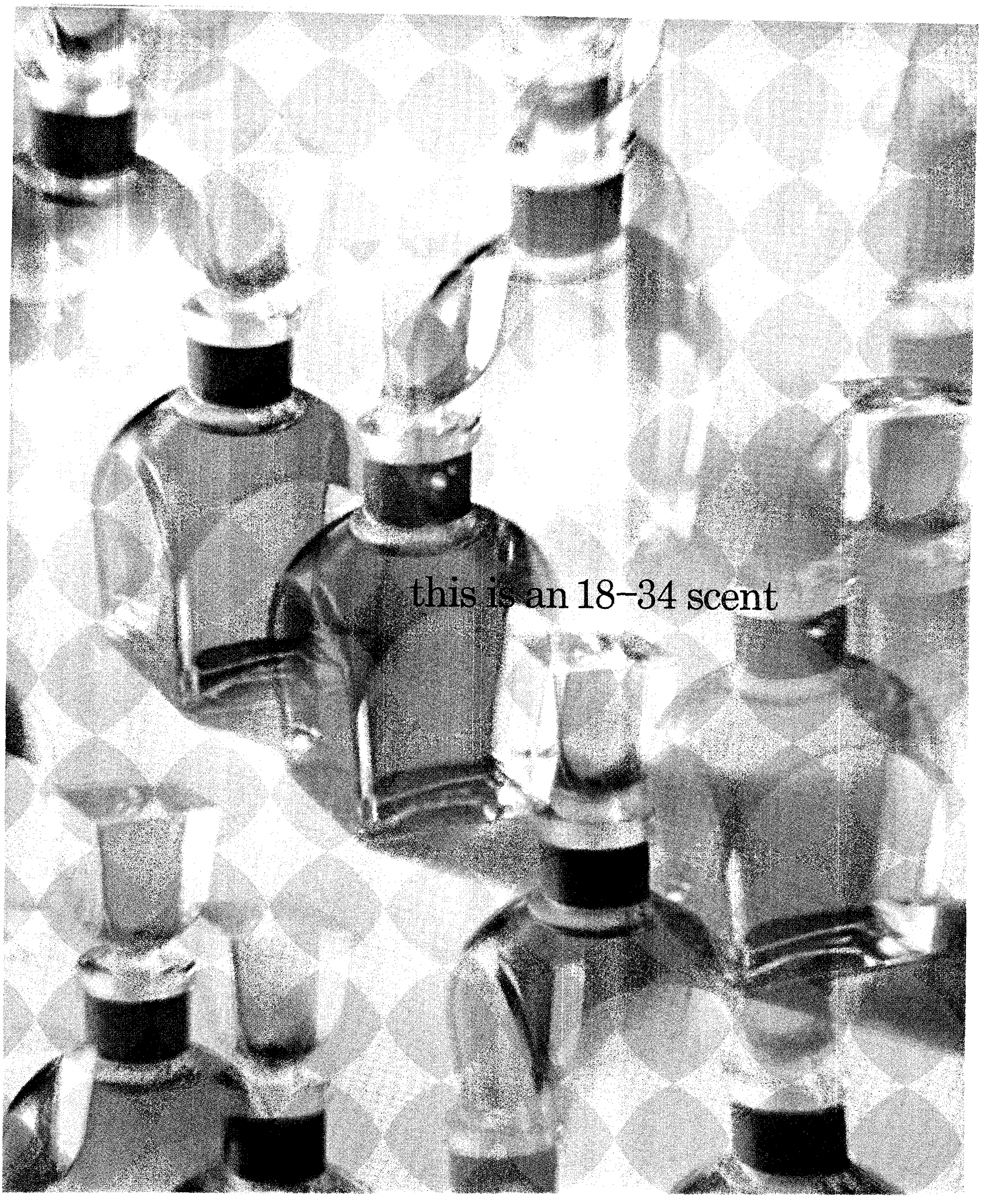

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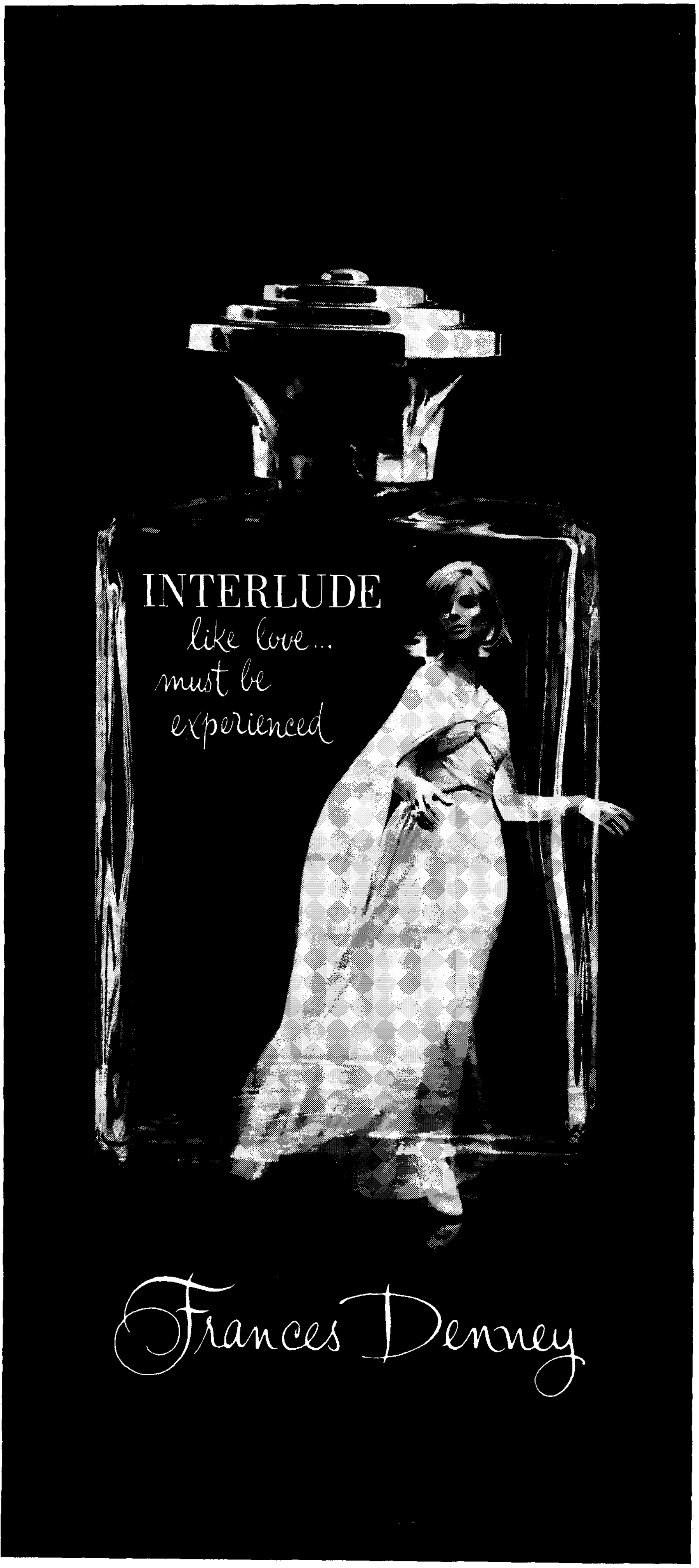
snake. Mexican children formed a circle around him, and he told them that a group of Boy Scouts had cut the head off a rattlesnake in that same part of the woods three days before. An Army band from Fort Dix put the Mexican phonograph to shame with a soft and beautiful flow of Mexican melodies, notably "La Paloma" and the "Zacatecas March." There were thirty-five men in the band, including a blond soldier with a bowl haircut who had the touch of Granada with a pair of castanets. American Legionnaires with red-veined, waxy faces walked around saying, "Where's the beer?" The beer was on ice in a large blue garbage can under a pitch pine, and the Legionnaires—who came from the Mt. Holly area, outside the pines—shared it with the Tabernacle Township police, one of whom was so heavy that he could not reach down into the garbage can. Brigadier General William C. Doyle, of Fort Dix, gave an address, and said, "Here in New Jersey's pine country, the gallant airman was grounded forever. He was not dess-tined to complete his mission." The Honorable Donald E. Johnson, Immediate Past National Commander of the American Legion, said in the course of his speech that he had recently spent "an unprecedented hour with the President of Mexico." He also spoke about the war in Vietnam, saying, "Anyone who tells you this is a civil war is either ill-informed or uninformed or deliberately deceptive." There was no discernible reaction from either the Mexicans or the pineys. Finally, he mentioned Emilio Carranza, saying, "Had Captain Carranza lived, his name might be forgotten today—such are the imponderables of life and death." Another Legionnaire informed the crowd that men of the American Legion had hacked a trail twenty-five miles through the wilderness to carry Carranza's body out to Mt. Holly. Actually, Carranza crashed beside a sand road, and his body was removed easily to Chatsworth. What the Mt. Holly Legionnaires have done, though, is to organize and maintain the annual ceremony. Ten large floral wreaths were placed around the memorial. Six United States soldiers raised rifles, a second lieutenant said, "Sergeant of the firing squad, prepare to salute the dead," and three rounds were fired. A soldier played "Taps." From the two flagpoles, the flags of Mexico and the United States descended. There was a contrail fifty thousand feet above this scene, and at a lower altitude a Navy jet fighter passed over it as well. A



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young man named Antonio Huitron, who had a child in his arms, and who lived on 176th Street in New York and had been in the United States for six years, said to me at this moment, "It was very sad, because everyone in Mexico was expecting him to come back."

Three or four days after the ceremony, I went again to the memorial, this time with Fred Brown. The wreaths, which were on stands, had fallen over in a wind. All papers, cups, and beer cans had been taken away, and the memorial clearing, wreaths aside, looked just as it had when I first saw it—desolate and improbable. "I heard him," Fred said. "I heard him when he went down. That was in an awful thunderstorm. I heard him circling. I said to my wife, 'There's an airplane in trouble.' Then I didn't hear it no more. I knew from the sound that it was out in the Hocken Lowlands where he crashed. I come out here the next day. This was tall timber here. It's burnt since he went down." Fred walked to a large pine that had been left standing in the cleared area, and he paced out four yards from the tree. "Carranza's wing fell three hundred yards up that way," he said, gesturing to the east. "The rest of the airplane hit this tree, and right here is where his head was. There wasn't no blood where he laid. What do you suppose—he just bled inside? There was no blood. He had a flashlight still in his hand, an ordinary nickel flashlight, no more than a two-cell." Carranza's widow visited Chatsworth some years after her husband's death. She wore a purple blouse and a purple skirt, and protruding from her sandals were purple toenails. Carranza's sister also came. She flew over the monument and scattered roses from the air. The road that leads into the pines through Tabernacle Township and goes past the memorial and on to Speedwell is not marked with a name, even on topographic maps. For almost thirty years, however, the people of the Pine Barrens have called it Carranza's Road.

THE lookout watcher in the fire tower on Apple Pie Hill, which is about three miles north of Carranza's Road and three miles west of Chatsworth, is a man named Eddie Parker. He has held the job for twenty-four years, manning the tower when the woods are dry, and he finds it disagreeably lonely. He does not use a particular technique, such as a grid system for periodic checking. Day after day, he just watches the woods. He can see hundreds of square miles of the pinelands, but even small amounts of smoke will quickly attract his eyes. "If a fire starts, it is like someone put a new chair in my living room," he explains to people who visit his tower. "I see it right away." He has seen a lot of fires, for the Pine Barrens are particularly flammable, as woodlands go, and they are the scene of some of the most spectacular forest fires that occur in the United States.

July 12, 1954, was a hot day in a time of drought. The woods of the greater Chatsworth area were "loaded with fuel," as foresters put it, for there had been no large fires in that section for some years. The Chatsworth Fire, as it eventually came to be known, started in a cedar swamp nine miles southwest of the town. Eddie Parker saw it at 4:04 P.M. and called it in. In a short time, twenty-five men had reached the cedar swamp. They had back tanks and other portable equipment, and also three four-wheel-drive trucks carrying two-hundred-gallon water tanks. When the men arrived, only three acres had burned. At 7:30 P.M., they reported the fire under control. The ground was so dry, however, that the fire was burning down into the turf of the swamp. By morning, it had spread over about twelve acres, and had gone so deep that it could not be put out. It was surrounded by firefighters, but sometime in the forenoon of July 13th it escaped. The flames began to move east before brisk winds. The strategy and number of the firefighters had to expand with the fire. By 3 P.M., fire lines were being plowed and backfires set in an effort to contain the destruction within an area of six hundred acres. Winds grew in force and began to shift. Spot fires from flying embers appeared all over the woods downwind. By midnight, new lines had been established and the new area of containment was five thousand acres. A forest fire moves in a V, like the wake of a ship. The point of the V is called the head fire, and if it gets up into the tops of the trees it is also called a crown fire. The sides of the V, which burn slowly outward, are called lateral fires, and they have to be fought by men with back tanks and shovels, for if lateral fires get far enough out to catch a wind of their own with fresh fuel in front of them, they can become new head fires. At 8 A.M. on July 14th, a fire warden named William Phoenix flew over the fire in a light plane and reported that it seemed to be pretty much under control. That afternoon, however, winds even higher than

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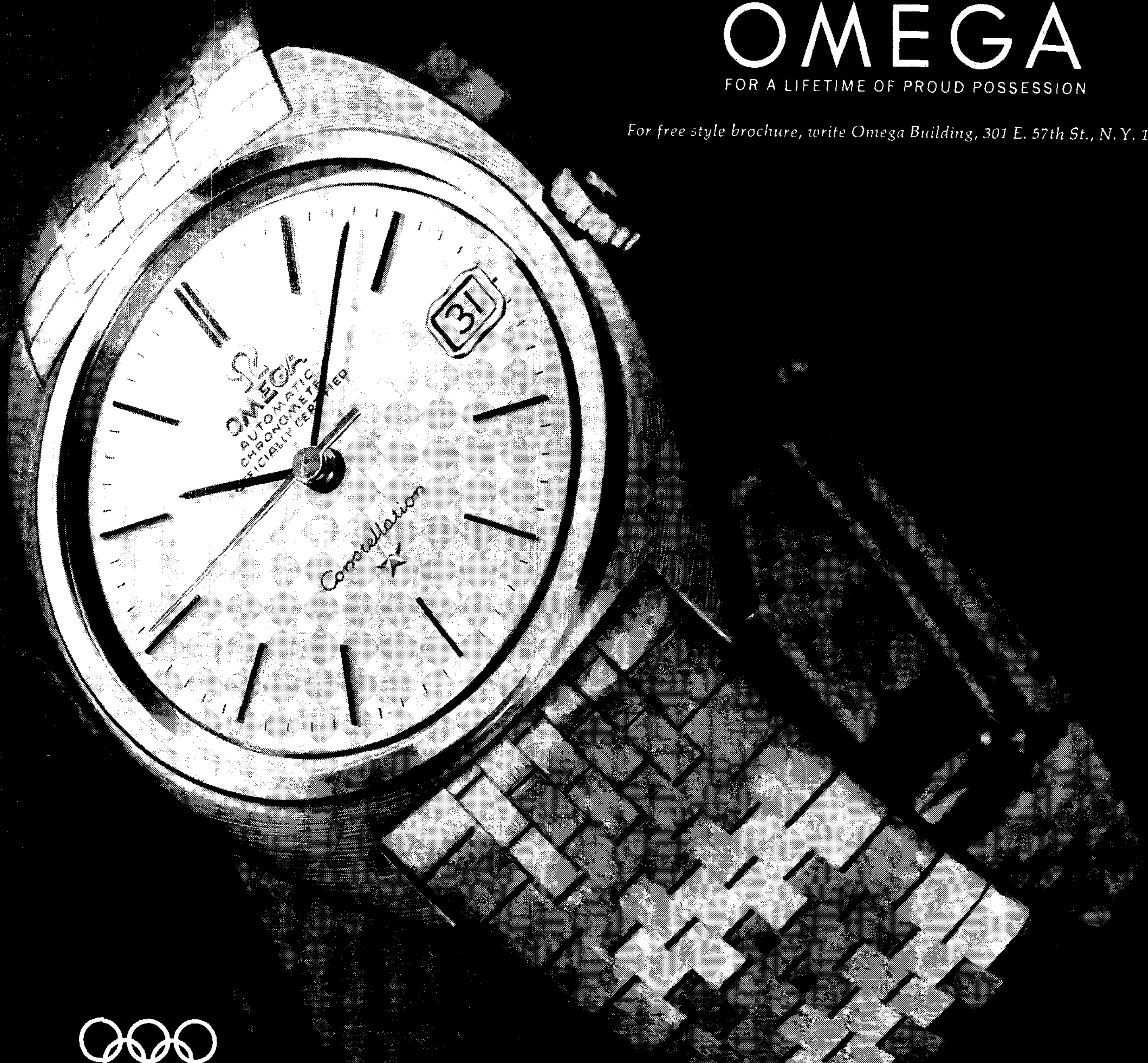

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those of the two previous days came up, and, before them, several new head fires developed, in broadly separated places. These new head fires jumped the previous lines of containment. They crowned, and, like warships converging, they moved toward Chatsworth. By this time, some two hundred fire trucks had come from all over central and southern New Jersey, and even from Pennsylvania. The United States Army had arrived. Many women in Chatsworth packed what they could and left the town. People buried things. A man who lived in the woods north of Chatsworth buried his refrigerator.

"The whole earth was burning up," Mrs. Buzby said. "Everybody thought the town was going to be burned out. The fire jumped the lake. You could see nothing but dense smoke. The sand was burned black. The wind was terrific. Fire creates wind, you know. The sky overhead was all afire. A piece of the roof of the Coopers' house blew off, burning, and went a quarter of a mile through the air. It landed on a house and burned it up. Everybody thought the world was coming to an end, I guess. It looked like the heavens had lit up. We were all scared to death. We were all praying pretty hard. After the fire jumped through the town one time, the wind shifted and it started to come back. They say that a fire can't go back over ground it has already crossed, but this one did. A neighbor and I stood here on the steps of the store and watched. 'The town's going,' she said. 'Let's go for the lake.' I said, 'No, I'm going to stick.' "

By nightfall, the winds were moving at seventy miles an hour, and Chatsworth did seem to be doomed. Sparks from the returning fire were actually showering into the streets when rain began to fall. A brief but extremely heavy rainstorm drenched Chatsworth. People who watched the fire from distant hills say that the storm moved across the woods like a dark, reaching arm and, coming to the reddest part of the fire, killed it. Segments burned on for three weeks more, but most of the destruction had been ended by the storm over Chatsworth, which saved the town. Twelve buildings were burned, and nineteen thousand five hundred acres of land.

WHATEVER else they do, men in the Pine Barrens are firefighters throughout their lives. There are about four hundred forest fires in the pinelands every year, and fifteen or twenty of them are major ones (more than a hundred acres). It has been

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theorized that the pineys are defeatists because of the constant presence of the danger of fire. They are, at any rate, extremely fire-conscious, and they know what to expect of a fire when one moves through the woods. Head fires can be as little as ten feet deep. A person overtaken by a head fire can turn, go through it, and get onto safe, burned ground. One of the first lessons in forest-fire survival is: Get onto burned ground. But this is not always easy. Head fires can also be as much as half a mile deep. Lateral fires can be only a foot deep, but they can also be a hundred feet deep. In 1936, a cousin of the fire watcher Eddie Parker was caught in the middle when a head fire and a backfire came together. He had no time to get to burned ground. The last living thing he did was to kneel, as he burned, and embrace a pine tree.

Some fires are hotter than others. What makes the difference between a standard blaze and an inferno is something called fuel continuity. This is the ladderlike arrangement of litter, understory, and overstory that naturally builds up, with time, in the forest. It begins with leaves and pine needles and other litter on the forest floor, moves up to sheep laurel and blueberries and huckleberries, on up to scrub oaks and laurel and young pines, on up to trees of intermediate age, and finally to the crowns of the tallest trees. In order to remove the lower part of this ladder, the litter and the understory may be burned under control in winter, and where this has been done the results have been dramatic. Wildfires have raced through the forest and, upon reaching control-burned areas, have stopped dead. Unfortunately, there is not manpower enough to do a really significant amount of controlled burning. As much is done in Wharton State Forest as anywhere, and of its ninety-six thousand acres only about seven thousand are control-burned each winter. Wildfires have burned more than a third of the Wharton Forest since 1954.

"I like fire. I like to fight fire," the chief Wharton forester, Sydney Walker, said to me one day. "Fire is the key down here." Equipment is, to a considerable extent, mechanical now. Hand fighting with shovels and rakes has largely been supplanted by the use of tractor-drawn plows to cut forty-eight-inch swaths through the woods, along which backfires are set with kerosene torches. The big water trucks, some of which can hold five hundred gallons, are making back tanks obsolete. Aerial techniques are improving steadily. Airdrops, from light planes, used to

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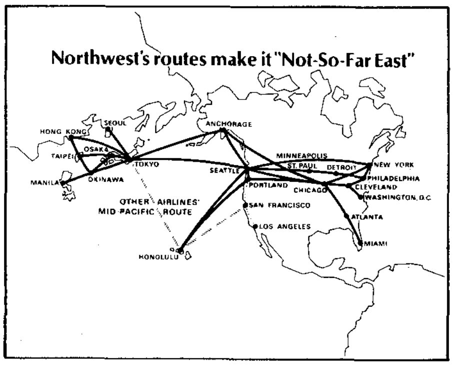
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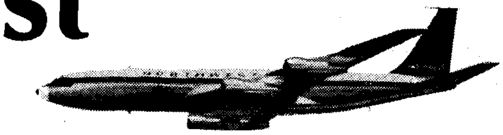

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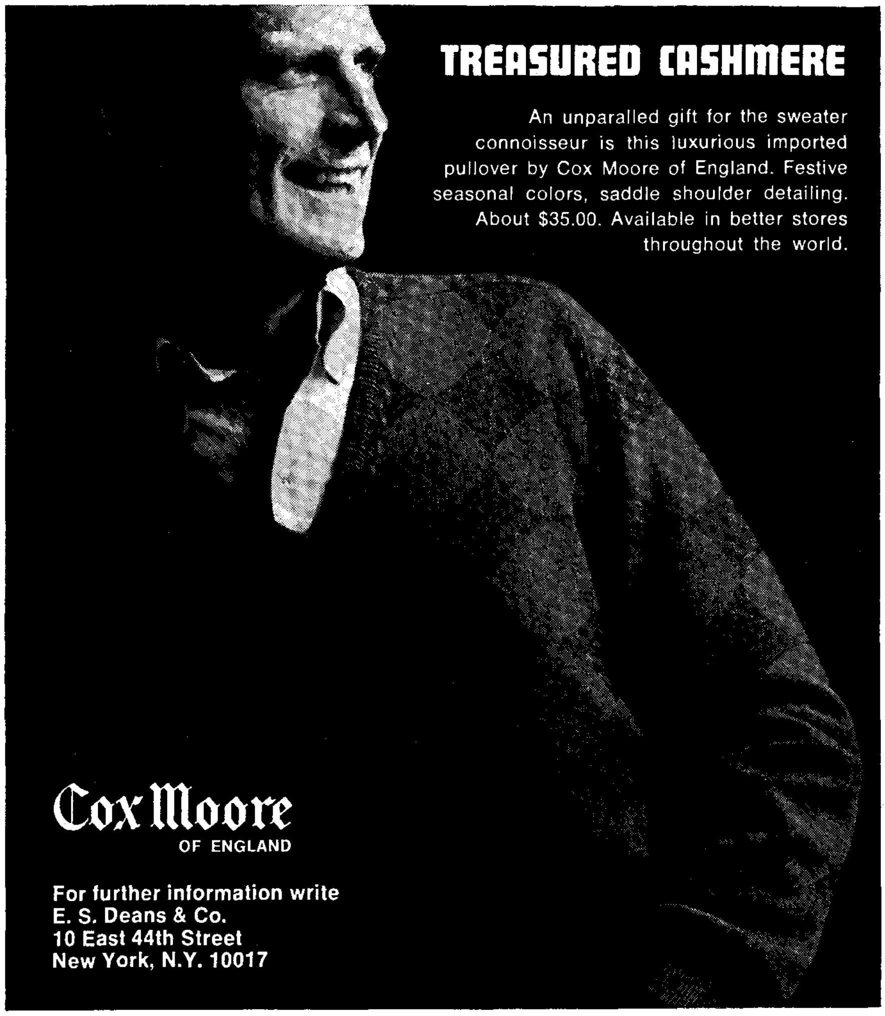
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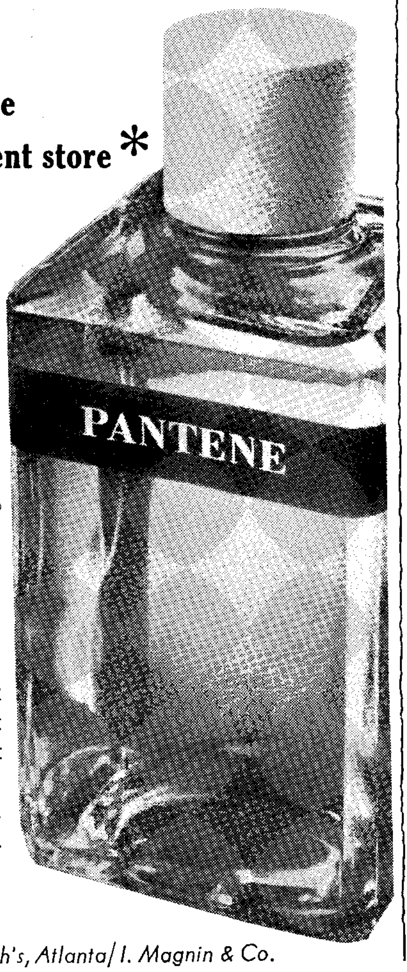

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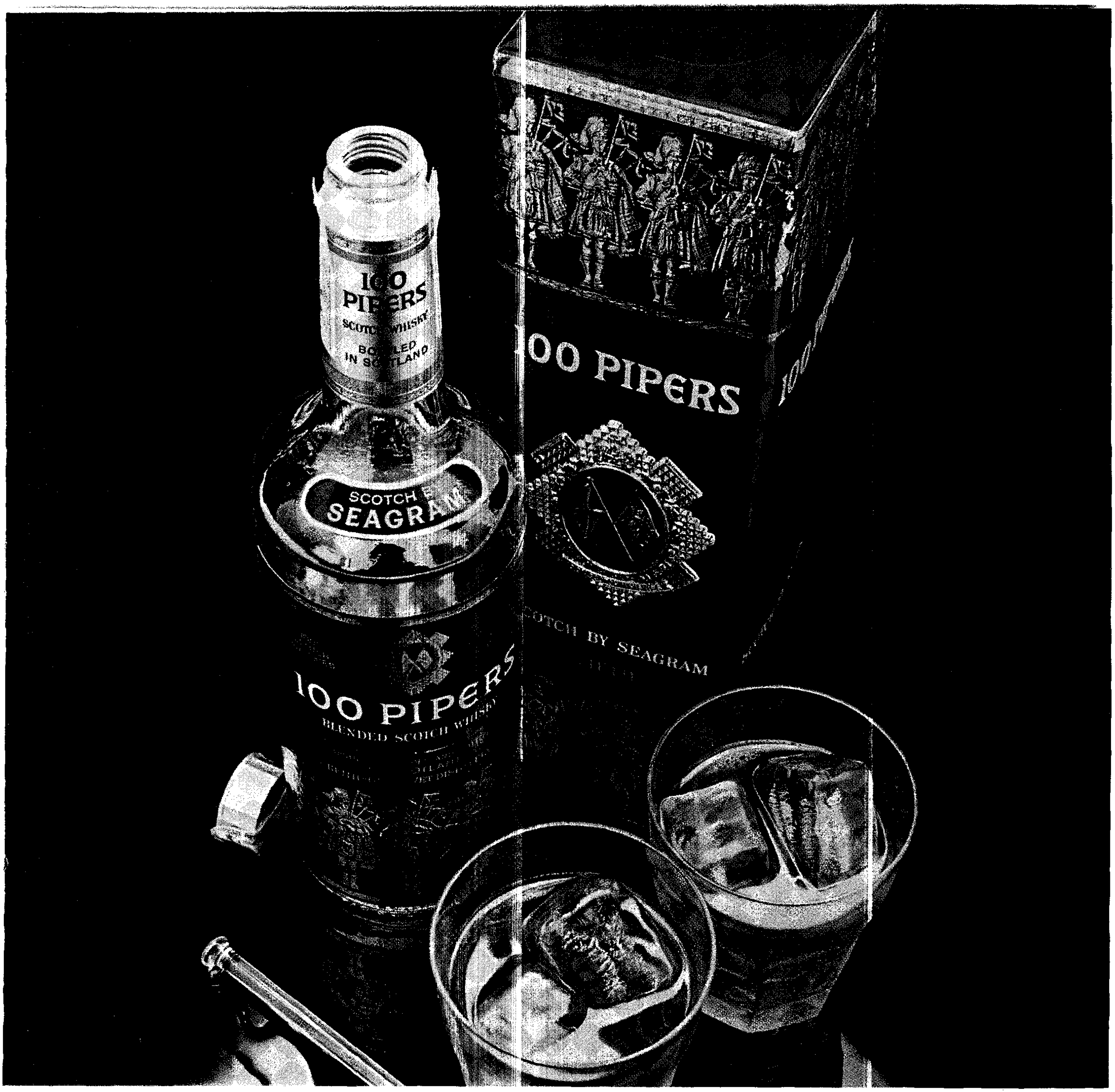
Fire in the pines is never spontaneous, and lightning sets only about one per cent. There is an area in the northeastern part of the woods where most of the lightning fires begin, probably because there is a concentration of iron deposits there. It is supposed that the Chatsworth Fire started when a cigarette was tossed away by one of a group of woodcutters who were clearing the cedar swamp where the fire began. Carelessness is the cause of many fires, but not to the overwhelming extent that one might imagine. A remarkably common cause of fire in the pines is arson. Standing in all that dry sand, the forests glisten with oils and resins that—to some people—seem to beg for flame. Oak leaves in forests that are damp and rich are different from Pine Barrens oak leaves, which have so much protective oil concentrated within them that they appear to be made of shining green leather. The ground soaks up rainfall so efficiently that the litter on its surface is, more often than not, as dry as paper. In the sand soil, there are no earthworms and few bacteria to consume the litter, and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it piles up three and four inches deep. In all, the Pine Barrens respond explosively to flame, and thus they appear to be irresistible to incendiaries of many kinds. Of the thirty-seven fires that occurred in the Wharton Forest in 1966, for example, the foresters say that twenty-four were definitely set by arsonists and three others probably were. The year before that, elsewhere in the pines, one man alone set sixty-nine fires. He was, at the time, a policeman in a town on the edge of the woods. After his actions became known, he was described by surprised neighbors as "a good family man" and "a nice guy." He himself "discovered" and reported all sixty-nine fires, usually calling them in on the police radio, and when he had been placed under arrest he couldn't explain why he had felt compelled to set the woods ablaze. Another man, in recent years, stole an arm patch from a fire warden and turned up at forest fires as a participant in the fighting. Wherever he was working, spot fires would break out, until the pattern of coincidences entangled him. After a fire, men from the Forest Fire Service go through the area where the burning began, often on their hands and knees, sifting through the ashes for evidence of the cause. Sometimes they find bits of railroad flares. More often, they find the remains of an ordinary matchbook with a wire wrapped around it. Incendiaries use the wire to add weight to the matchbook so that it will carry some distance into the woods when they toss it flaming from their automobiles. That way, they don't have to get out and walk. Almost without exception, arson in the pines is committed by people who come in from the outside. Pineys *have* set grudge fires from time to time, and colliers used to set fires because charred wood was good only for charcoal and they could buy it cheaply from the owners of the burned land. Pineys also used to make "skeeter smoke" by burning a mixture of pine needles, pine cones, pine chips, and charcoal in pans on their stoves. The smoke permeated their houses, and mosquitoes stayed away. Sometimes these smudge fires jumped off the stoves, burned down houses, and expanded into forest fires. Years ago, the pineys deliberately set fires in blueberry lowlands, because wild blueberry bushes will come back strong after a fire and produce more berries than they yielded before. This practice is still carried on by gatherers of wild blueberries in Maine, Vermont, and New Hampshire, but is forbidden in the Pine Bar-

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rens, where it was once given as the cause of a tenth of all forest fires. A relatively new cause of fire in the pines is burning automobiles. Foresters make their way through the smoldering aftermath of a headlong fire and at the source they find a blackened automobile. Teen-age hoods steal cars in cities, take them into the pines, strip them, ignite them, and leave the scene.

The Forest Fire Service has indices that show when the woods are least and most vulnerable to fire. There may be fires almost any day of the spring, summer, and fall, but when the indices are high the fires tend to be big. First, there is something called the buildup index, which takes into account the ground moisture and also whether the vegetation is cured, transitional, or green. When wind velocities, barometric readings, and fuel-moisture levels are added in, the result is the burning index. The scale of the burning index goes from zero to two hundred. On April 20, 1963, the day of the worst forest fire in the recorded history of the Pine Barrens, the burning index shot past two hundred into the indeterminable beyond. It was not a particularly hot day, but the vegetation was still in the cured stage, winds were blowing at about fifty miles an hour, and there was a drought. Once a fire got started, there was not much chance that it could be controlled. Actually, twelve non-contiguous major fires started on that day. The big one began after a man who was burning brush about seven miles west of Mt. Misery left his fire because he thought it was out. It was brought under control about thirty miles to the east at midnight on April 23rd, and it was finally pronounced out on May 1st. Smoke from this fire palled the air and deeply reddened the sun as far away as Princeton. The men who fought the fire made stand after stand—first at a state highway and later at county roads, sand roads, and plowed lines—only to have the flames burst over them and force them to regroup farther east. Embers went into the upper winds and advanced as much as two miles at a jump, starting new fires where they landed. Several crown fires were spread out over a six-mile front, and rolling white heat was trailed by streaks of orange flame. The fire was so hot that it caused the surfaces of macadam roads to form bubbles. Overhead, white piles of smoke went up hundreds of feet, and against this white background, now and again, appeared black twisters of smoke from pitch. Multiple airdrops were made but did

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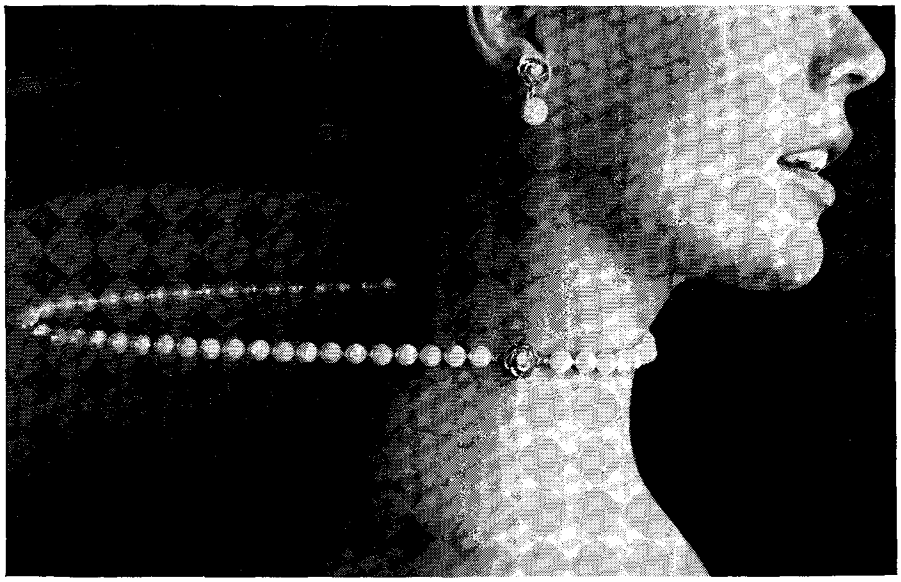

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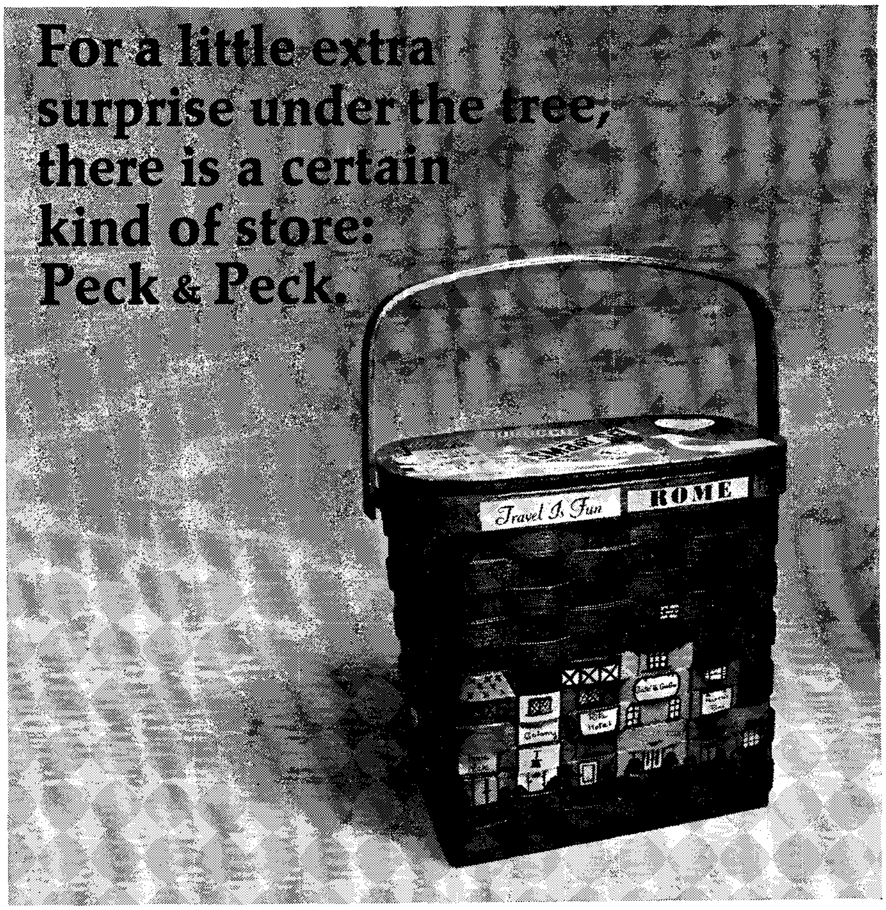
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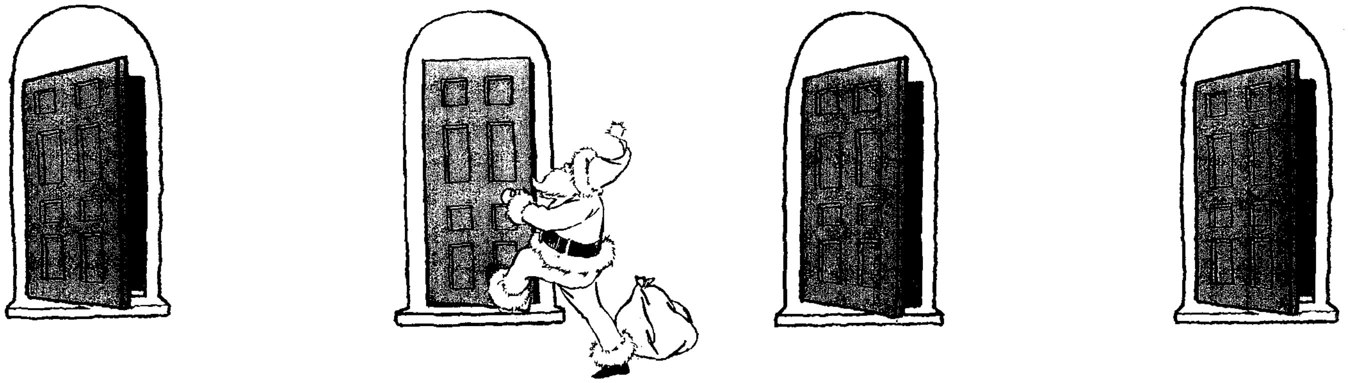
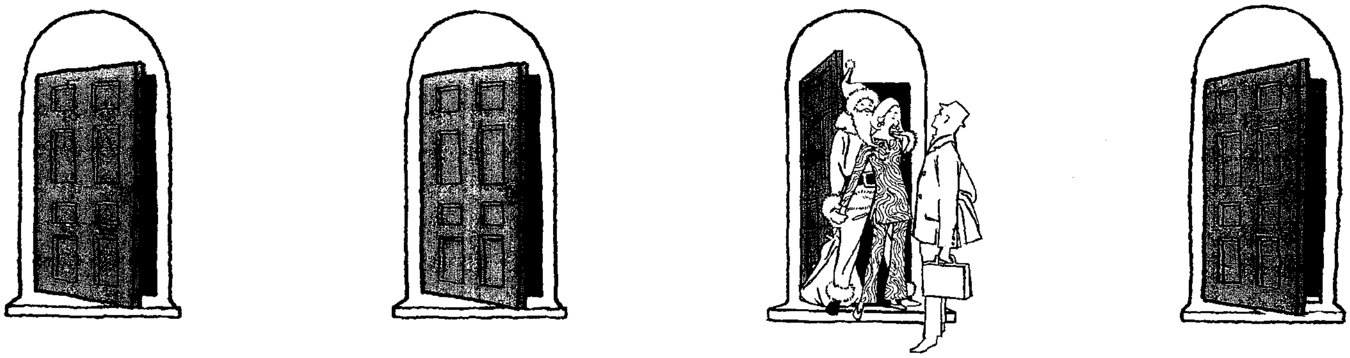


THE WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART IS THROUGH THE RED DOOR.



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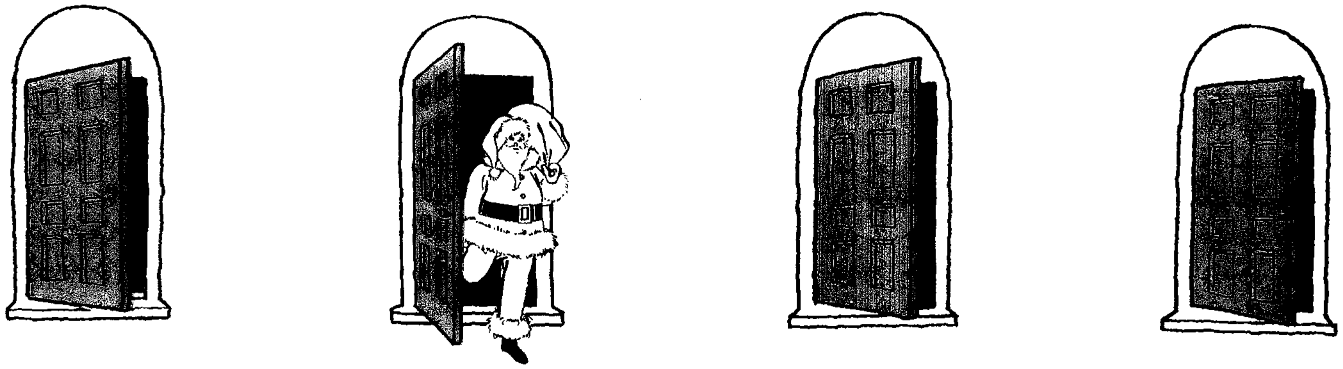

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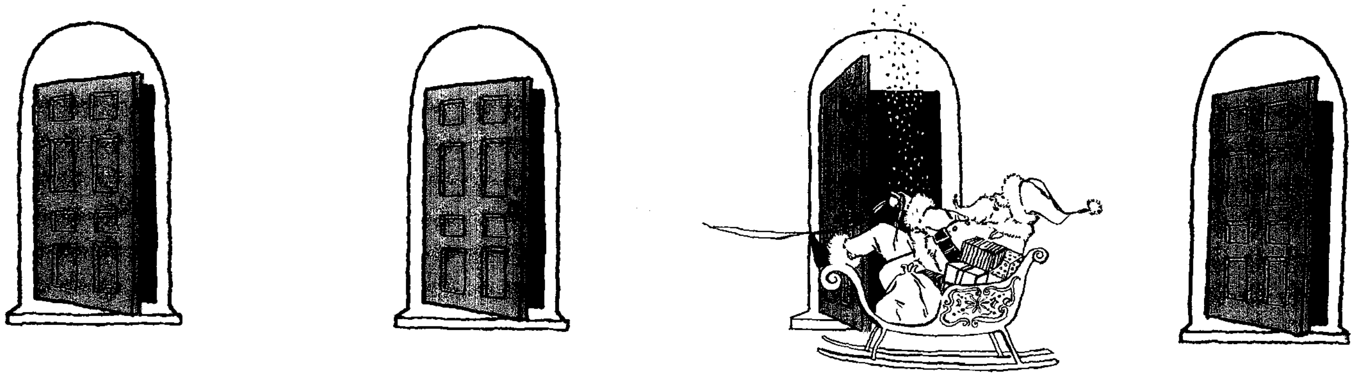

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not significantly help. Finally, the crews were forced back all the way to the Garden State Parkway, where, forming long lines and working with shovels and back tanks, they made a last try to control the fire. They held it there, but it had only a few miles to go anyway before it would have reached the sea. One man died. As in the Chatsworth Fire, the damage to buildings was relatively light, but only because there were so few buildings to damage. The fire crossed the Pine Barrens from one side to the other, and burned seventy-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-five acres.

A COLOR photograph taken of a section of woods just after the 1963 fire shows about what you would expect—blackened spars above a smoldering forest floor. A photograph taken from the same spot two months later presents to the viewer a forest panoply of summer green. Of all the natural phenomena of the Pine Barrens, the most startling one is the speed with which the vegetation comes back from fire. There has been so much fire in the pines for so many centuries that, through the resulting processes of natural selection, the species that grow there are not only highly flammable but are able to tolerate fire and come back quickly. There are only three kinds of pines in the United States that respond to fires by putting forth sprouts. Two of these—the pitch pine and the shortleaf pine—predominate in the Pine Barrens. (The other, the Chihuahua pine, grows in New Mexico.) The sprouts develop from dormant buds in the trunks and larger limbs, and soon after the fire dies down, out they come. All over the woods are pine trees with splendid green crowns and trunks that are still black from old fires. Oaks that are burned usually die at the top, but they reshoot from the roots. Chestnut oaks put out so many sprouts all around their trunks that in time the shoots form palisaded enclosures resembling jails, and drunken pineys were once incarcerated in them and left there until they sobered up. Almost every woody species in the Pine Barrens has the ability to sprout after fire. The understory starts right up again, and bracken fern and sheep laurel are particularly fast. Scrub oaks put out so many acorns after a fire that they look like overdecorated Christmas trees. This helps to increase, among other things, the communities of deer and grouse.

It is because of fire that pines are predominant in the Pine Barrens. There is thought to be a progression in

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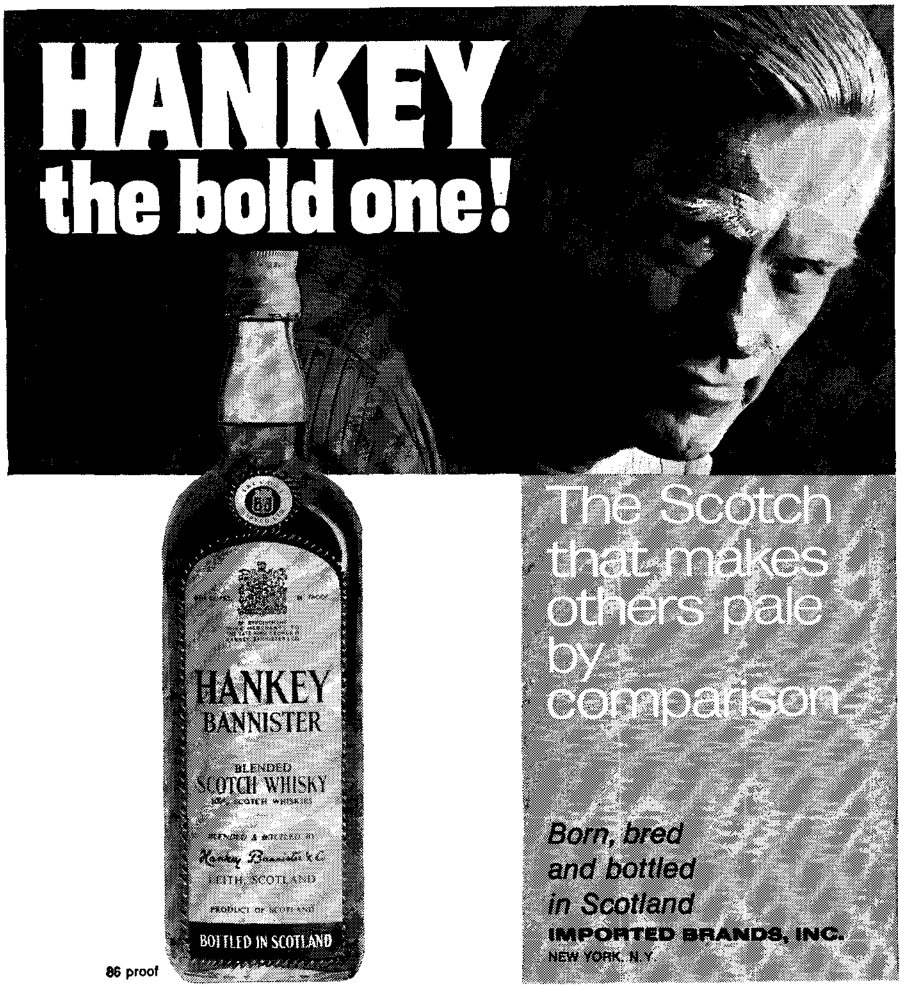

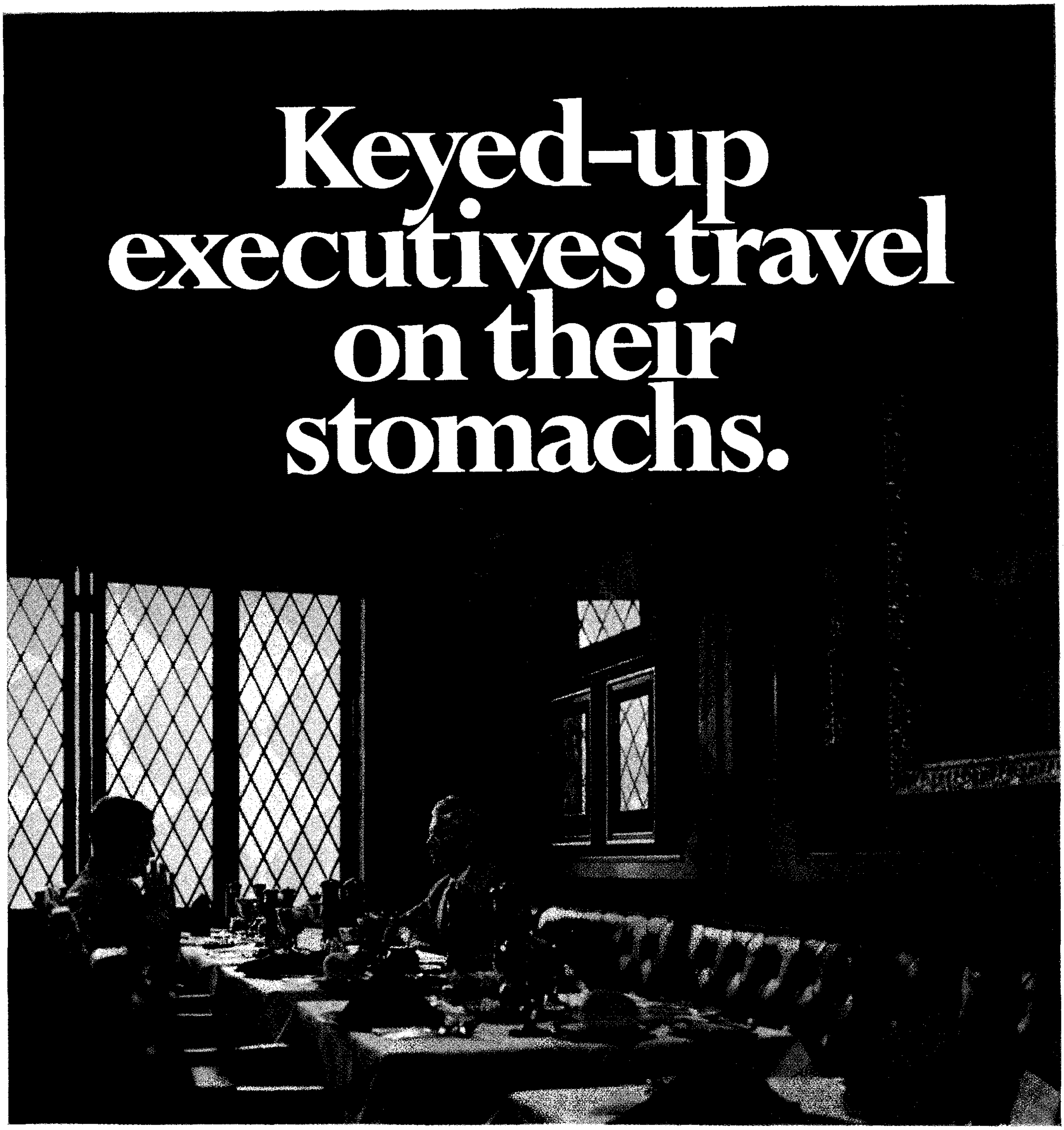

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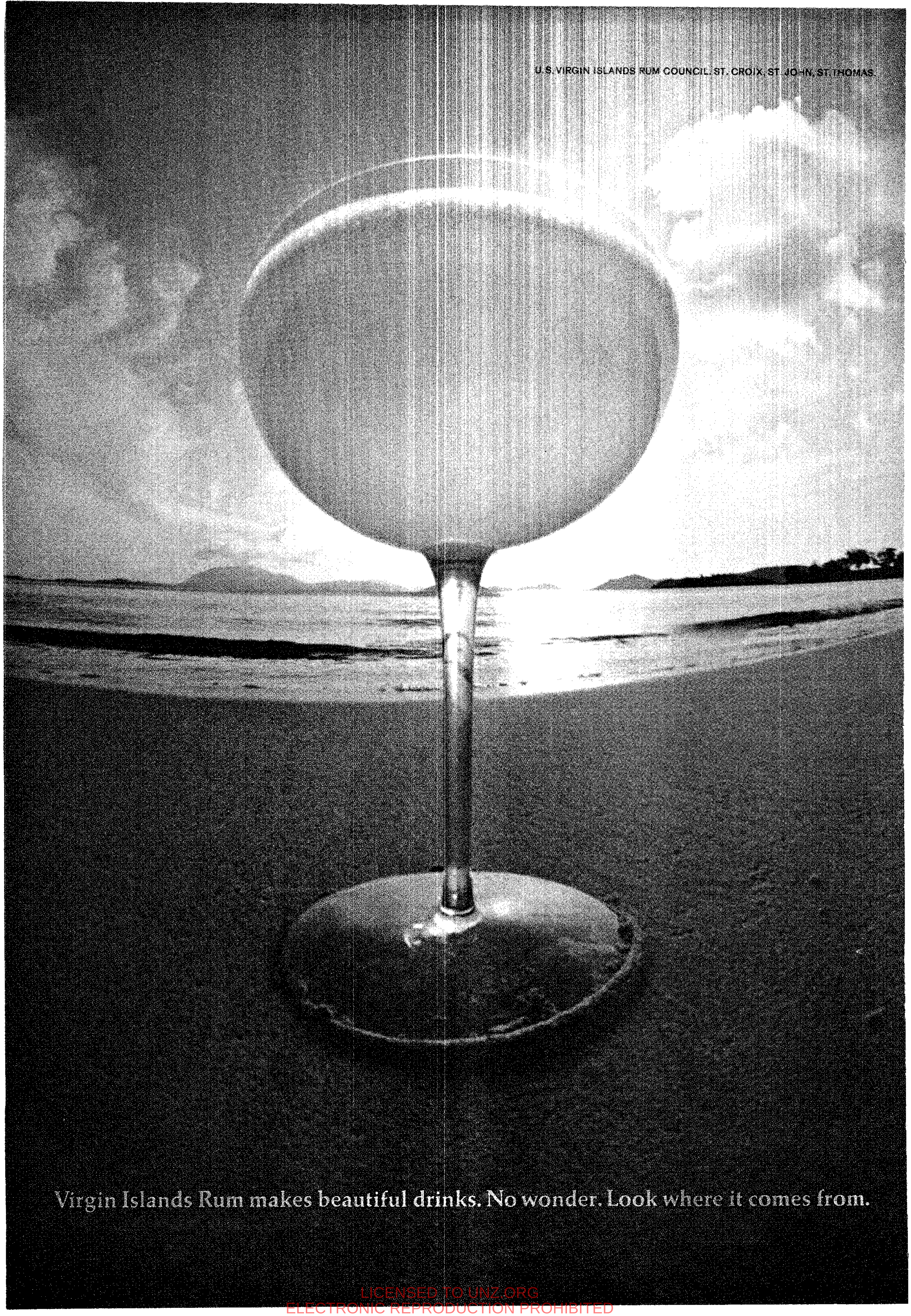
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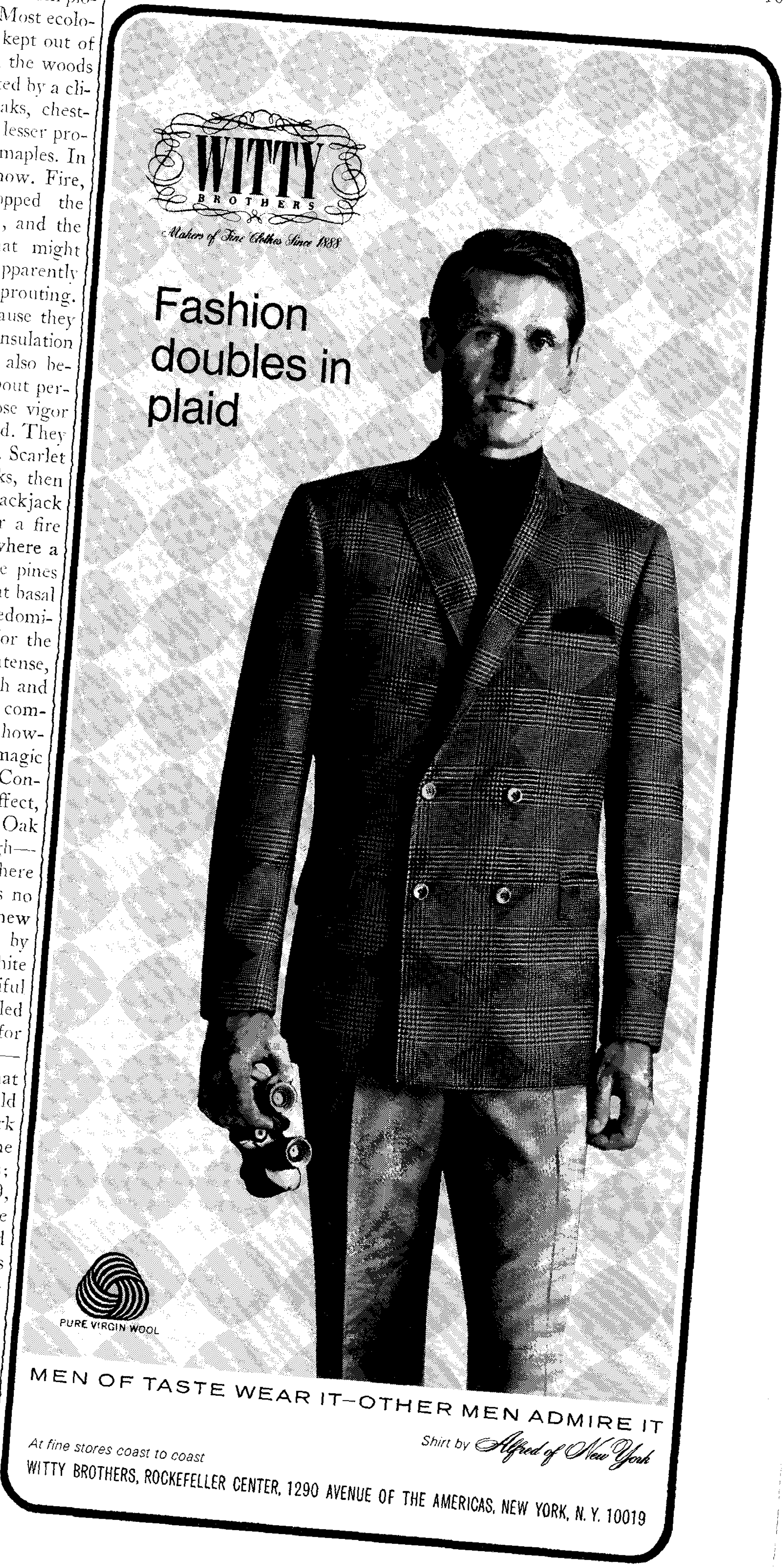
the development of any forest from pioneer species to climax trees. Most ecologists agree that if fire were kept out of the Pine Barrens altogether, the woods would eventually be dominated by a climax of black oaks, white oaks, chestnut oaks, scarlet oaks, and a lesser proportion of hickories and red maples. In some areas, oaks dominate now. Fire, however, has generally stopped the march of natural progression, and the resulting situation is one that might be called biological inertia—apparently endless cycles of fire and sprouting. Fire favors the pine trees because they have thick bark that provides insulation from high temperatures, and also because burned ground is just about perfect for pine seedbeds. Oaks lose vigor when they are repeatedly burned. They develop heart rot, and they die. Scarlet oaks go first, then chestnut oaks, then white oaks, then black oaks. Blackjack oaks are an exception and after a fire come back strong. In an area where a fire has been extremely hot, the pines die and the blackjack oaks put out basal sprouts that grow to be the predominant trees in that section. But, for the most part, fires are not that intense, and, working in behalf of the pitch and shortleaf pines, they clear out the competition. It would be an error, however, to think of forest fires as magic wands that clean the woods. Controlled burning can have this effect, but wildfires leave an ugly trail. Oak spars and—if the fire was hot enough—pine spars stick up everywhere. There are sprouts, but for a time there is no shade. Even when pines develop new crowns, several seasons must go by before the crowns are full. The white cedars, which are the most beautiful trees in the Pine Barrens, are killed outright if they are burned, and for years—standing feathery and dead—they commemorate the wildfire that took them. Foresters can cut an old pine and read in its occasional dark rings the dates of fires that have gone through the area in which it stands; 1930, 1927, 1924, 1922, 1916, 1910, 1905, 1894, 1885, and 1872 are the dates of dark rings that can still be read in some trees. Causes differed, but fires were frequent in the pines in the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, and before that Indians burned the woods to improve conditions for hunting and travel. Almost certainly, the role of fire in the development of the Pine Barrens has been of importance since post-Wisconsin time, when the patterns of the present vegetation began to form as the great Wisconsin ice sheet receded.

The glacier reached only about as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far south as Morristown, which is fifty miles north of the pines, but the torrents that poured from it as it melted carried southward prodigious loads of gravel that mounded here and there into what are now some of the hills of the Pine Barrens. As the early vegetation developed, the climate of the area was still arctic. The Pine Barrens were then a cold desert of permafrost and tundra—a scene that I found myself imagining at one point while I was spending some time with three men from the National Park Service who were making a general survey of the pinelands area. One man had recently returned from two years in Alaska. Standing on the observation platform of the fire tower on Bear Swamp Hill, he remarked that the Pine Barrens reminded him very much of Alaska, going on to say that the evergreen species were different but that their general appearance—and the appearance of the undulating land—was much the same from that high perspective. There is a theory that the Hudson River once flowed much farther south than it does now, and that it passed through the Pine Barrens, leaving more gravels, which eventually became more hills. Helderberg limestone from the upper Hudson Valley is found in the pines. When white men first saw the region, many of the pitch and shortleaf pines were about two hundred years old and about twenty inches in diameter. The white cedars, in their swamps, were larger. Some of them were six feet thick at the base and a thousand years old. When these great trees fell, some of them sank beneath the sphagnum moss and deep into the swamps, where they were sealed away from oxygen and were also protected from fungi by the acidulous muck. They were thus preserved. The mining of ancient cedar logs was once a source of income to some people in the pines, and even today the logs are occasionally found and removed. From them come the most durable of all cedar boards and shingles. During the Second World War, wood from sunken cedar logs taken from Pine Barrens swamps was used in the hulls of patrol torpedo boats. In Lebanon State Forest, which is four miles north of Chatsworth, foresters have put on display a pair of mined cedar logs, each about four feet thick.

No one has yet determined with certainty how the dwarf forests of the eastern Pine Barrens developed, but there have been many hypotheses, and, as one after another has been shown to be unsound, the process of elimination has led back to fire. Frequent as

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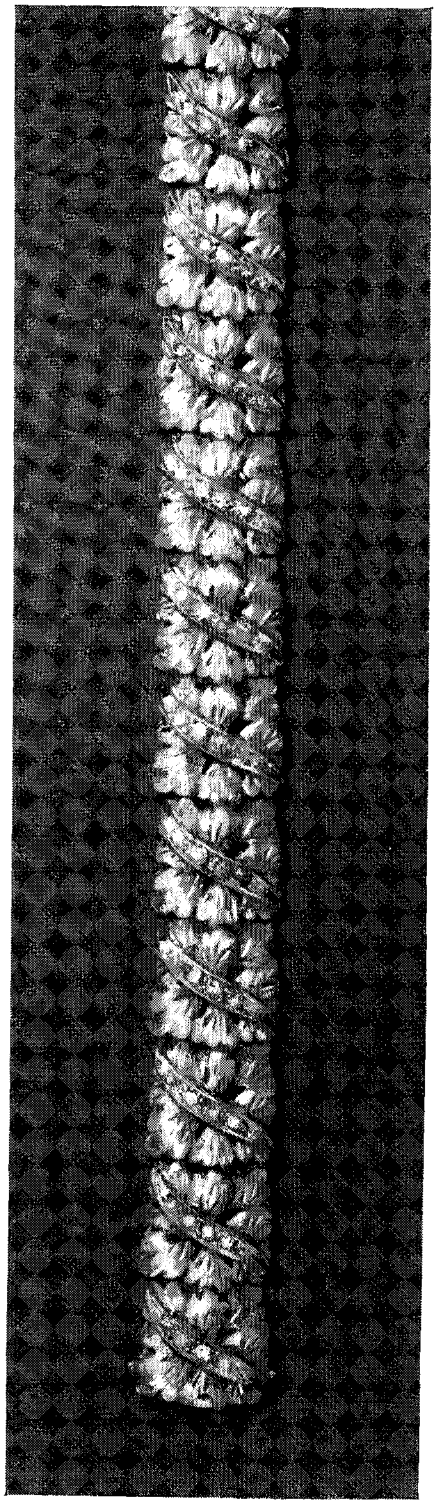

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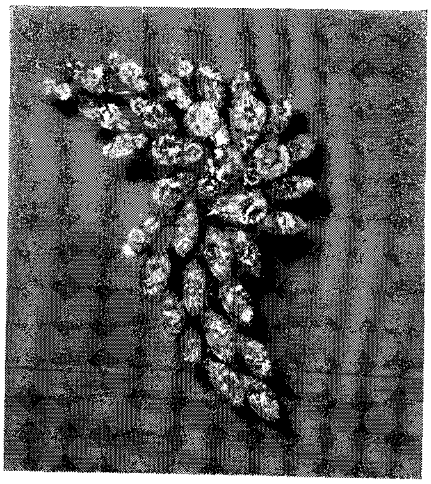

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fires are everywhere in the pines, they are more frequent in the dwarf forests than anywhere else. The dwarf forests occur in two upland areas, which do not quite touch one another. The Upper Plains and the Lower Plains, as they are called, cover about twenty thousand acres. Pitch pines predominate there, as they do elsewhere in the Pine Barrens, but instead of rising fifty or sixty feet into the air they rise five feet. A snapshot of the Plains will often seem to take in huge expanses of forest, as if the picture had been made from a low-flying airplane, unless a human being happens to have been standing in the camera's range, in which case the person's head seems almost grotesque and planetary, outlined in sky above the tops of the trees. There is aluminum in the soil of the Plains, and one prominent hypothesis was that aluminum toxicity stunts the trees. Equal amounts of aluminum have been found, however, in Pine Barrens soils where trees grow high. Another hypothesis, long in vogue among botanists and soil scientists, was that a layer of hardpan a short distance beneath the surface was stunting the vegetation. But a graduate student from Rutgers dug three hundred well-spaced holes a few years ago and concluded that there is little or no hardpan under the Plains. Because the Plains are on high ground and winds are fierce there, it has been thought that the little trees are wind-stunted. But the Plains are not on the highest ground in the Pine Barrens. Winds are at least as fierce on the higher ground elsewhere, and the trees there are of normal height. According to the Nantucket-tip-moth theory, a small creature in the Plains eats into the pine trees' terminal shoots and cuts them back, dwarfing the trees. The tip moth, however, does not eat oaks, and twenty-two per cent of the trees in the Plains are oaks and they are just as tiny as the pines. Fred Brown gave me his own explanation for the existence of the Plains when we went there one day. "This ground is so poor a pismire can't live on it," he said. "If you found a pismire here, he'd be half starved to death." Studies have shown that the soil of the Plains is about the same as the soil of the rest of the Pine Barrens. What remains is fire. Wildfires have completely swept the Plains on an average of once every seven years for centuries. Young trees there that have not yet been hit by fire are apparently normal and have taproots, but after the trees have burned they lose their taproots, and their lateral roots spread abnormally far out—from twenty to

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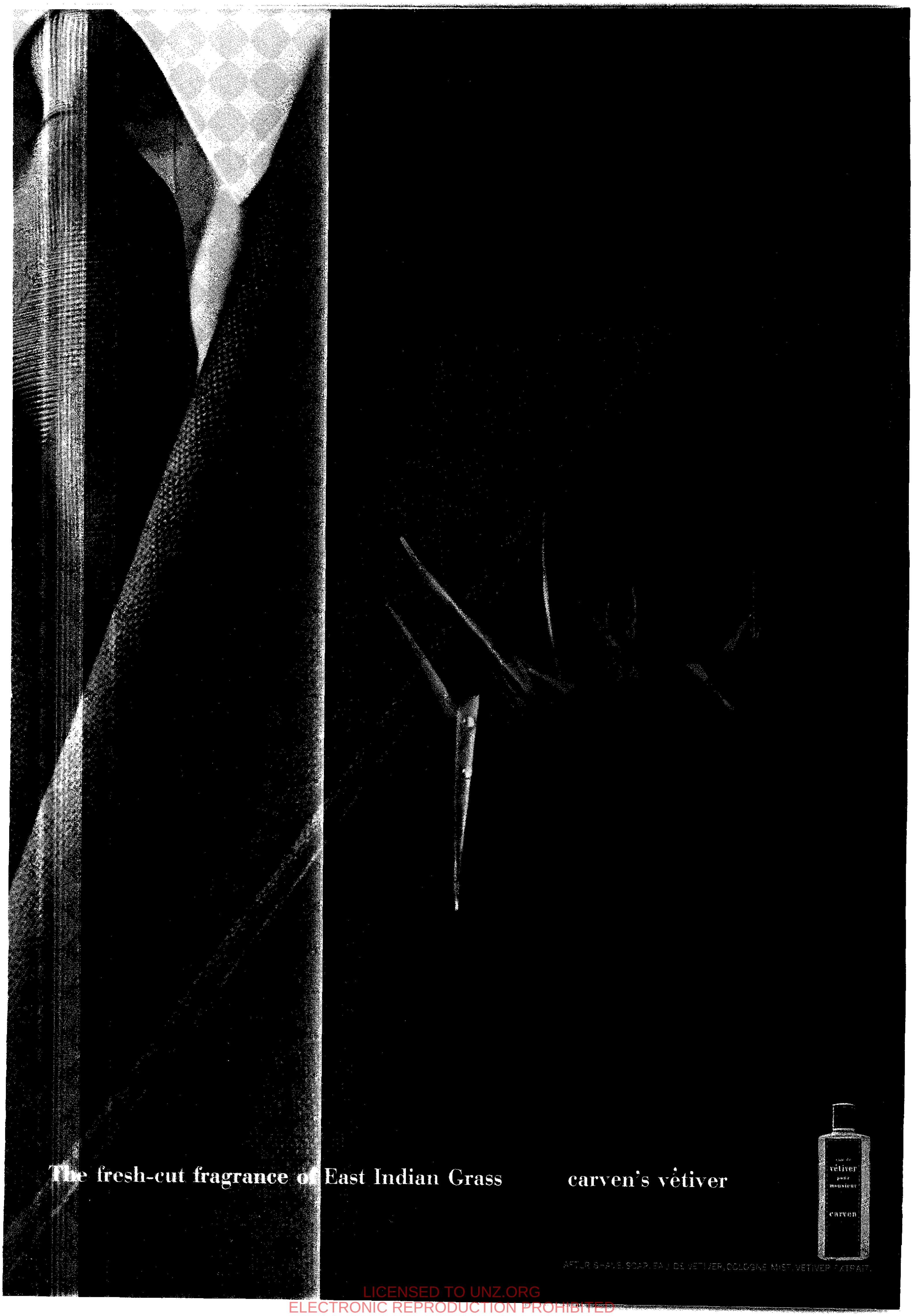
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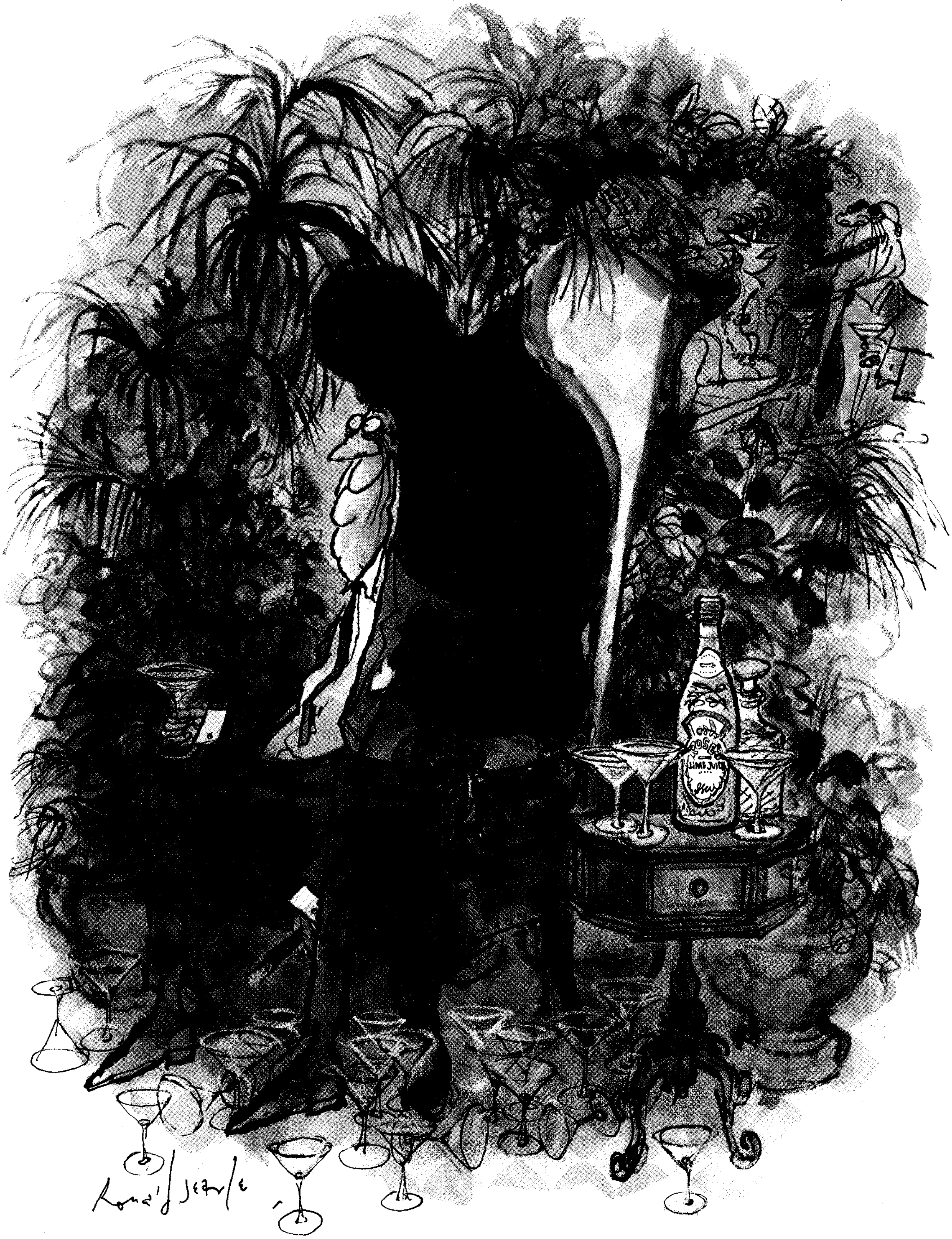

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thirty feet—forming a great mat with the lateral roots of other trees, all of which are dwarfs. The correlation with fire is apparent, but no one can say how fire causes the stunting. Another curiosity apparently brought about by fire is the type of pine cone that develops in the Plains. There are two races of pitch pines. One race has open cones (these are the familiar pine cones that have gaps between their scales) and the other race has closed cones (the scales fit tightly together, and the surfaces of the cones are smooth). Open cones drop from the trees once a year, but closed cones hang on until a fire comes, or until so many years have passed that they are finally squeezed off by other cones. In either case, aloft or on the ground, closed cones remain closed until they are opened by fire. Taxonomically, the open-cone race and the closed-cone race are not distinguished. In the Pine Barrens outside the Plains, the great majority of the pitch pines are of the open-cone race. In the Plains, ninety-nine per cent of the dwarf pitch pines produce closed cones. This, again, does not indicate why the trees are stunted, but it seems to point to the exceptional frequency of fire in the Plains, where the closed-cone race has been selected. Jack McCormick, who is chairman of the Department of Ecology and Land Management at the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, spent an afternoon with me in the Plains, where he explained these hypotheses and phenomena. His doctoral dissertation was a study of two watersheds elsewhere in the Pine Barrens, and when he was working on it he lived in a trailer in the woods for two years. He feels that the Plains are ecologically unique, and he says that they are somewhat analogous to the chaparral of southern California. He hopes that the Plains will be left as they are. "From studies made here, we can add to our fund of information about the behavior of species under the influence of fire," he said. "Heaven knows what we'll find out. The average frequency of fires—once every six or seven years—means nothing in itself. Rapid sequence of fires—say, when three occur in six years—may have something to do with dwarfism. Also, at least to my knowledge, no one has planted an open-cone pitch pine and a closed-cone pitch pine side by side to see what would happen. Nor has anyone cross-pollinated open- and closed-cone pines. We don't know which is dominant. We don't know

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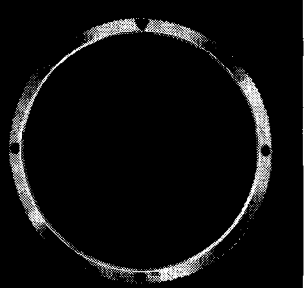

Elapsed Time Indicator.

what a hybrid would do. We don't know a God-damned thing."

Near Warren Grove, in the Lower Plains, the Navy has a target area for skip bombers and dive bombers. The planes dive soundlessly, like toys on strings, all but hitting the five-foot trees as they pull out of their dives and simultaneously drop their payloads in the target area, usually with a concerted accuracy—plane after plane after plane—that is almost unbelievable. After each plane has gone and is moving up into the sky as if it were on the inside rim of a wheel, the sound of its jet comes to a ground observer—much too late to be connected in any sensible way with its source. Three years ago, one pilot did not pull out of a dive, and his exploding plane started a major forest fire.

TWENTY-THREE kinds of orchids grow in the Pine Barrens—including the green wood orchid, the yellow-crested orchid, the white-fringed orchid, the white arethusa, the rose pogonia, and the helleborine—and they are only the beginning of a floral wherewithal that botanists deeply fear they will someday lose. One day, I heard a lady botanist say, with gentle anguish in her voice, "If Sim Place were developed, what would happen to *Habenaria integra* then?" *Habenaria integra*, the yellow southern fringeless orchid, grows mainly around Sim Place, a semi-ghost town several miles east of Hog Wallow. The people the lady was addressing could, of course, give no answer; they simply looked more or less distressed. The occasion was a summer field trip of the Philadelphia Botanical Club, on a day so debilitatingly hot that only a loyal core of about a dozen people had met at a Pine Barrens crossroads and proceeded as planned through several areas of woods. Six hundred and fifty thousand acres of wilderness were spread out around them, but they moved virtually on tiptoe to avoid hurting plants underfoot. One of the first species they examined was the thread-leaved sundew, which grows in boggy depressions and, like several Pine Barrens plants, is insectivorous. There is little nitrogen in Pine Barrens soil, and the region has selected some plant species that get their nitrogen elsewhere—mainly from the bodies of insects. The filiform leaves of the sundews were spread out like the spines of umbrellas, and their glands were covered with a glutinous secretion that sparkled in the sun. Brooks Evert, an insurance executive, whose wife had organized the outing, carefully scooped

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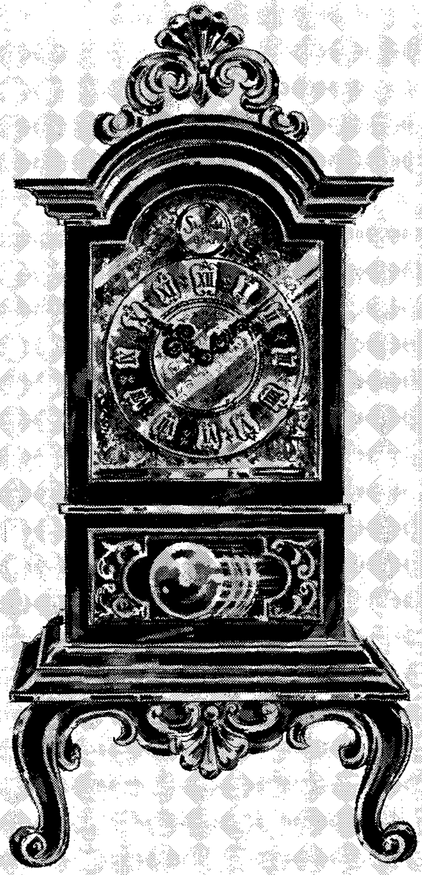

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up a sundew in a large handful of the wet sand it was growing in. He showed it to the group. Caught in the shining fluid on the sundew's glands, several winged creatures were struggling and dying. Evert carefully set the plant back in the ground as he had found it. Mrs. Evert said, "As a rule, we touch nothing and we leave nothing." The group moved onward through the bog, passing thousands of additional sundews. "Oh, my goodness," another woman said. "I'm stepping on them."

In the group were, among others, a physician, a horticulturist, a management consultant, and, most notably, Edgar T. Wherry, professor emeritus of botany at the University of Pennsylvania. Wherry is the author of "The Wild Flower Guide" and "The Fern Guide," each work the standard of its field, and he also developed the method that is used today to test the alkalinity and acidity of soil. He is a tall man in his eighties, quite thin and frail-looking. When someone, greeting him, asked him how he was, he said, "Still around, somehow." Even when he spoke, he seldom looked at anything but the ground, in his search for specimens that might be of particular interest to the others. He wore a green eyeshade. He seemed to care a little less than some of the others for the life-span of an individual plant, and he also seemed less respectful of Latinate, scientific names. "This is candy root," he said, pulling a plant out of the ground. "Taste it." The root of the plant had the taste of a sweet peppermint candy cane. "I like regular names better than scientific names—they don't mean anything to people," Wherry went on. "When I got up a book on wild flowers, I tried to find the colloquial names, if any, rather than the scientific names."

"What is this, Dr. Wherry?" someone asked him, pointing to a small plant with greenish-white leaves.

"Dogbane," he said. "Why 'dogbane' no one knows. I never saw a dog pay any attention to it."

Asked what plants in the Pine Barrens are botanically most important, Wherry said that the curly-grass fern, which was discovered there and grows almost nowhere else, is in a class by itself. "After that, there are several plants of special interest," he went on. "*Narthecium*, the bog asphodel, is isolated here. It's disjunct. You don't see it again until you get to the North Carolina mountains. Goldcrest grows here, too, and its nearest relative is in Australia. *Lycopodium carolinianum*, the slender club moss, ranges from the Pine Barrens to Florida, then jumps to South Africa. Any plant that is able to do that has a great geological history. To me, that's one of the most remarkable ranges of all the plants that are here." The group found and examined the curly-grass fern, bog asphodel, and club moss. Wherry pulled up another kind of moss and pointed out its spores, saying, "This is foxtail moss. The spores are explosive. The Chinese used them for gunpowder." He showed the group mountain mint and cat briar. "Cat-briar shoots are tender and taste like fresh peas or asparagus," he said. "Deer like cat briar."

Mrs. Evert called out to her husband, "Brooks, keep your eyes open and see if you can see the adder's-tongue fern over there." Someone else found an adder's-tongue fern, and all the others assembled around it, on their hands and knees, as they did, moments later, around an orchid called Loesel's twayblade. This was in Martha, one of a number of Pine Barrens communities of which almost every trace has vanished, and the orchid was growing on the site of the mansion that had once stood in the middle of the town. Overhead, crowded down by the pines, were strangely twisted catalpa trees that had been planted by the people of Martha in the first half of the nineteenth century.

"The catalpa trees sure don't look happy," said one woman.

"They are weeds of civilization," said Wherry. "So is ebony spleenwort," he added, and he pulled up an ebony spleenwort, which is a small fern, and explained that it is not native to the Pine Barrens, nor could it be, because the soil there is too acid for it. Wherever man has used lime to build structures, however, ebony spleenwort can be found. Spores come in on the wind from heaven knows what distances. Often this alien plant is the only existing sign that a house—or a town—once stood where it grows. Ebony spleenwort is found in abundance around the building sites in all the vanished towns, but it is found nowhere else in the pines. Wherry moved on to a patch of velvet grass and said that it was "another invader as a result of man's activities." He also said that there is no poison ivy in the Pine Barrens except where man has made clearings and disturbed the earth.

Leading the group into wide bogs that were once Martha Pond, Mrs. Evert said, "Come look for *Utricularia resupinata*. The best way to find it is to squat. Then you're on your own." Everyone squatted on his own. A lady

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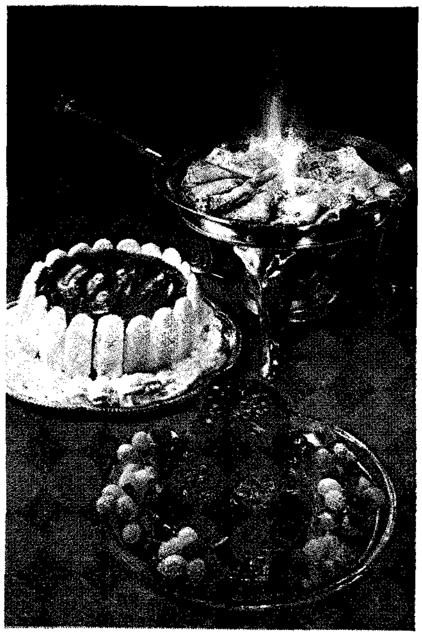

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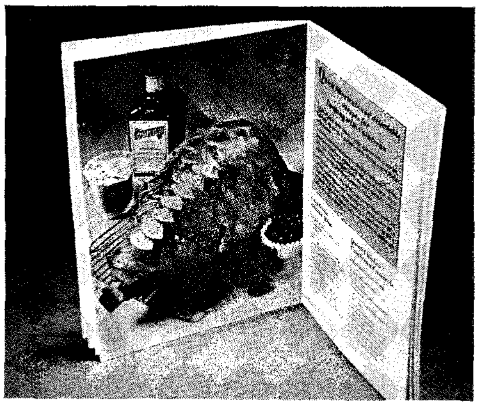

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in a blue hat, a blue blouse, blue slacks, and blue sneakers found a pink orchid (*Calopogon pulchellus*) instead.

"Would anyone like my lens?" Mrs. Evert said. Through her lens, the orchid appeared to be made of crystal foam covered with patches of purple glazing.

The sphagnum surface of the bogs seemed to quake. Wherry said that in the United States quaking bogs are almost unique to the Pine Barrens—that there are some quaking bogs in the pinelands of North Carolina, but they are dry and firm in summer. He added that the flora of the pinelands of New Jersey and North Carolina "are related but not identical in any sense."

"When you spend a day in these bogs, it's a good idea to bring a change of feet," Mrs. Evert said.

Wherry pointed out rattlesnake ferns, cinnamon ferns, papery bluish-gray marsh ferns, bold and lacy royal ferns. Before the outing was over, the group had found Indian shoestrings, Turk's-cap lilies, some rare spreading pogonias, swamp azaleas, swamp hyacinths, wild magnolias, cassandras, and prickly pears—the only cactus that is native east of the Mississippi River. Walking out of the woods at the end, Wherry said, "To have all this destroyed by a jetport, or by anything else, would be an ecological disaster."

I ONCE met a man from the New Jersey state geologist's office, in Trenton, who has made hundreds of trips through the Pine Barrens. He told me that one of the most remarkable things about the region is that the great silence there is not broken by so much as a birdcall, since the pines are so barren that there is nothing for birds to eat. That one ranks high in the large catalogue of misconceptions that people elsewhere in New Jersey have about the Pine Barrens, for the trees there are full of noisy birds, and the whippoorwills cry all night. The whippoorwills also dust themselves in the sand roads, and when they are approached at night their eyes blaze red. Nighthawks dive in the evening, and when they come out of the dive their wings open and make an explosive sound, like a sonic boom. Great-crested flycatchers hang snakeskins outside their holes in hollow pines. Eighty-four different kinds of birds breed in the Pine Barrens, not to mention the ones that make stopovers there, and the natives include Cooper's hawks, alder flycatchers, brown creepers, Henslow's sparrows, red crossbills, Baltimore orioles, green herons, black ducks, yellow-billed cuckoos, sharp-shinned hawks, great horned owls, screech

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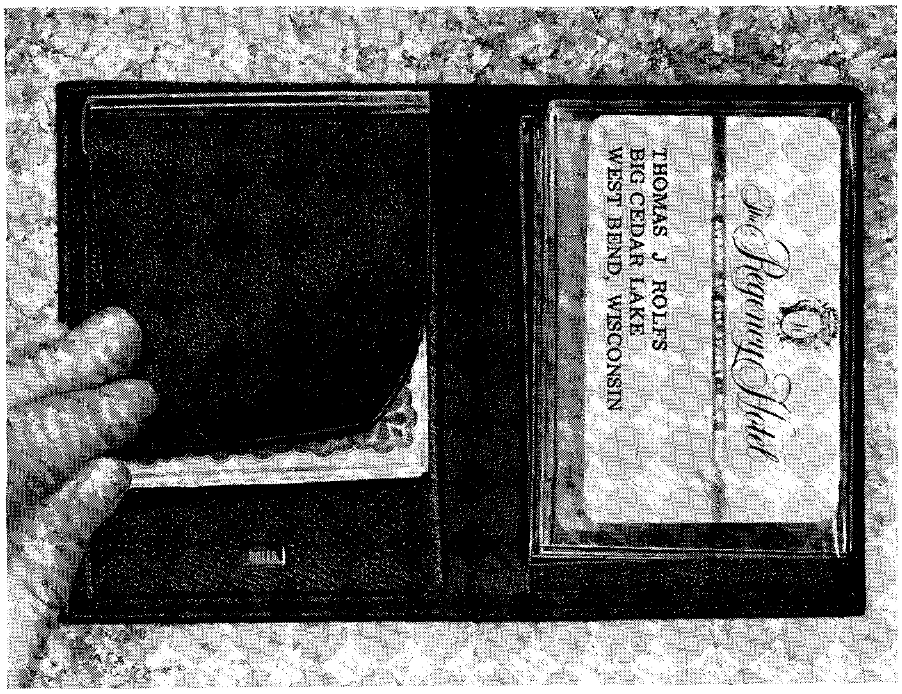

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Ducks make their skid-in landings on Pine Barrens rivers and swim along alertly, heads high, looking out for themselves, when suddenly and involuntarily they disappear beneath the surface. "Snappers lie under the water and wait for ducks," Fred Brown said one day when he and I and Bill Wasovwich, a young neighbor of his, had gone out for a drive in the pines. "The snappers grabs the ducks by the feet and pulls them right under there, and in two or three minutes they drown and the snappers eats them. The snappers catch big ducks." Snapping turtles in the Pine Barrens are sometimes a foot and a half long and almost as wide. They weigh fifty pounds. Pineys trap them in fykes, and fry their delicious white meat. Minks and muskrats are also trapped, for their pelts. Beaver dams are frequent in the pines. Beaver lakes attract ducks and encourage expansion in the communities of pickerel, muskrats, minks, and otters. The beavers are big and surprisingly fierce.

"I don't believe there's an animal in these woods could take on a beaver," Bill said.

Fred seemed to disagree. "A fish otter is a fighter," he said. "A fish otter can kill a dog."

Some of the pickerel are more than three feet long. It is said that people used to drift down the rivers and catch thirty or forty in a morning. The pickerel are not quite that plentiful anymore. With catfish, they are the only large fresh-water fish in the rivers. The acid content of the water is too high for trout. In addition to green frogs, sphagnum frogs, leopard frogs, and swamp-chorus frogs, there is a tree frog in the pines that has considerable status. This is *Hyla andersoni*, Anderson's tree frog, a rare creature prized by naturalists and found almost nowhere else. Anderson's tree frogs live in the Pine Barrens in abundance. They are only one and three-eighths inches long with their legs stretched out. At night, they go *wonk*, *wonk*, *wonk*, and the art of stalking them is to follow the sound and, at the key moment, surprise them with light. This is not simple, because the frogs are ventriloquists. But they are worth seeing, for their skins are a brilliant green, trimmed with white, and they have lavender stripes down the sides of their legs. They look like state troopers. The rattlesnake community is small in the Pine Barrens, and consists wholly of timber rattlesnakes. It is said to be centered at Mt. Misery. A man known as Rattlesnake Ace Pittman once lived in that area. He made his living collecting rattlesnakes for zoos and shoe manufacturers. There are puff adders in the pines, and beautiful corn snakes, five feet long, with red eyes, red tongues, and red bodies. While I was riding along one of the sand roads with the three men from the National Park Service, we came upon a mottled brown-and-white snake that was more than six feet long and about two inches in diameter. The Park Service men jumped out of the car, and one of them set up a tripod and began to photograph the snake while another, using a snake stick, played with it. The snake coiled. It raised its forward third in an S curve, as if preparing to strike, and it took an enormous breath that filled its body with air from one end to the other and swelled it to the diameter of a fire hose. Then it exhaled with a sensational hiss, so loud and menacing that everyone jumped backward. With the hiss came a rattling sound. The snake was really furious. None of the men from the Park Service knew what kind of snake it was, although at the time we were on the southwestern slope of Bear Swamp Hill, in the middle of the Pine Barrens, and it was a pine snake.

The gray fox climbs like a cat. He goes up leaning cedars. He hides in the forks of oaks. In the daytime, he sometimes sleeps in a crow's nest. Red foxes are rare in the pines. It is the gray fox that the native hunters hunt. The hunters follow their hounds in pickup trucks. "I used to have the best dogs that you ever heard run in the woods," Fred Brown once told me. "American foxhounds. I never had no big packs of twelve or fifteen, like some people. I had six, or four, sometimes only two." A mother foxhound can listen to her puppies hunting and by the sound of their cries she can tell what

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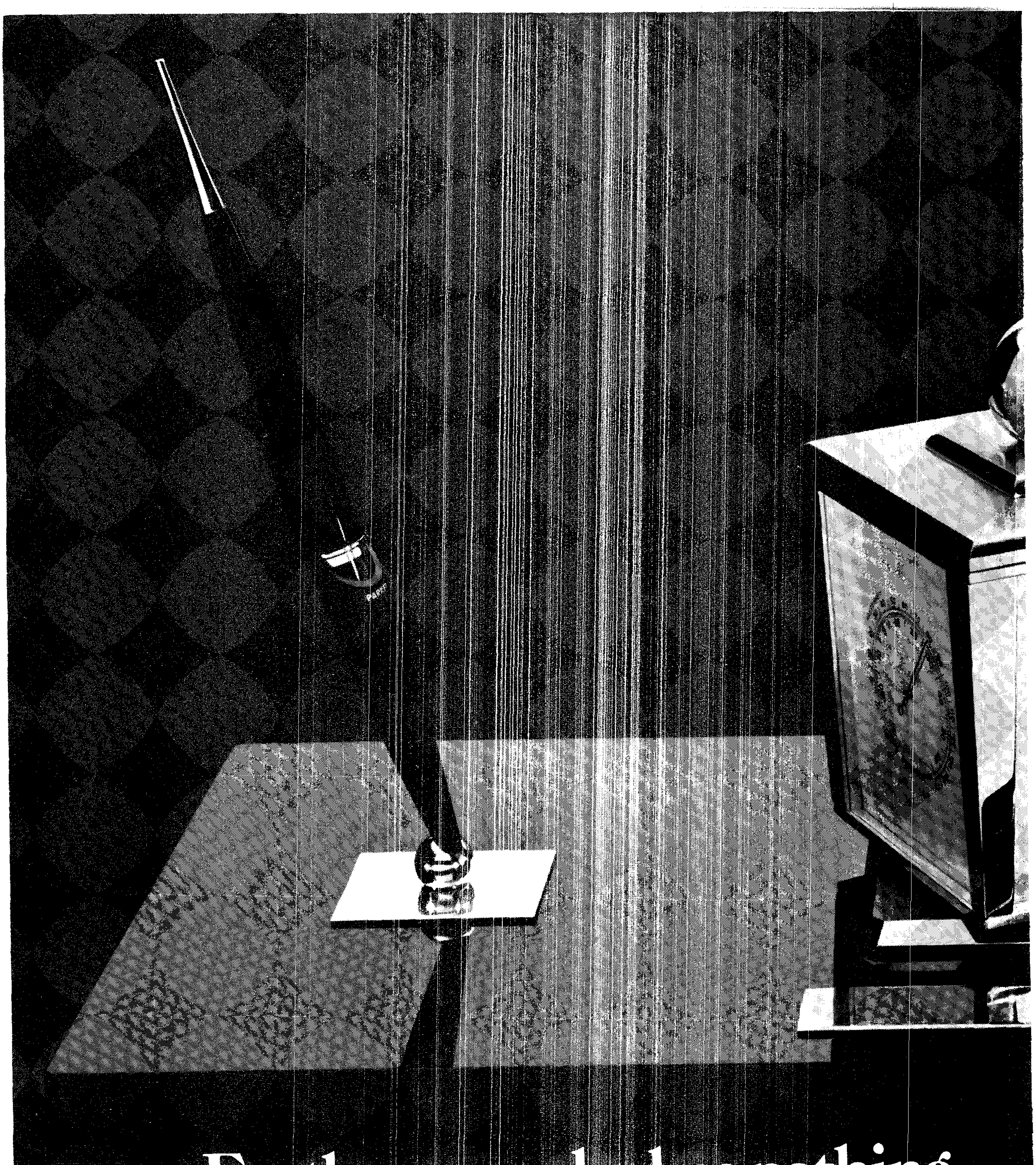

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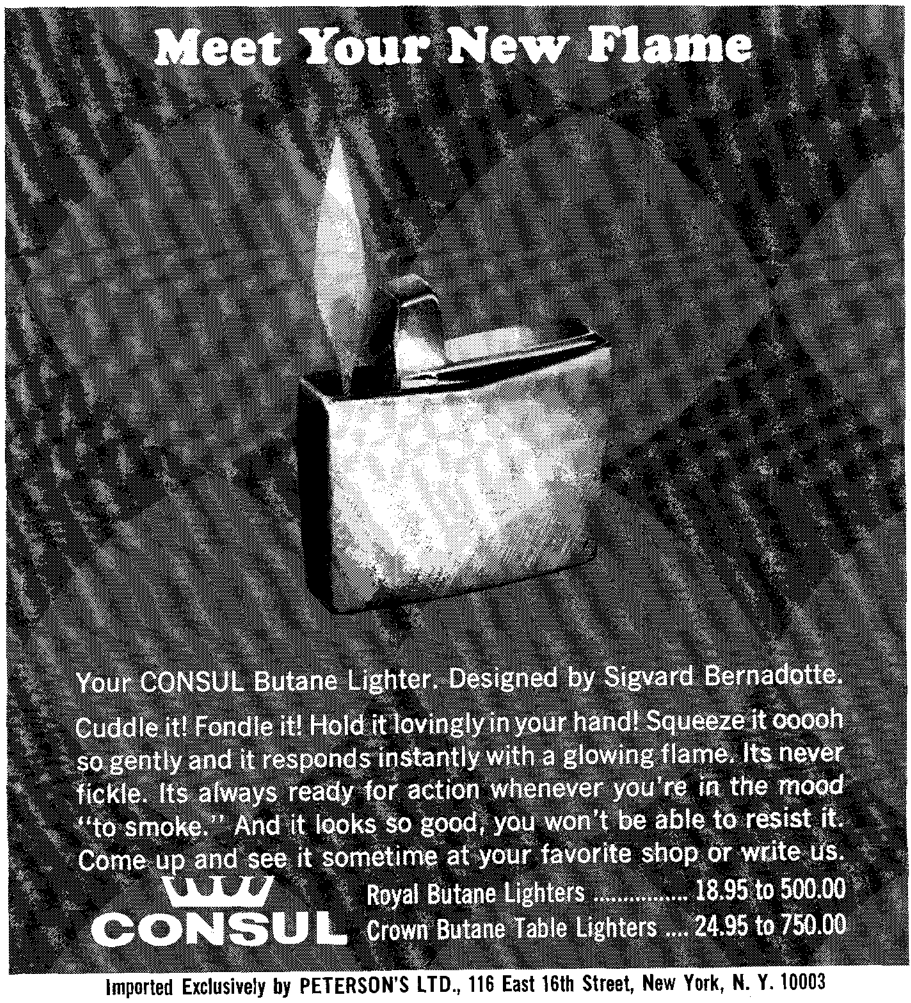

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they are after. If the puppies are chasing a rabbit, she doesn't move. If they have smelled a fox, she gets up and joins them. She will not go after deer. Deer are a nuisance to foxhunters, and their good dogs are, as they put it, deer-broke. For a hunt, several packs are brought together, since one object of the sport is to see who has the best dogs. Experienced hounds know how to "cold-trail," and they are turned loose first, while the younger hounds stay in the backs of the pickup trucks. Three or four cold-trailing dogs move around for a while, and soon, as the trail becomes hot, their voices change. What began as a long, drawling bay becomes shorter and shorter as the scent grows stronger, until the sound of the hounds becomes what the hunters call a chop. The chop intensifies, and when it reaches a certain pitch and tempo the hunters know that the hounds are about to "jump a fox"—the moment when the chase begins. The younger hounds are released, and off goes the pack through the woods, while the men in pickup trucks race up and down the sand roads, frequently stopping to listen, then gunning flat out in the shifting direction of the sound. The idea is to anticipate where the fox and the pack are going, get there first, and catch sight of the fox as he crosses a sand road. The man who scores the most sightings has proved himself to be the most skillful hunter, so there is a great deal of lying about who saw the fox how many times. A good, and lucky, hunter might see the fox three times in a four-hour chase. When the fox is sighted, a point of even greater importance is: Whose dog is first on the fox's trail? There is a great deal of lying about that, too. A strung-out pack can spoil a chase, since concentrated sound is essential to the hunters, and when the dogs "pack up" on a fox the ideal is that they run so close together that a blanket thrown over them would cover them all. The hunters' wives ask their husbands why they go to so much effort just to hear a pack of dogs bark, and the hunters say that it is not barking they hear but music. They say that the sound of a pack of hounds is as musical as the sound of a flight of wild geese. Each dog apparently yells in a different key. The hunters also say that they learn more from foxes than foxes learn from them. The fox handles the day. The fox knows the age and experience of the dogs that are chasing him. The fox maintains his lead position in the chase, but if the dogs are slow and inept he himself slows down and keeps things interesting for the hunters. The chase finally ends when the fox is treed. None of the foxhunters of the Pine Barrens would dream of killing such a creature. One of them climbs the tree with a bag and, as gently as possible, puts the fox inside. The fox is then driven to a place in the woods that is safe and distant from the hounds. The bag is opened and he jumps out.

In Atlantic City not long ago, a man bit into a hamburger and found that it was full of buckshot. He was really eating a venisonburger, and the meat had come from the Pine Barrens, where deer poaching has been going on for exactly as many years as there have been fish-and-game laws. One day when I stopped in to see a family I know in Washington Township, the woman of the house excused herself at one point and made a phone call, and she said to the person who answered, "Charlie, do you know where I can get some deer meat now? Is Butch poaching? He's in jail? Is Petrosch poaching? No? Well, you think it over overnight. The meat's O.K., right? No ticks? No worms? O.K., you think it over." This was in August, and she explained to me that from the middle of May until about the first of August deer have ticks under their skins, which heavily spot the meat. "And you can get fevers," she said. "I know. I've had them." The kind of order she was placing was for small-scale poaching, for home consumption, and it was a negotiation between one piney and another. "I don't call it poaching when you're putting meat on the table," the woman went on. Most people in the Pine Barrens would agree with her. They know that it is against the law to kill deer out of season—the shooting season is six days long and comes in December—but they seem to feel that the law was made to control sportsmen hunters, and not to deny a native right to the people of the woods. Market hunting, as they call commercial poaching, is something else. The state police told me of one deerjacker who used to kill over three hundred deer a year. Deerjackers are not all pineys. Some are from towns outside the Pine Barrens. One, who was arrested a short time ago, was a city youth from Philadelphia. When a deerjacker goes out poaching, the first thing he does is to stop at one of several gin mills on Route 206, which runs north and south through the western part of the pines. There he meets a contact man. Over beers, the two discuss current prices. Carcasses have been bringing

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about twenty-five dollars in recent years. Then the poacher leaves. It is night, and he moves into the woods in his automobile on the sand roads. He has with him a hand spotlight that plugs into the car's cigarette lighter. A permanent, mounted spotlight would be too much of a signal to police. He also has a 30-30 rifle or a shotgun. He drives, as often as not, to a deer-diversionary strip, where he stops his car and waits. Deer-diversionary strips are swaths in the pines, miles long and only a few yards wide, where crops such as soybeans and lespedeza are planted by the state so that deer will eat there and do less damage to blueberry fields and cranberry bogs, and to farm crops on the periphery of the woods. A bit unintelligently, the state put these diversionary strips beside sand roads, thus establishing some of the world's most convenient poaching grounds. If the strips had been cleared even a few hundred yards from the roads, the annual kill by poachers would be much smaller. Fish-and-game men say that modern poachers, for the most part, will not go after deer if they have to walk. When a poacher has made his kill, or kills, he goes back to the gin mill and has another drink with the contact man. They go outside and exchange the meat for the money. Then the poacher goes back inside, as often as not, and drinks up more of his profit.

Last year, in Toms River, which is just outside the Pine Barrens, Fred Brown went into a short-order restaurant and ordered a hamburger. When it came and he had taken a bite of it, he said to the man behind the counter, "That hamburger wasn't raised on corn."

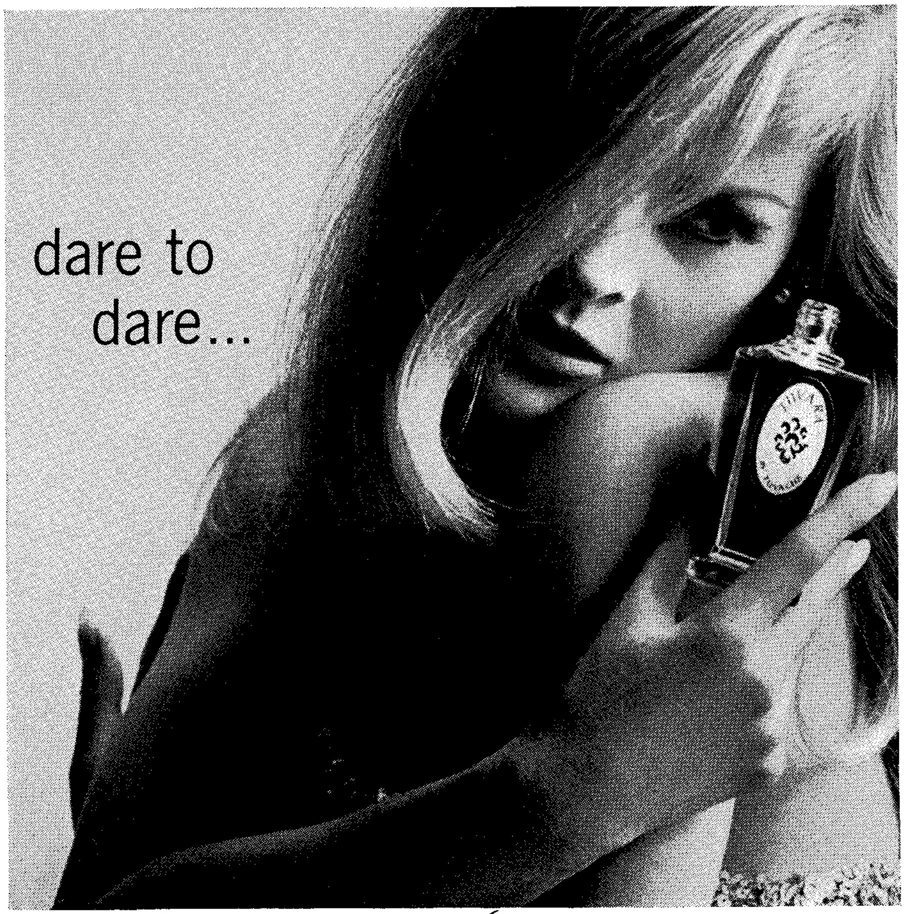
"What *was* it raised on?" the man said.

"Acorns."

"Keep quiet," the man said, and he gave Fred a second deerburger on the house.

"The second one was deer and pork mixed," Fred told me. "And that is good. Hell, yes."

Pineys have a curious regard for the New Jersey state law that forbids hunting with rifles. They generally use shotguns, like the thousands of hunters who come into the pines in hunting season, but they sometimes perform alterations that turn the shotguns at least partway into rifles. Fred once took a ball bearing from a pump engine, "crimped" it into a brass shotgun shell, and killed a deer. Some men string buckshot together with wire, after drilling holes in the shot, so that the connected pellets will carry farther



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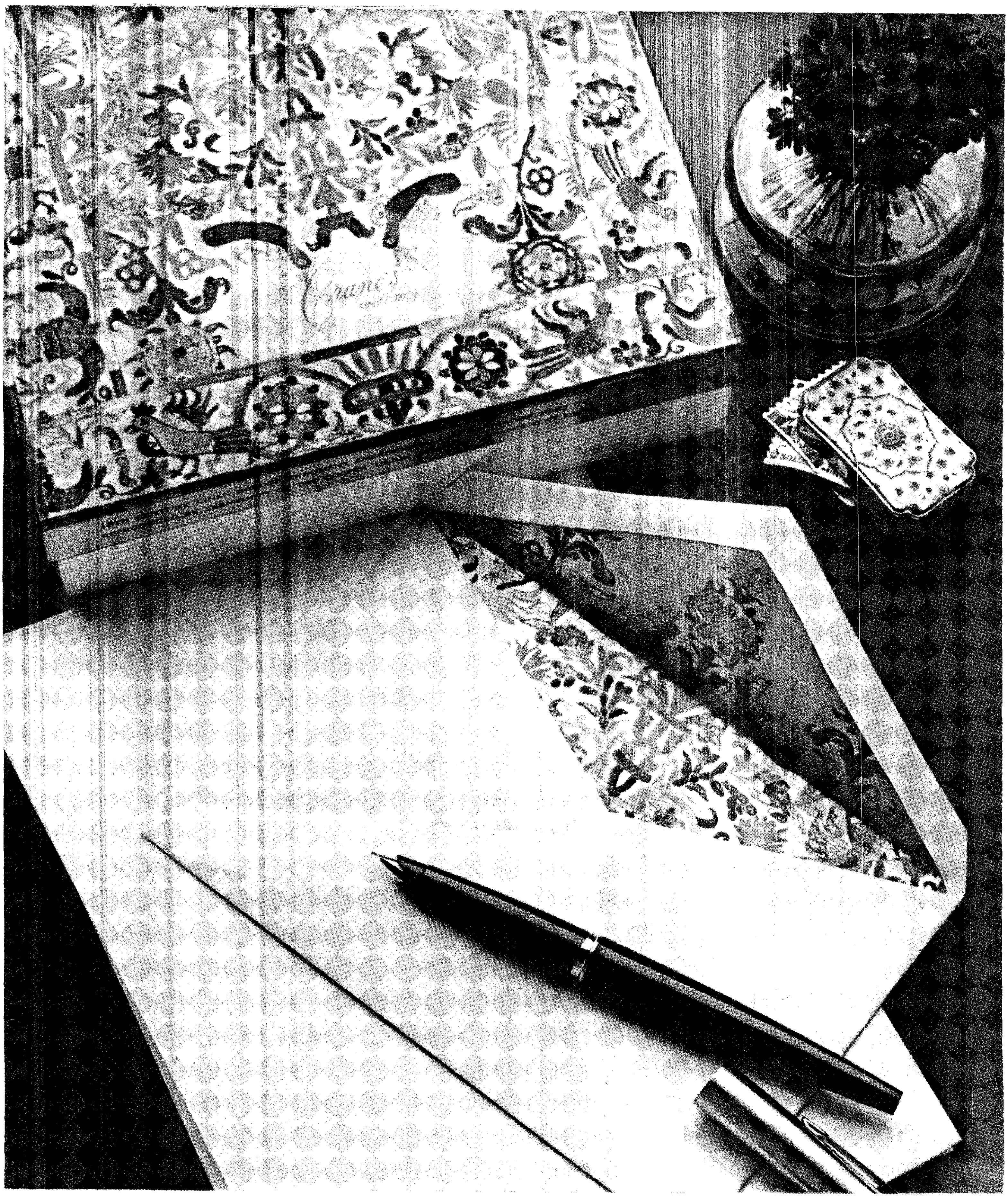

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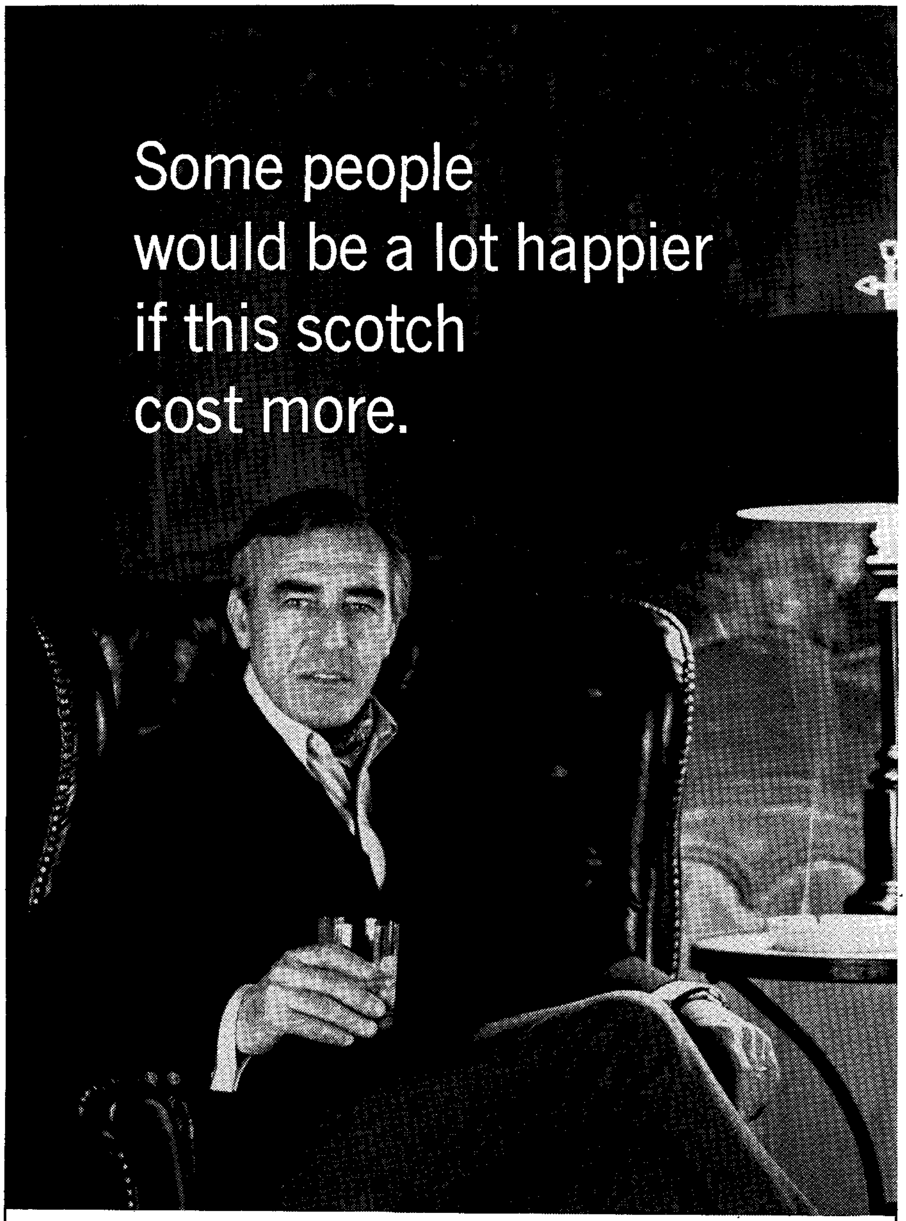
and stay close together, like the flying chains of cannon days. All over the woods, gun clubs have cabins, full of cots, for men who spend one week in the pines each year. The legitimate deer kill is large there. More deer are harvested in Washington Township than in any other township in New Jersey, and New Jersey as a whole is among the best deer-hunting states in the country. There are more deer per square mile in the woods of New Jersey than there are in the woods of Maine. An American Indian from Kingston, New Jersey, goes into the pines every fall and hunts deer the way his forebears did. He waits in a tree until a deer passes beneath, then he drops on it with a knife in his hand and slits its throat. Few among the autumn throng are in that kind of shape. They walk for miles and miles, eat too much, drink too much, and frequently suffer heart attacks. The state police used to keep a jeep on patrol just to remove heart-attack patients from the woods. "They eat so heavy it's just too much for their body," one trooper told me. "They want to be woodsmen one week of the year." For every man who has a heart attack, fifty get lost. The forest perspectives are so deceptive that even the natives get lost, but they at least know what to do. Charlie Leek told me, "If I'm lost, I sit right down. A piney gets lost, he'll sit down. You take your native who lives around here, he'll sit, and he'll think. On the south side of the tree you find the longest branches. Most all your streams here runs north and south. On a clear day, you've got your sun. The worst I've ever been lost was over near Atsion. They got a fern bush over there high as your head. Everything looks the same. I been lost in the Plains, too. Deer play games with hunters there. The Plains are not like the big woods, where it's more open between the trees. Deer walk right by you in the Plains, ten feet way. In the Plains, they can hide from you, don't you think that they can't."

The director of New Jersey's Fish and Game Division, Lester MacNamara, was born and grew up in the San Joaquin Valley of California. He went to the University of California, and after that, in 1929, to the Game Conservation Institute in Clinton, New Jersey, a school that no longer exists. He is a big, soft-spoken man with a splendidly weatherworn face. Before reaching his present position, he wandered the state for years as chief of the Bureau of Wildlife. "When I left California, I thought I was coming to



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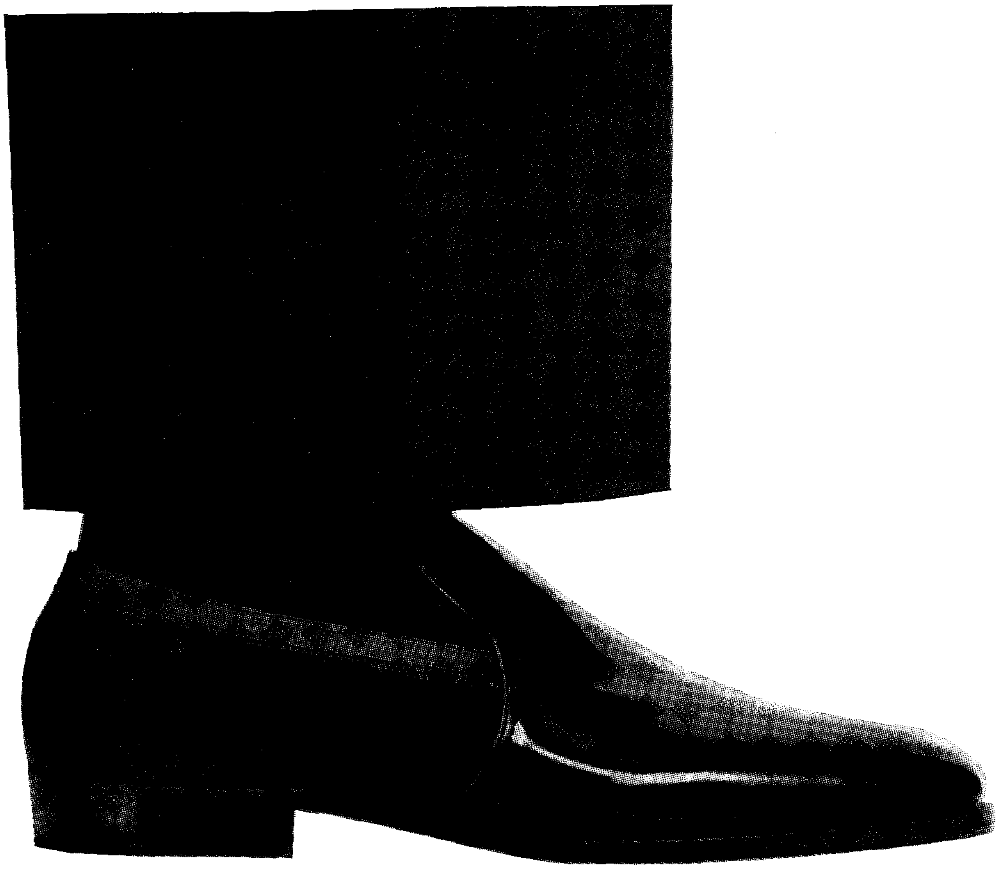
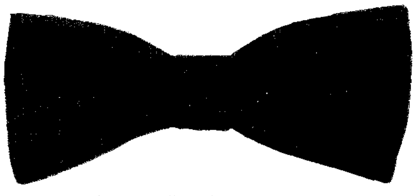
a place that would be just one line of houses," he once told me. "I found it entirely different. New Jersey has always been very interesting to me, not only from the point of view of wildlife but of its wilderness, too. I went back to California in 1950. Places I used to hunt when I was a kid, you couldn't hunt. I hurried back here. The Fish and Game Division has purchased a lot of land down in the Pine Barrens. I hate to think of losing the pines to industry."

IN every decade for more than a century, there have been men of vision who could see, and somehow could make others see, urban skylines in the pines—with beautiful, pine-scented subdivisions set close to throbbing factories. Roughly five hundred major real-estate promotions based on these intracranial panoramas have been set in motion since 1850, and the selling points have always been irresistible. After all, industry once prospered in the pines. It could prosper again. No matter what a buyer pays per acre, the land values seem certain to rise, and the purchase of land is an excellent speculative investment. The long succession of instant paradises has made the Pine Barrens the scene of what is perhaps the country's only permanent nonexistent land boom. In the eighteen-sixties, the name of Atsion was changed to Fruitland and the surrounding woods were divided into small lots. Pamphlets titled "Cheap Lands, Homes for the Homeless, the Wild Lands of New Jersey" were handed out on New York City sidewalks. "The New Jersey wilderness shall be transformed into farms and fields of grain," the pamphlets said. "A large population should take the place of a few scattered families of woodchoppers and coal-burners and their concomitants of ignorance, sin, and wretchedness. Let all this forest be made flagrant with fruit blossoms!" In a short time, the name of Fruitland was changed back to Atsion, and the woods remained unflagrant. A New York doctor once started a clinic on Apple Pie Hill. He bottled and sold water from a spring, and he divided the slopes into five-acre lots and sold them, too. Almost nothing was built, and the only structure there now is the fire tower. A mile or so west of Apple Pie Hill was Paisley, the Magic City. Paisley was an instant Athens, where, according to advertisements that ran in the New York *World* in 1889, "Your neighbors are great artists, authors, composers, medical men, lawyers." Wavering buyers were warned against delay: "Grasp this



Certainly you could wear your old black shoes instead of After Six Formal Shoes.

(Might as well wear your red tie with the butterflies on it too.)



You can imagine our pique when we learned that some gentlemen find it reasonable to wear plain old black shoes with our formal wear. This is, of course, enough to raise arched eyebrows at any proper function. And send any butler, worth the name, screaming up the nearest wall. Gad!

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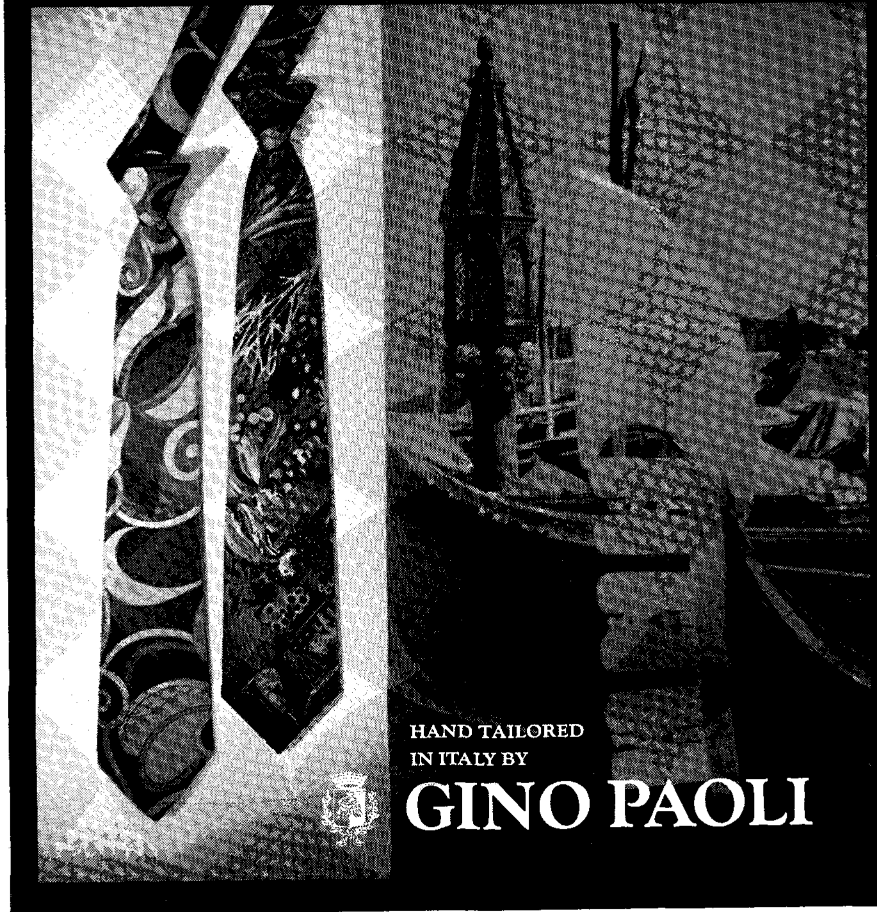

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last opportunity. We will never sell lots in Paisley at these prices again." The Magic City covered fourteen hundred acres and included thirteen thousand lots. The promoters bought the land for three dollars and sixty-seven cents an acre and sold it, usually, for three hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre, although to get things moving they gave lots away. There were Paisley offices in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Chicago. More than three thousand people bought Paisley land, and nearly all of them, in expectation of turnover profits, sat back and waited for the others to build. The nutrient-free soils of Paisley were advertised as "the finest farmland in central New Jersey," and the town itself was described as "a manufacturing center with an academy of music, conservatories, schools, and colleges." At Paisley's peak of development, in 1890, the Magic City consisted of twelve wooden buildings. Nothing is there now but a stucco gun club that was built in recent times. Over the years, more than a million people have bought or otherwise acquired lots in the Pine Barrens on which no houses have ever been built. There were once twenty-two thousand proposed houses on proposed roads in Bass River Township alone. The lots were twenty feet wide and eighty feet deep, or roughly the size of a brownstone lot in Manhattan. Prosperity Park, outside Chatsworth, consisted of eighteen thousand lots, twenty-five by a hundred feet. In the nineteen-twenties, lots were given away as premiums with new subscriptions to a Philadelphia newspaper. In the Depression, deeds to lots in the Pine Barrens were given away as door prizes at movie theatres and to purchasers of encyclopedias. The selling price at the time was five dollars a lot. When prospective buyers actually came to see the land, promoters tied pears and apples to the limbs of pine trees and stationed fishermen in small boats in Pine Barrens lakes with dead pickerel on the ends of their lines and instructions to pull the fish out of the water every ten minutes. The typical development never existed on anything but paper. Some subdivisions were cleared but never built, and the vegetation soon moved back in to cover almost all the evidence. In one lonely place in the woods today is a street sign marked Fifth Avenue.

In many areas of the Pine Barrens, titles are so cloudy—as a result of all the speculation—that about twelve thousand acres of the woods are virtually a no man's land. Modern real-

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estate sharks have further complicated the situation by faking the signatures of "original owners" in order to gain title to pieces of land. It has been said of one such realtor that he is able to disappear into empty woods and emerge moments later with a signed deed. When four thousand four hundred acres of land were offered for sale a few years ago, the state looked into the property and found that the would-be sellers owned only twelve hundred acres. In other places, the land-ownership picture is clearer. There are two hundred and fifty square miles of state forest in the central Pine Barrens, in areas that are not contiguous. The Plains are, for the most part, privately owned, and so are all the woods for several miles around Chatsworth in every direction. More than half the private land is in absentee ownership. Speculators think no less of the pines now than they did in the days of the Magic City. They are just a little quieter about it. They are waiting. The Pine Barrens were bypassed by the farmers of the seventeenth century, but they are unlikely to be bypassed now. The simple facts of all that space and all that subsurface water increase in importance with each new nail that goes into the megalopolis of which the Pine Barrens are the geographical center. Many private owners have more than a thousand acres, and a number of corporations have been organized for the purpose of real-estate speculation in the pines. One man in North Jersey owns five thousand acres near Chatsworth and wants to turn them into an industrial park. There are individual holdings in the same area of four thousand acres, two thousand acres, and fifty-five hundred acres. The Rutherford Stuyvesant estate, known as the Lacey Tract, contains fourteen thousand five hundred acres in the northeastern pines and is owned now by a syndicate. A nine-thousand-acre property nearby is owned by another syndicate. Pineland sells, on the average, for a hundred and fifty dollars an acre. There is a sign on a tree on Carranza's Road that says "2,150 Acres—For Information Call New York City, TRafalgar 3-9111." Some people in the pines say that they wouldn't mind seeing industry come in, since they could use the tax money. Others have refused to sell land even for small roadside refreshment stands, because of the changes such things effect in the nature of the woods.

Of all the schemes that have ever been created for the development of the Pine Barrens, the most exhaustive

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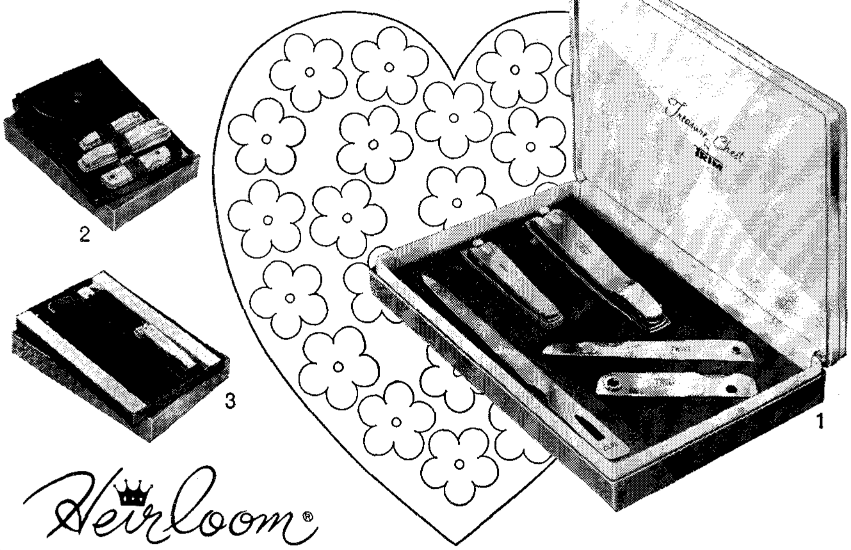

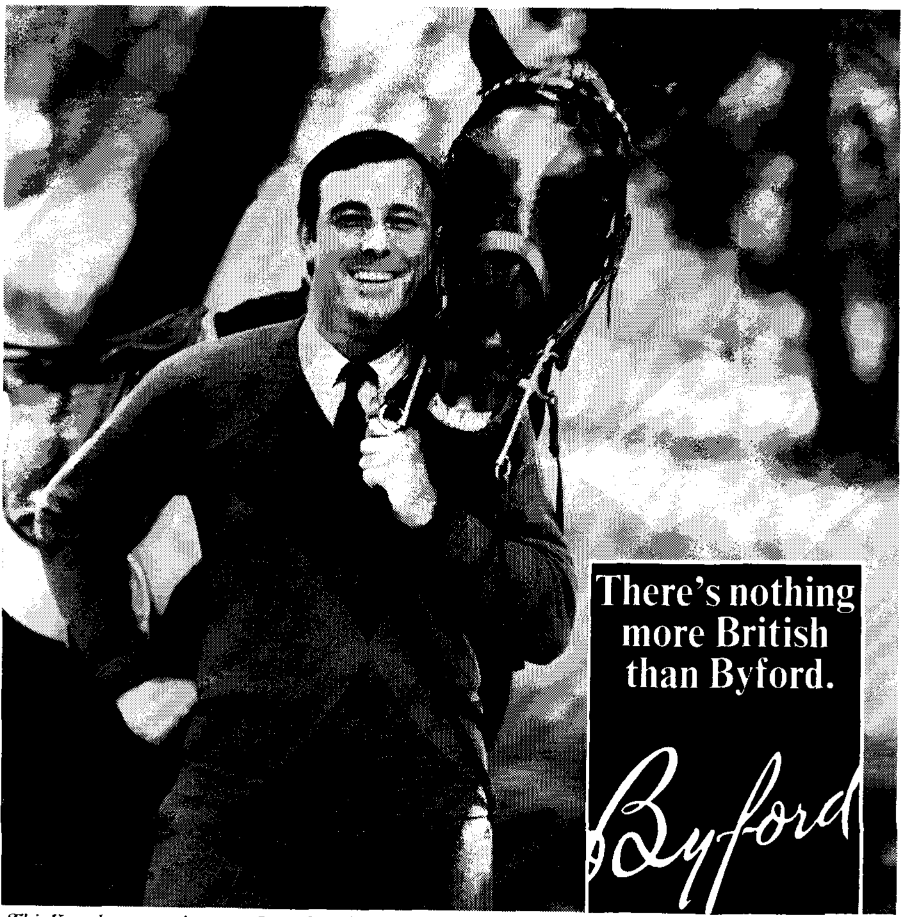
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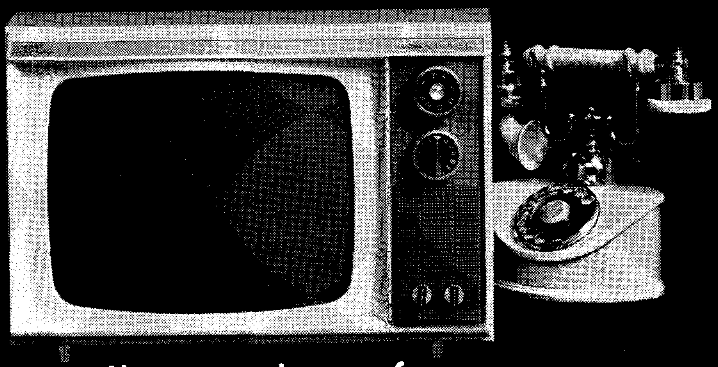

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and expensive one is the proposal for a jetport and a new city. Under this plan, a spur of the Garden State Parkway would take off into the woods from Toms River, soon passing beneath the central business district of a city of two hundred and fifty thousand people. Beyond the city, the road would go through a green belt, then through an industrial park, and then under the runways and past the terminal building of the largest airport on earth—four times as large as Newark Airport, LaGuardia, and Kennedy put together. As a supersonic jetport, it would serve a third of the United States, and supersonic jets would land there ninety minutes after leaving Paris. Shuttle jets would fly passengers to inland airports, and hundred-and-fifty-mile-an-hour trains would take travellers to Philadelphia in twenty minutes and to New York in thirty. All this was worked out by Herbert H. Smith Associates, of Trenton, under contract to the Pinelands Regional Planning Board, a group consisting of representatives of Burlington and Ocean Counties. The study cost a hundred and twenty thousand dollars and was largely paid for by the federal government. It was published in 1964, and since then it has been drawing abuse from conservationists, hunters, campers, and pineys—along with studious disregard from the Port of New York Authority. The Federal Aviation Agency has said that the jetport would interfere with present air-traffic patterns but that if the state wanted to build it F.A.A. approval could be secured. The New Jersey legislature has displayed some interest in the project, and the governor has appointed a committee of businessmen to study the feasibility of a jetport in the pines.

Forked River Mountain, in the Lacey Tract, is in the center of the proposed city. With Herbert Smith, the planner, I went up there one morning to have a look at the site. It was a clear summer day, with big clouds in the sky and a cool wind blowing. The view from the top of the hill was spacious, and unbroken pineland reached away for miles, streaked with dark lines of cedars. "I hope I don't start to cry," Smith said. "This is a planner's dream. From this elevation, we could move right out onto the central-business-district platform—two hundred and forty acres of stores and plazas and high buildings in the middle of the city, for pedestrians only. The parkway goes under the platform, and there is parking space down there for twenty thousand cars. Battery-operated taxis and

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Same Mud, Same Blood. The Negro soldier in Vietnam. Friday, Dec. 1 (10-11 pm)

Discovery. When the Circus Comes to Town; Spanish California; San Francisco; Hawaii—The Land; Hawaii and the Peace Corps. Sunday, Dec. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 (11:30-12 Noon)

America and Americans. Henry Fonda narrates documentary based on John Steinbeck's book. Sunday, Dec. 3 (10-11 pm)

Saint Joan. Hallmark Hall of Fame: Genevieve Bujold, Raymond Massey, Roddy McDowall, Maurice Evans, Theodore Bikel, James Daly, Leo Genn in Shaw's play. Monday, Dec. 4 (9-11 pm)

Aladdin. New production by Prince Street Players, Ltd. Wednesday, Dec. 6 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Dear Friends. CBS Playhouse: Reginald Rose's drama with Patricia Barry, James Daly, Rosemary Harris, Anne Jackson, Hope Lange, Pernell Roberts, Eli Wallach, David Wayne. Wednesday, Dec. 6 (9-11 pm)

The Forgotten Peninsula. American Profile: Naturalist Joseph Wood Krutch explores Mexico's Baja California. Friday, Dec. 8 (10-11 pm)

Radio City Music Hall at Christmas Time. The Music Hall's annual show. Sunday, Dec. 10 (9-10 pm)

Winged World. National Geographic Society studies birds and their history. Monday, Dec. 11 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Mr. Dickens of London. Sir Michael Redgrave and Juliet Mills in dramatic re-creations of Dickens' life and works. Tuesday, Dec. 12 (7:30-8:30 pm)

Bell Telephone Hour. Zubin Mehta conducts "Aida"; Pablo Casals with Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, Jaime Laredo. Friday, Dec. 15, Dec. 29 (10-11 pm)

Among the Paths to Eden. Martin Balsam and Maureen Stapleton in Truman Capote's story of a lonely widower and spinster. Sunday, Dec. 17 (8-9 pm)

At the Drop of Another Hat. Michael Flanders and Donald Swann in the Broadway satiric revue. Monday, Dec. 18 (10-11 pm)

A Christmas Memory. Dramatization of Truman Capote's story starring Geraldine Page. Tuesday, Dec. 19 (8:30-9:30 pm)

The Diary of a Madman. French actor Roger Coggio stars in a dramatization of Nicolai Gogol's story.
Wednesday, Dec. 20 (10-11 pm)

Christ Is Born. The Nativity story. Sunday, Dec. 24 (7-8 pm)

The New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein. A toast to Vienna's music. Monday, Dec. 25 (5-6 pm)

Year End News Review. Analysis of 1967's major news stories. Thursday, Dec. 28 (10-11 pm)

Watch also for The Nutcracker; A Charlie Brown Christmas; Dr. Seuss' How The Grinch Stole Christmas; Mr. Magoo's Christmas Carol; Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday through Friday: Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour/Who, What, When, Where, Why, with Harry Reasoner

Thursdays: Good Company

Fridays: NBC News Special/Bell Telephone Hour

Saturdays: Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/G-E College Bowl/Wide World of Sports/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also the increasing number of noteworthy local programs.

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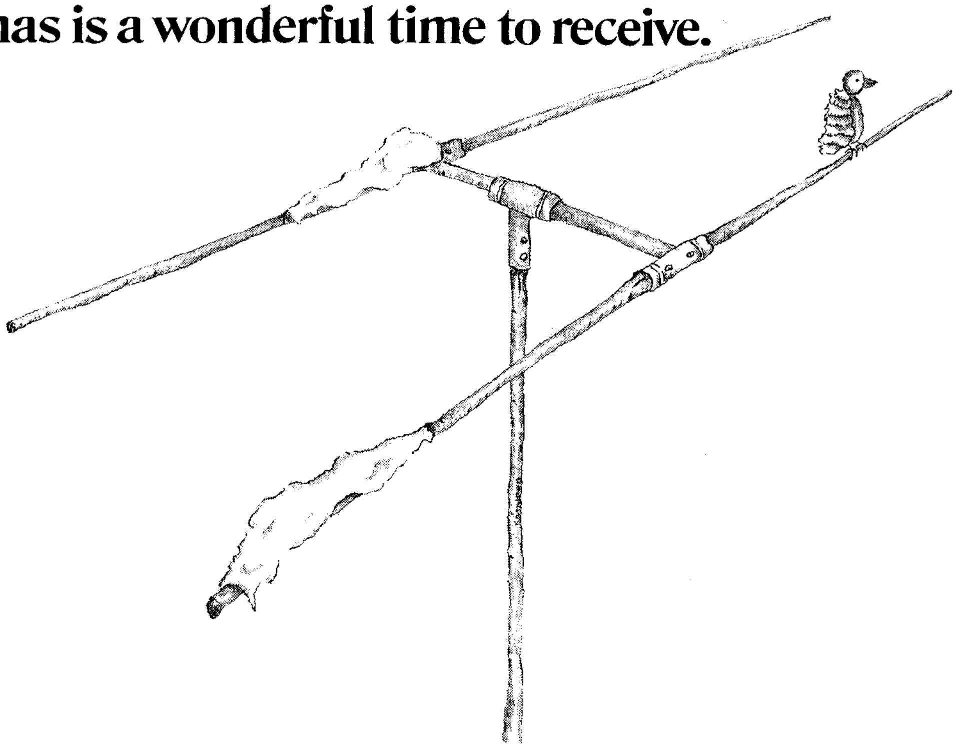
Christmas is a wonderful time to receive.



battery-operated scooters are permitted on the platform. The sidewalks move, too. Even outside the platform, underpasses and bridges make it possible for you to walk from any part of the city to any other part without crossing a street. This area of the pinelands simply begins to jump out at you if you're going to go for urbanization. It's magnificent. It's just magnificent. I can see those goldarn structures now, surrounded with green."

Smith is a trim, likable, red-headed man in his forties. He comes from Mayfield, Kentucky. He was educated at the University of Cincinnati, got an M.A. in planning from Cornell, and worked in the planning office of the State of New Jersey before setting up his own practice. In my car, we drove a short distance to a dry, flat area that had been badly burned not long before. The spiky remains of the trees were grotesque. Smith remarked that we were in the middle of the campus of the city college. As we drove on, along a sand road, he said, "We've come through the city college into the high-density low-income housing area." The car was bumping over a corduroy surface of cedar logs, but I imagined myself cruising along Avenue D on the lower East Side of Manhattan. A burned-up 1949 Chrysler, which had been abandoned in the high-density low-income housing area of the proposed city, was sieved with bullet holes and had ninety-three bullet holes in the driver's door alone. "There are two elementary schools nearby," Smith said, studying a map on his knees. "Now we are in a neighborhood of town houses and garden apartments. . . . Now we are just about to pass over the Garden State Parkway connection. We are between a high-rise area and the city-center core. . . . Now we're in the middle of the lake—twenty feet deep, two miles long. That's the country club over there. . . . Now we're right in the middle of the hoity-toity housing." In the middle of the hoity-toity housing was the only building we had seen in two hours of driving around the city. It was made of purplish-tan bricks and had a corrugated roof, and its name was over the door—Ironside Gun Club.

Smith sees his plan as "a happy marriage between conservation and economic development," since—in concert with the new city, the jetport, and the industrial park—it calls for five hundred square miles of state forest, or twice the amount of state forest that is now set aside in the pines. He believes that no unilateral conservation plan could

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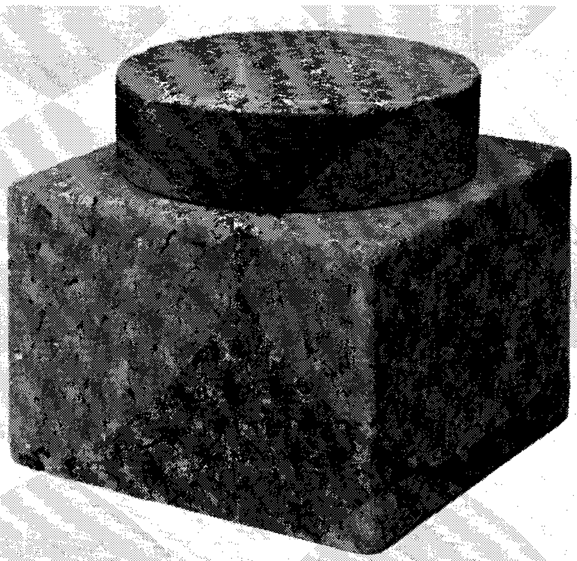

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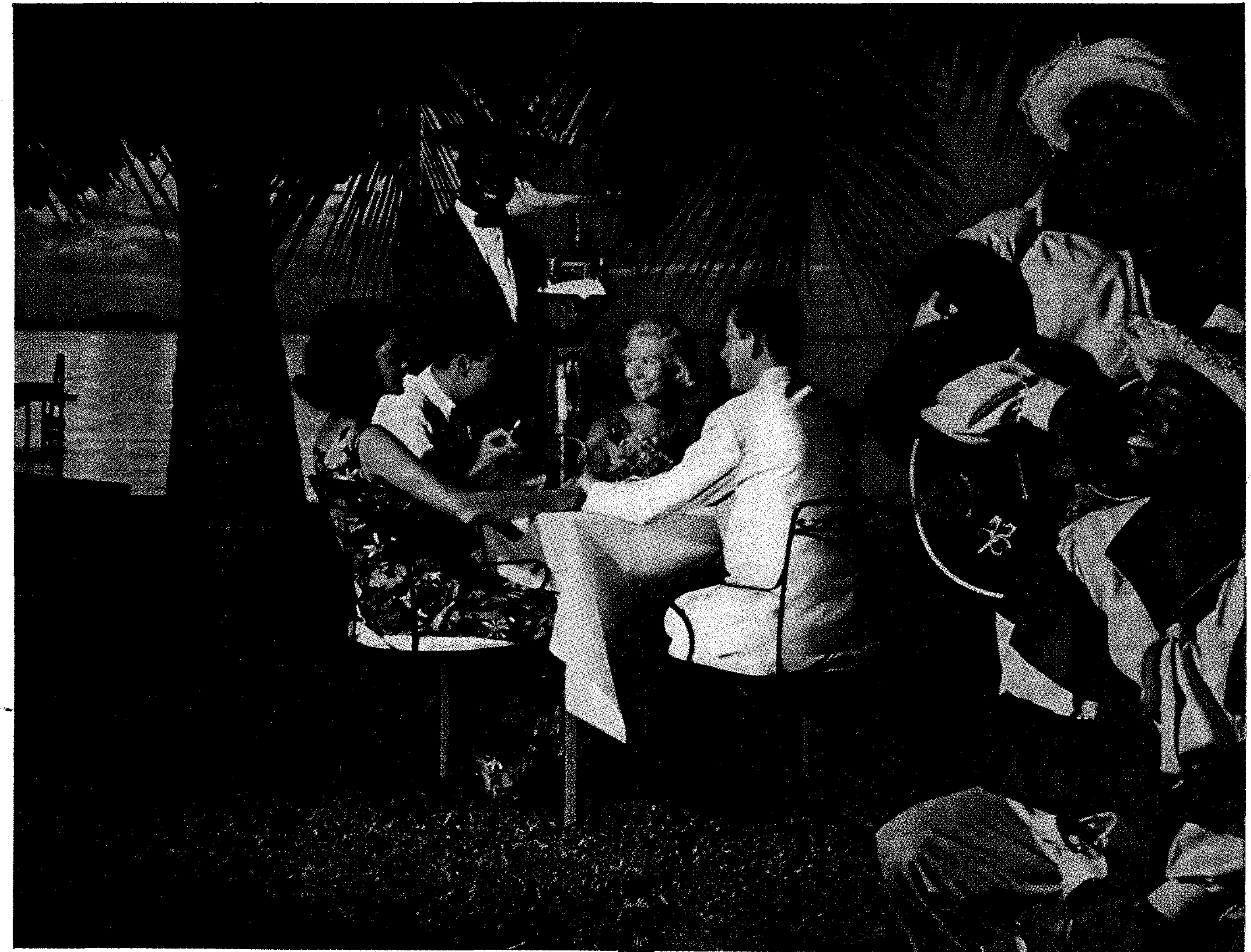

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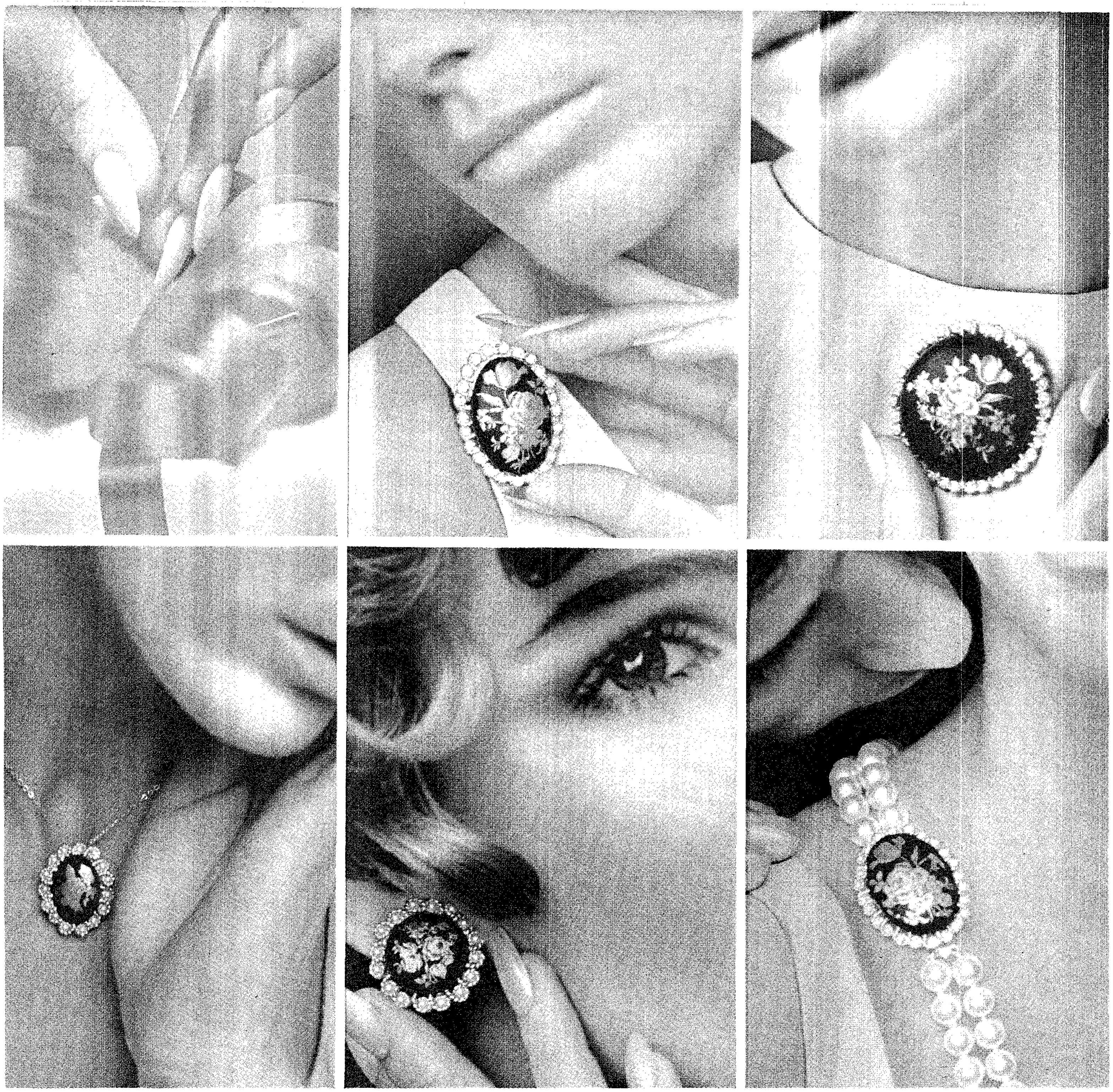

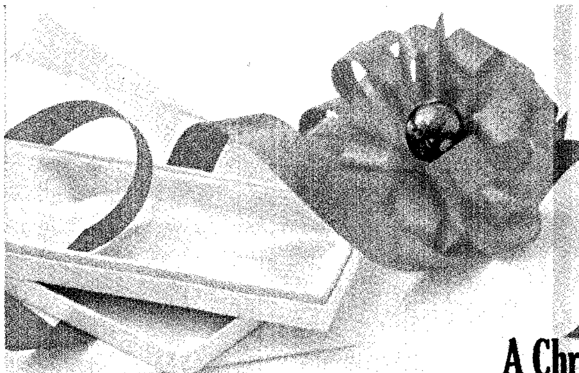

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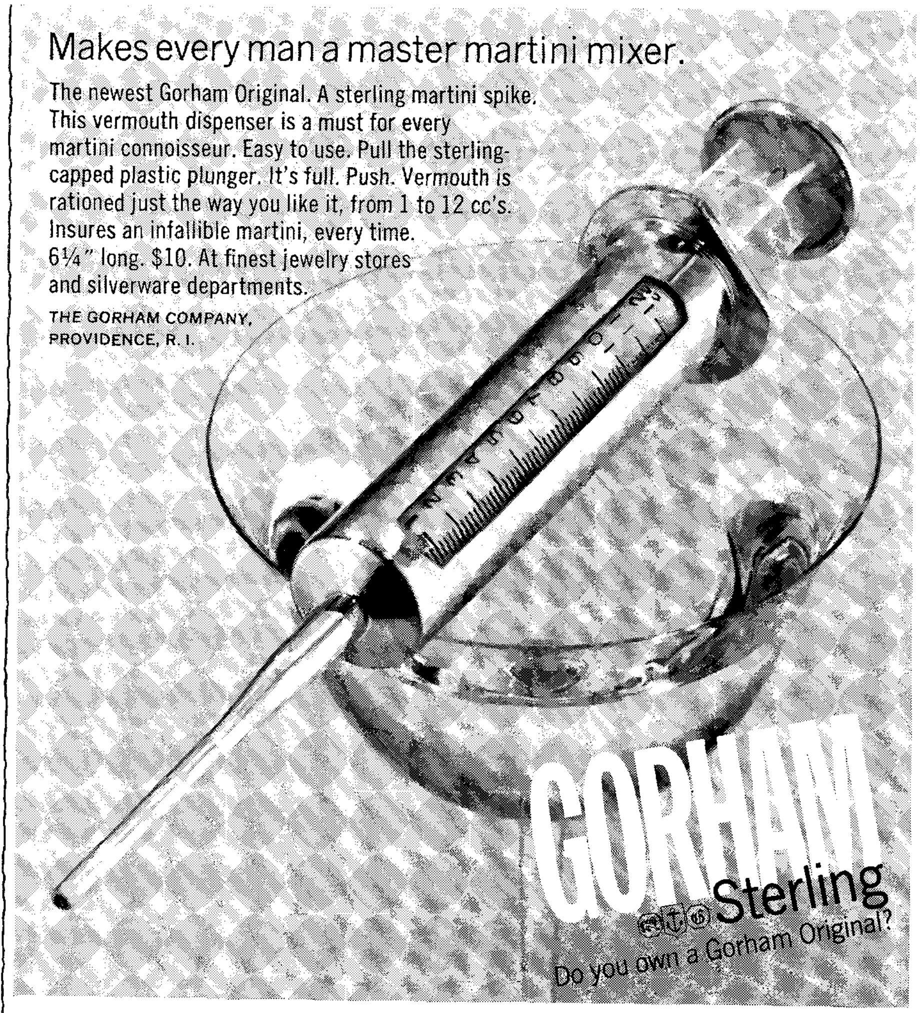
accomplish as much. He suggests also that a possible alternative to the new city would be three new towns with populations of about eighty thousand each. "What we're pleading for is that a pinelands area be defined and then developed according to a single, controlled plan," he said. "It goes against my political philosophy, but sovereign government can do it, and I don't know of another area where both economic and conservation potential can be realized so completely. In this situation right here, we have the epitome of the problem of planning in a democratic society. We can make the plan, but then we run into conflict with all the people who want to profit from the land by exploitation. Private enterprise *could* do a hell of a lot. If, say, Esso and Portland Cement and Johns-Manville saw the potential, a development corporation could be formed and the new city could be developed by free enterprise. Private enterprise needs to prove that it can do this. Or the state could create a Pinelands Development Authority, with the right of eminent domain and the right to sell bonds with state credit pledged behind them. This is the way the Garden State Parkway Authority was set up. To do this, you have to declare a public purpose—in this case, water potential, conservation of an open area, and a new city with a decent way of life for people in a region that has economic potential. Planning has to be statewide for the pines. Otherwise, you have local planning boards coming up with controlled hodgepodge. I will predict that if nothing at all is done in terms of planned development here, within twenty years the area will be so spotted with exploitative development that it will be impossible to assemble the land into something that is sensibly planned. The state has about five years in which to act."

We moved on to see the site of the jetport, which would cover thirty-two thousand five hundred acres and would eliminate virtually all of the Upper and Lower Plains, several ponds, a lake, an entire state forest, and Bear Swamp Hill. The dual runways, forming a great square, would each be two miles wide. The over-all cleared area for each runway—including overrun areas at the ends—would be five miles long. "You get a hell of a lot less fog here than you do at the New York airports," Smith said. "This one would be open fifty per cent more than Newark, Kennedy, and LaGuardia." We were standing on the observation platform of the fire tower on Bear Swamp Hill. The ranger, in the cabin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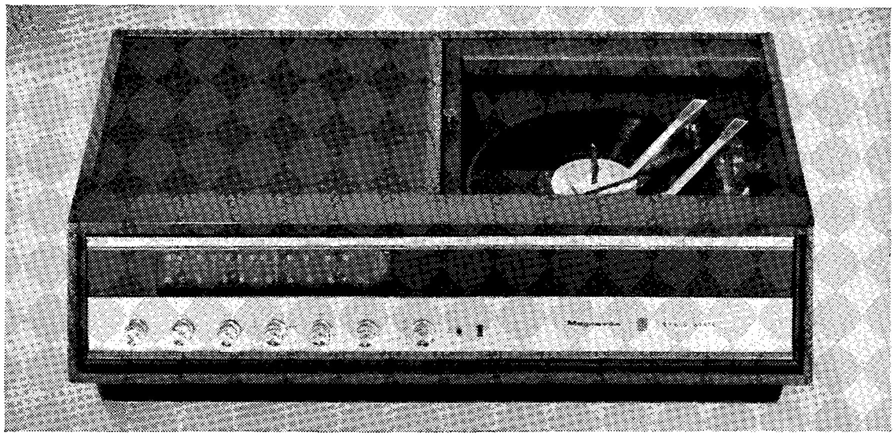
above us, was listening to rock 'n' roll. Looking out over the immense forest, Smith went on to say, "One of our problems is that you can't get people to believe that this area is as big as this. They can't believe that you could come down here and build a fifty-one-square-mile airport and not have a structure problem—not even one building visible from here to the horizon. Bear Swamp Hill is in the terminal-service area, where the planes would come in and unload. I can just see those supersonic transports coming in here now. Gorgeous! And when they take off, you can get them out over the ocean before they break the sound barrier. Here comes Flight 424, which left London one and a half hours ago. Brisbane is five hours away."

Many people would like to see the conservation part of Smith's plan developed wholly on its own. A group called the Pine Barrens Conservationists has advanced a proposal that ninety thousand acres—including all of the Plains—be preserved under the administration of the National Park Service. The area would be called a national reserve, would lie between existing state forests, including the Wharton Forest, and would effectively keep one big segment of the central pines perpetually wild. The New Jersey Audubon Society has a proposal for a national monument that encompasses even more land. In a general way, the National Park Service has offered encouragement to these plans, but some of the Park Service people I talked with seemed to think that the state should preserve the Pine Barrens. They pointed out that the laws are uncompromising under which various federal preserves are established, and that making even a part of the woods a national domain might limit too severely the uses to which the land could be put. State people, for their part, said frankly that no land is safe in the hands of the state. New Jersey's Forest Park Reservation Act is among the most elastic conservation laws ever written. The state can use its forest land for any purpose it chooses. There is no guarantee that state forests will be preserved. In 1951, a small state park was sold outright to Western Union. In 1961, a large piece of a state forest, including a section of the Appalachian Trail, was sold to the New Jersey Power & Light Co. On the other hand, federal law would prohibit the removal of subsurface water from a Pine Barrens national monument, no matter how badly it was needed. Controlled



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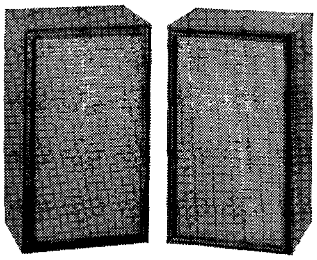

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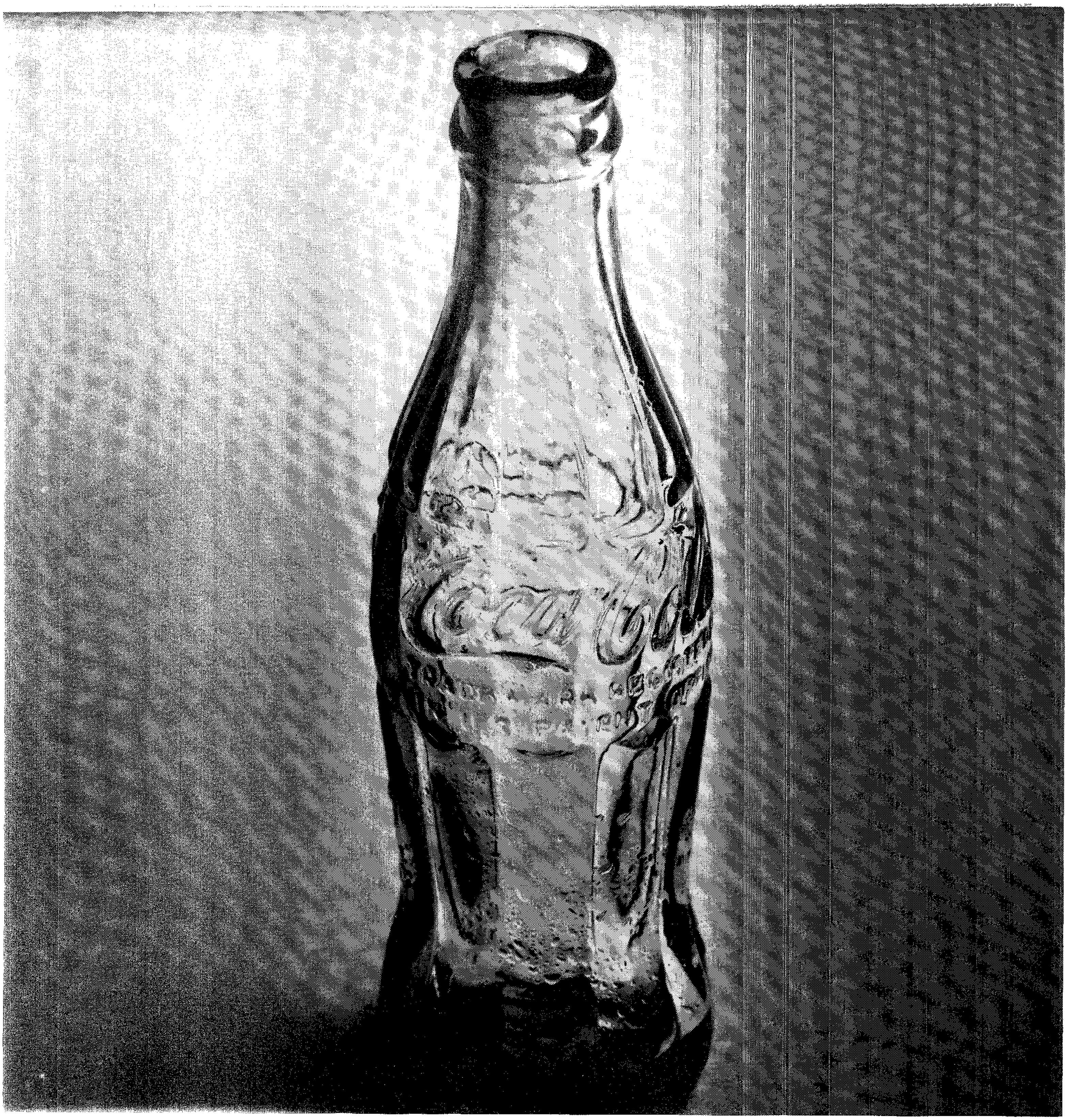

The pause that enriches

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burning would be forbidden, and so would hunting, although ecologists who have studied the Pine Barrens feel that the deer count has to be kept down or the balance of nature will be seriously upset. In a Pine Barrens national park, these limitations would be identical. Calling the area a national reserve might solve the problem. Another alternative might be a national recreation area, but when this is mentioned National Park Service people say that new lakes would have to be made, big enough for powerboats; cabins, tent-platform cities, and even airfields would have to be built. "You can't make a national recreation area just for a few people who have canoes," one man told me. "People who go to a national recreation area want to play in the water and drink beer and eat hot dogs and that sort of deal. Orchids? Eagles? If they happen to be there, O.K.—but they have to be there along with the other things. The Pine Barrens probably should be state-managed."

Given the futilities of that debate, given the sort of attention that is ordinarily paid to plans put forward by conservationists, and given the great numbers and the crossed purposes of all the big and little powers that would have to work together to accomplish *anything* on a major scale in the pines, it would appear that the Pine Barrens are not very likely to be the subject of dramatic decrees or acts of legislation. They seem to be headed slowly toward extinction. In retrospect, people may one day look back upon the final stages of the development of the great unbroken Eastern city and be able to say at what moment all remaining undeveloped land should have been considered no longer a potential asset to individuals but an asset of the society at large—perhaps a social necessity. Meanwhile, up goes a sign—"Whispering Pines, Two and Three Bedrooms, $11,900"—and down go seventy-five acres of trees. Up goes another sign: "Industry!! Jackson Township Has an Abundance of Water!," and another: "Dreamwood Acres, from $13,900," and another: "Deer Hollow Estates, Five Models," and another: "Sav-Cote, Inc., Manufacturers of Liquid Plastic Coatings," and others: "Buck's Outlet Store," "Pine Tree Inn—Dinners, Snacks, Package Goods," "A. G. Weller, Landscaping, Bulldozing," "Will Build to Suit." At the rate of a few hundred yards or even a mile or so each year, the perimeter of the pines contracts. —JOHN MCPHEE

(This is the second of two articles on the Pine Barrens.)

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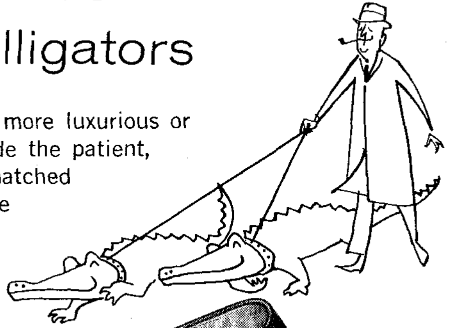

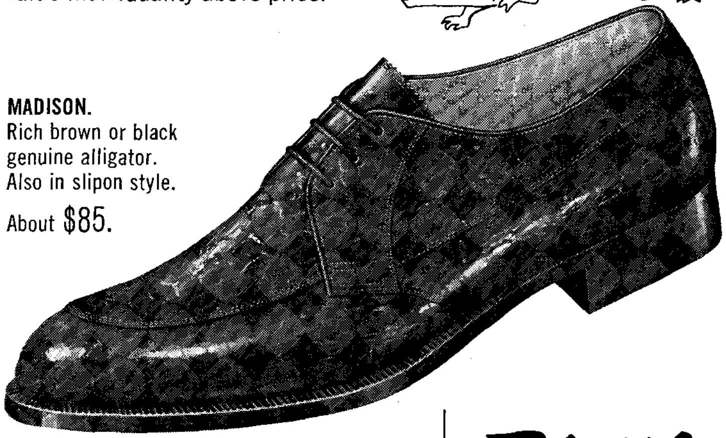

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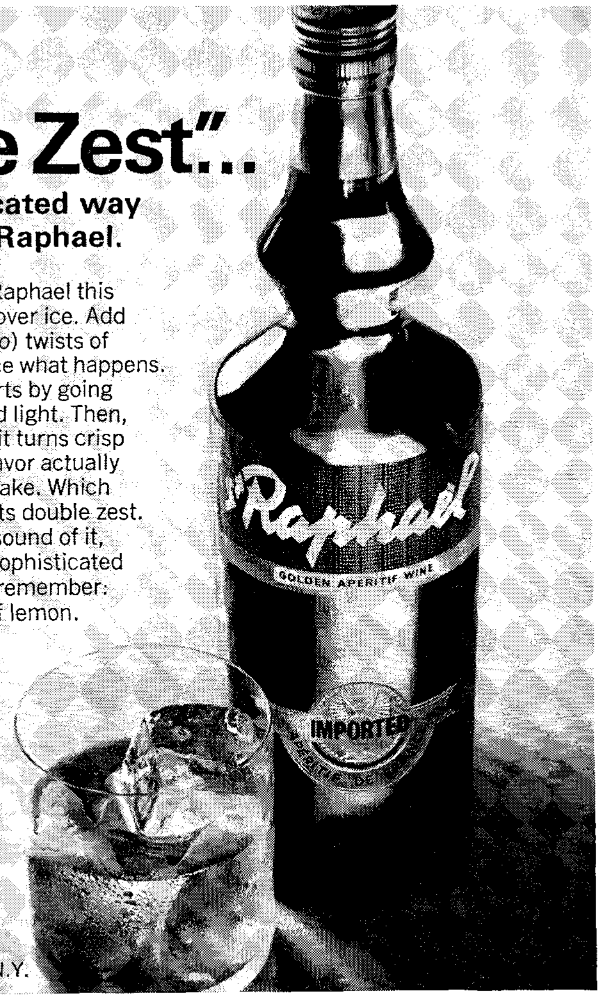

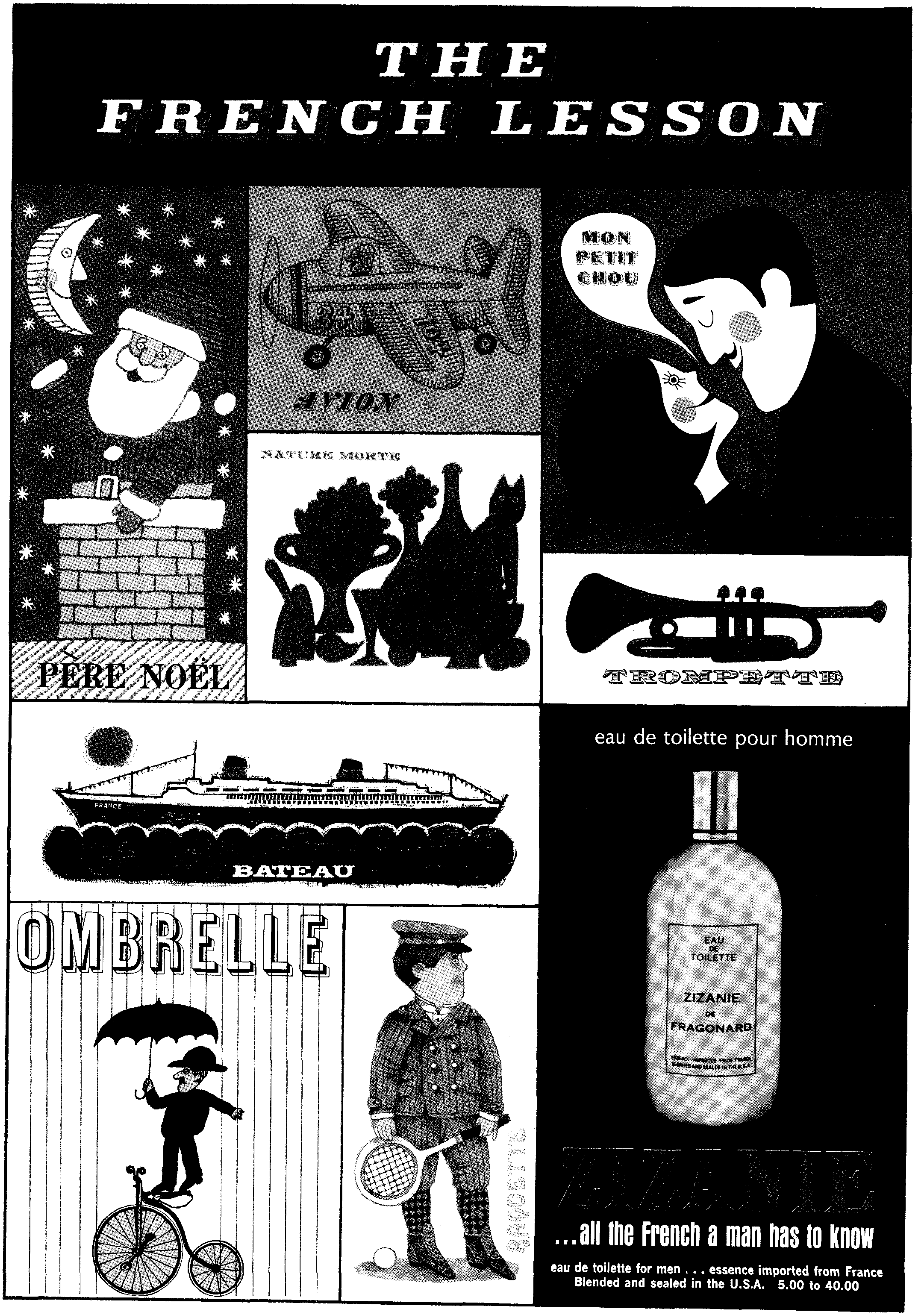
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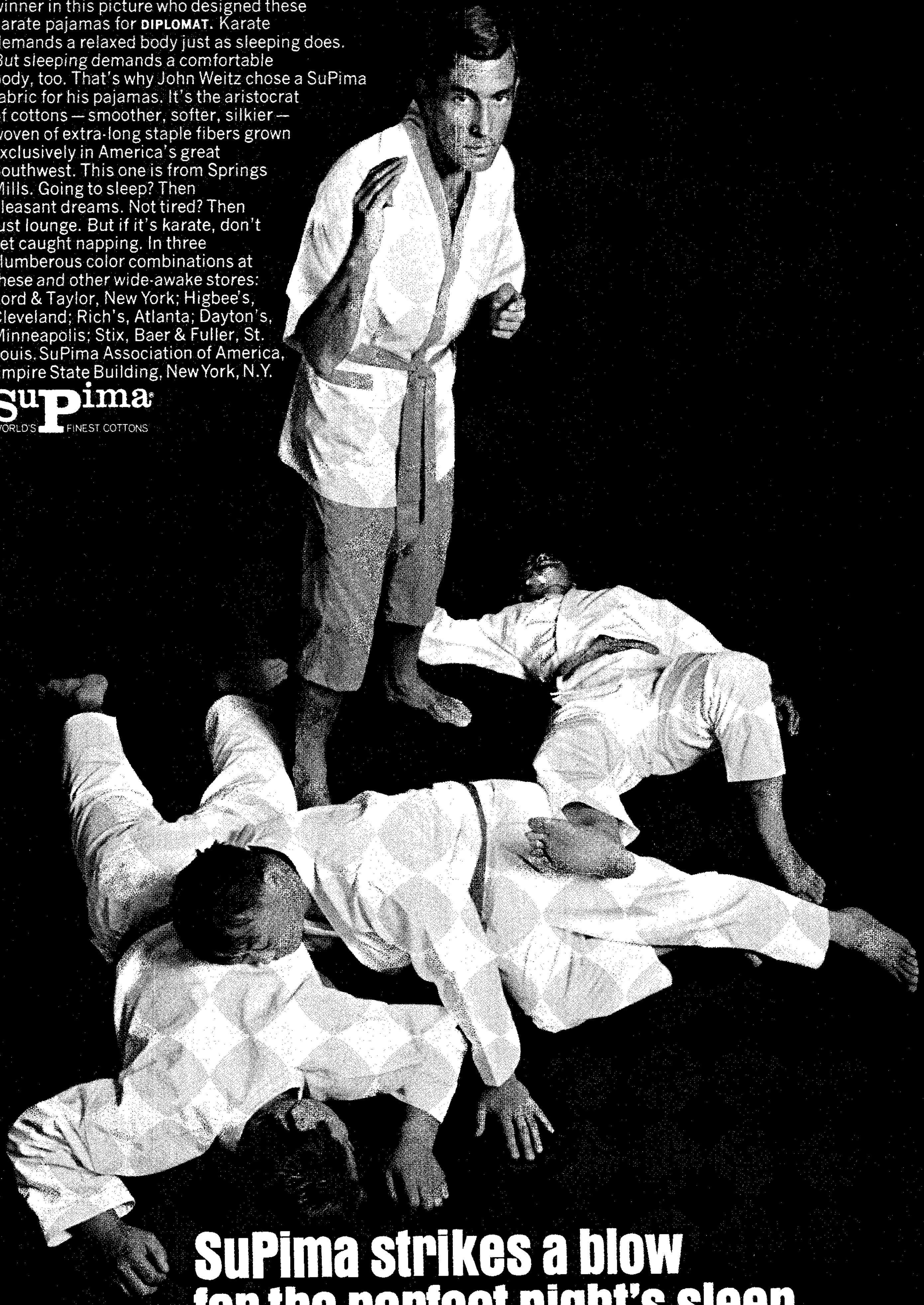

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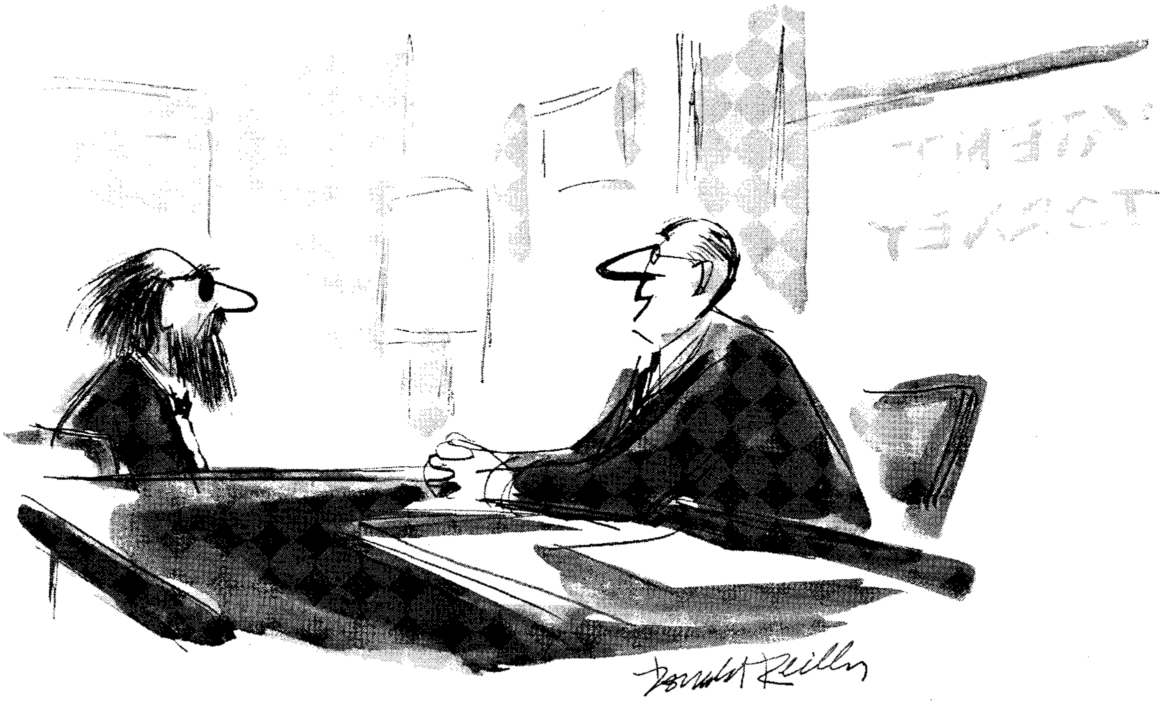
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE Circle in the Square, on Bleecker Street, which presented Euripides' "The Trojan Women" four years ago, last week opened its production of his "Iphigenia in Aulis," again under the direction of Michael Cacoyannis. Its heroine is the oldest daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, a girl who willingly allows herself to be sacrificed for what she believes to be her father's honor and, by extension, the honor of Greece but what we soon realize is his insane and uncontrollable need for prestige and power. Aulis is the seaport where the Greek army, under Agamemnon's command, is impatiently waiting to sail for Troy in order to retrieve Helen. The fleet is becalmed, the men are becoming demoralized, and the oracle has told Agamemnon that the wind will rise only after he has sacrificed his daughter to Artemis. He has written to Clytemnestra asking her to bring the girl for a marriage he has arranged for her with Achilles. Achilles has been told nothing. Clytemnestra is the beautiful, fiery Irene Papas, and when she eventually arrives for the family reunion she is all dutiful wife and radiant mother of the bride. When Agamemnon barks at her "Obey me—do as I say!" she also manages to be funny and charming, without losing an inch of dignity, as she replies, "The world is yours to lose. The home is my kingdom." Once she learns the dreadful truth, all her hatred of Agamemnon and her resentment break through the façade of dutiful matron. The most stirring scenes in the play are those in which she cries out in grief and rage and frustration, and sobbingly pleads with Achilles to rescue her daughter. Miss Papas is as magnetic when she is listening—even with her back turned—as she is when she speaks. The part of Iphigenia is moving and beautiful—so much innocence mixed with so much courage and grace—and Jenny Leigh does very well indeed in it. At first a loving, light-hearted, excited daughter, and then a shattered, terrified girl kneeling before her father to try to change his mind, she is quite touching when she regains her calm and takes control—"It is my death, mine, so I will will it." As Agamemnon, the most complex role in the drama, Mitchell Ryan is proud and regal and soldierly, effective for the moment or two when sanity takes over, and displaying both the vacillation and the weak obstinacy of a politician who has neither the character nor the virtue to resolve an unspeakable situation. What is missing is the agony of the man who loves his daughter and yet feels that he must kill her. Alan Mixon is good as the cuckolded Menelaus, furious with Agamemnon for even hesitating to obey the oracle, and then urging him not to kill the girl. Christopher Walken is clear but not convincing as Achilles, enraged that his name was used to trap Iphigenia and determined to save her at whatever cost to himself. The members of the chorus, although I do not think that Americans take very naturally to choruses of a nonmusical kind, are always clear, too.

I must say now that even though I admired much about the performance as a whole, I felt that the play did not hit me as hard as it should have. It should have been unbearable, and it wasn't. I cannot tell whether the trouble lay in Mr. Cacoyannis's direction or in the individual playing (except, of course, for that of the magnificent Miss Papas). It is certain that the fault is not Euripides'; stronger and more effective antiwar plays than this one and "The Trojan Women" cannot be imagined. (It also might be noted that Euripides succeeds in being totally persuasive without ever breaking the decorum that exists between the stage and the audience—without breaching the footlights, so to speak, with sermons or nudges.) The translation, by Minos Volanakis, sounds quite good, although it lacks the elegance and purity of language of Edith Hamilton's translation of "The Trojan Women." The music, by Marvin David Levy; the set and costumes, by Michael Annals; and the lighting, by Jules Fisher, contribute a great deal to the effectiveness of the production.

"I MUST BE TALKING TO MY FRIENDS," at the Orpheum, is a one-man show in which Micheál Mac Liammóir, who is one of the best actors in Ireland, tells the story of Irish



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literature and, on the side, the history that goes with it by conjuring up the men who were its makers, sometimes by mimicry, sometimes by reciting or acting out selections from their work, and sometimes just by his own witty, eloquent narration, which more often than not strikes exactly the right note between the mocking and the romantic. The most fascinating aspect of the performance is the subtlety with which he slips in and out of impersonations, so that the characters seem to take possession of the storyteller. In the second act, he recalls a conversation he had many years ago with Maud Gonne, still beautiful at eighty-three, and he almost becomes Maud Gonne as she reminisces about the ardent young Yeats ("I was willing to become his *friend*. . . . I never knew anyone so stupid as Willie was. . . . When I thought of love and marriage, I married a soldier"). And then, a few minutes later, Yeats himself takes over, persuading the reluctant John Millington Synge to leave Paris and go to the Aran Islands in order to write comedies for Yeats's new Abbey Theatre. Mr. Mac Liammóir's recitations of several of Yeats's poems, again in character, are flawless. Of all the Friends he summons up, Yeats appears to be the one closest to his heart.

The scheme of the program is chronological, opening in pre-Christian times and running to the present. Not all the selections are literary. In the first act, there is a funny and quite extraordinary impersonation of a salty old woman, whom he may or may not have met in a pub in Galway but who is undoubtedly the stuff of literature, and the act ends with Robert Emmet's farewell speech ("Let no man write my epitaph . . .") before his execution by the English. The high point of the evening is the fireworks scene from "Ulysses," in which Mr. M. becomes, in turn, each of the chattering girls on the beach, the children they are taking care of, poor crippled Gerty, aflame with love and lust as she catches Bloom staring at her, and, finally, just for a few moments, Bloom himself—or, more exactly, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, which amounts to the same thing. The low point is a scene from Sheridan's "A Trip to Scarborough," in which he plays the fluttery, paunchy Lord Foppington, and which is not funny enough or relevant enough to justify all the time it takes. Shaw gets very skimpy treatment, though not as skimpy as Sean O'Casey and Frank O'Connor, who are just mentioned in the moving roll call and salute to mod-

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ern Irish writers at the end. It must also be noted, I think, that the show, for all its irony of tone, paints rather too glowing a picture of a country that many writers of talent must still leave in order to say what they want to say without fear of censorship. These reservations aside, "I Must Be Talking to My Friends" has a literary excitement that is rare in the theatre, and quite a bit of dramatic excitement as well. It runs long—perhaps too long—but not for people who are more than just interested in Irish writing. I am one of them.

MAYO SIMON'S "Walking to Waldheim" and "Happiness," a brace of one-acters, opened a couple of weeks ago at the little Forum Theatre in Lincoln Center. In the first, which can most quickly be described as a blend (and vulgarization) of Thornton Wilder's "The Long Christmas Dinner" and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden," we see a family of Jewish stereotypes in a car en route to a cemetery. One by one, they leave the car and walk to their deaths. (Waldheim is Mr. Simon's private symbol for death, I guess.) The play is soaked in sentimentality and abounds in surefire laughs, a few of which, I must reluctantly confess, made me laugh. Aline MacMahon is very good as the mother of the family. The second play, about a lively, somewhat jumpy old woman who brings a senile, tottery man to life for a few minutes before he collapses, is slightly more interesting, though still very sentimental. As the cranky old codger, Jacob Ben-Ami is nothing short of remarkable; seldom does one lose sight of an actor in a role to such a degree. Mr. Simon, whose first time out this is, shows himself to be what used to be called a notebook writer—a man who relies more on memory than on invention—but he does seem to take to the stage.

—EDITH OLIVER

◆

> Of the five million alcoholics in the U.S. today, at most 150,000 are in the "skid row" classification. Many are unaware of the South America's area.
>
> —*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

Besides, you get attached to one saloon, eh, bartender?

◆

SOCIAL, POLITICAL, AND HORTICULTURAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Baton Rouge Advocate*]

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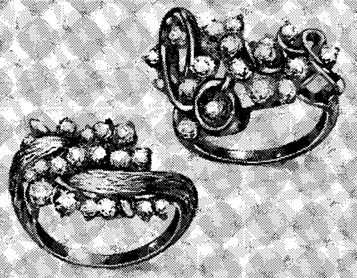

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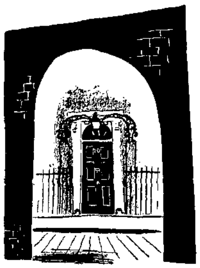
LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 24



THE news that the sacrosanct pound had been devalued, abruptly broadcast to the nation around ten o'clock last Saturday night, seemed to startled listeners to be the bitter moment of truth at last, changing everything in sight—for the better, it is devoutly hoped by all, though by no means universally believed, apparently. Many people who had long been convinced that devaluation must and should come hailed the news with relief, but the psychological shock to the general public was enormous. All that confused citizens trying to peer beyond the seemingly affluent English scene had been able to comprehend was that the economic outlook was steadily darkening. The disquieting October trade figures showing that Britain was deeper in the red than ever were the first real warning. With its fatal (in the view of many) tendency to wash down bad news with something soothing, the Government pointed out that the figures looked worse than they really were, because that period included the damage done to exports by the dock strikes here and the war in the Middle East. Nobody was soothed by the rumors that started floating around of another vast international banking operation that was being mounted to underpin the tottering pound yet again, but this time with such stiff conditions attached that the country would not accept them and the Government could not. Then came the chaos of the black Thursday and blacker Friday, during which Parliament was as uninformed and as restive as the City and ordinary anxious citizens, the Government remained utterly mute, and, in the blank, waiting silence (the decision to devalue having already been taken, it now appears), a further weakening hemorrhage of confidence in sterling was allowed to drain away from London. When the old pound finally died on Saturday, it felt like the death of a person to many. A strong body of opinion in the country, of course, has always argued realistically that Britain's vital need to sell her goods abroad at competitive prices has been hamstrung by the constant struggle to keep the currency firm at all costs. Now that the struggle has been abandoned, the main feeling of these critics seems to be regret that the Government did not bravely devalue earlier, at one of the moments of feverish crisis that have succeeded each other monotonously since it took office—perhaps back in 1964, when, as it constantly claims, it inherited such an economic mess from the outgoing Conservatives. But to the millions of British who know little or nothing of economics yet are increasingly dissatisfied with the Government (as recent surprising by-election swings away from it have sourly shown), and are even fed up, in a neutrally exasperated way, with politics and politicians of any color, last week's events seemed simply a bemusing reverse. Long accustomed to the firm and frequent pronouncements of the Prime Minister and Chancellor Callaghan that devaluation was an unmentionable word and an unthinkable expedient that would bring all kinds of evils in its wake, many people felt, not unnaturally, bewildered as well as emotional when they found that overnight all this had changed.

The Prime Minister's TV address to the nation on Sunday was not as illuminating or as harshly frank as it might have been, some thought. Listeners who had concluded with melancholy that Britain had suffered a humbling major defeat, as had the entire economic policy to which the Wilson Government had nailed its hopes and exhortations for the last three years, received the hazy impression that devaluation, far from being thrust upon the Government by merciless necessity, was its free, courageous, and stimulating choice. Mr. Wilson's Churchillian congratulatory touch of "This is a proud nation"—one that would rather stand alone than be propped up by fresh loans from Zurich—which is true but rather belatedly discovered, perhaps, grated on many citizens who had supposed that the moment was not suitable for compliments. There was also criticism of his assuring those of his worried TV listeners who might be wondering exactly where and how hard all these complicated monetary changes would hit them that the pound in their pockets or purses here in Britain had not, of course, been devalued. In view of the expected rise in living costs—not only of imported goods—this was considered misleading. (The Government has insisted that the rise will not be large, though traders seem far less optimistic.) Some of the subsequent attacks on the Prime Minister in private conversations and in the Tory press have been virulent, with "disingenuous" being one of the milder words used to describe his talent for figure-skating over the language. Even those who love him least, however, do not seem inclined to predict that Mr. Wilson will fail to ride out the crisis and even his present acute unpopularity, if things go more fortunately for him and the country from now on. The Opposition front bench, which strongly backed him in the defense of the pound and is in full angry cry over its abandonment, noticeably turned most of its heat in the Parliamentary battles of the week upon him, rather than on Mr. Callaghan, for whom there is respect and a good deal of liking, as an honest man who, according to persistent political talk, might feel the collapse of his policy sufficiently keenly to choose later, at his own moment, to withdraw. Few observers see this happening yet.

The pandemonium of shouted invitations from the Opposition benches to Mr. Wilson and his Chancellor, when they walked with elaborate unconcern to their places on Monday in the packed, excitedly waiting House of Commons, to "Get out! Get out!" was purely academic. The two days' debate that followed was also mostly sound and fury, signifying nothing particularly fresh, with Mr. Heath and his supporters reduced to repeating the charges that the Government had lost the confidence of the country, and that Britain's prestige had been devalued with her pound. The only thing that seemed new, if not surprising, to cynical political journalists was the way in which the not always loving left, right, and center of the Labour Party acted as though devaluation were a masterstroke of Wilson's, produced at exactly the right moment to solve everything. There had been newspaper speculation as to how some of his backbenchers would view the tough new monetary squeeze and the unpleasant possibility of another freeze of wages that might have to be clamped down—though the Prime Minister stated that this would not be done—to insure that devaluation would pay off. Just recently, some dissident voices from various sections of the Party (not only the usual snipers of the extreme left and right) had blended to attack the Chancellor for firmly endorsing the opinion of the Governor of the Bank of England that a large industrial economy like Britain's could not function properly without a permanent reserve pool of unemployed to draw from—heresy to a party that thought it stood for full employment. The Government's announcement that the coal-mining in-

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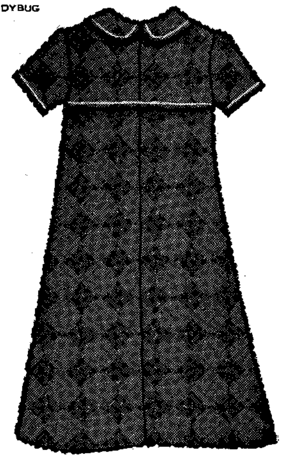

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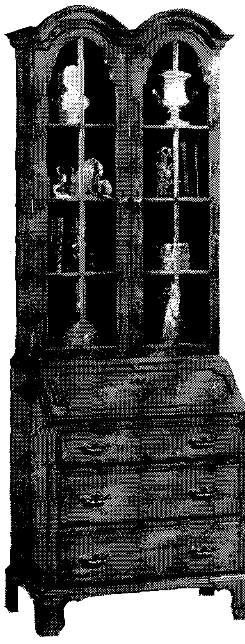
dustry would be ruthlessly cut down to economic size in the next dozen years or so had also been received with real anguish by those backbenchers who represent mining areas, "coal" and "the dole" being words that bite deep and grittily into Labour souls and memories. This week, faced with the Opposition's loud, though not very hopeful, demands for a general election forthwith, and possibly with some chilling reminders of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald's devaluation in 1931 (only historical recollections, certainly, for the many Members who were waving rattles or even not born then) and the long years in the electoral wilderness that followed, the Labour Party in Parliament closed its ranks behind the Prime Minister with a unanimity wonderful to see. How it and its rank and file throughout the country will feel in the coming months, when some of the effects and dilemmas of devaluation are clearer, remains to be seen.

What deeply worries those who believe that it is Britain's last chance, and a good one, to heave herself up out of her difficulties is whether the unions will suddenly be converted to acceptance of the new sacrifices in a brand-new spirit. They have not shown one to date, it is true. Some of the London dockers are still out on strike. The hand of the angry East End housewife who, as just reported, belted Jack Dash, their Communist leader, across the face at a dockside rally should have been weighted with the stinging indignation of the mass of the public who would dearly like to do likewise. The Government is apparently going to rely on persuasion and patriotism, without providing itself again with the extraordinary and unpopular legal powers that it took last year, to meet the situation that will surely arise when prices go up and the wage demands start rolling in. Large numbers of unpolitical citizens wonder whether organized labor, which has had to accept much disappointment and many reversals of sacred old Socialist tenets from Mr. Wilson in order to keep along the road that he was forced to leave last Sunday, will now trust his assurance that the light at the end of the tunnel is really there this time. When he first took office, he had boundless good will from his supporters, and often the reluctant admiration of citizens who had not voted for him—a new kind of Prime Minister, it was thought, who would apply vigorous new solutions to the old intractable problems. Now it seems that this in-



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valuable stock of political faith is diminished at a moment when he must need it all to bring about the results he outlined with enthusiasm the other night. In all the discussions and explanations, jubilant or recriminatory, that have been resounding here since Sunday, the great question by which the British will judge what has happened to them is one that will not be answered for a long and certainly a hard time: Is it going to work?

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

●

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the army cannot eat
for its hardware
but is fed by slaves). Pell-mell
it runs at sextuple
time, not a lizard's hair
off course to left or right

but straight on, with a math-
'matic rigor
that is almost mineral
and makes human skin crawl
in a chill empathy. For
no one ant knows the path:

the horde is leaderless;
the foremost ants
are lost, and hesitate,
but then are caught up straight-
way in the blind advance
of those still in the press

and drawn along with them—
who in their turn
halt and are overrun. . . .
But leave to Solomon
how all step to one stern,
if infinitesimal, drum

though deaf to its bruit;
lemmings and men
too, with their drums whose jar
the troops don't *hear* but *are*,
pulsing en masse again. . . .
I cannot fathom it.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

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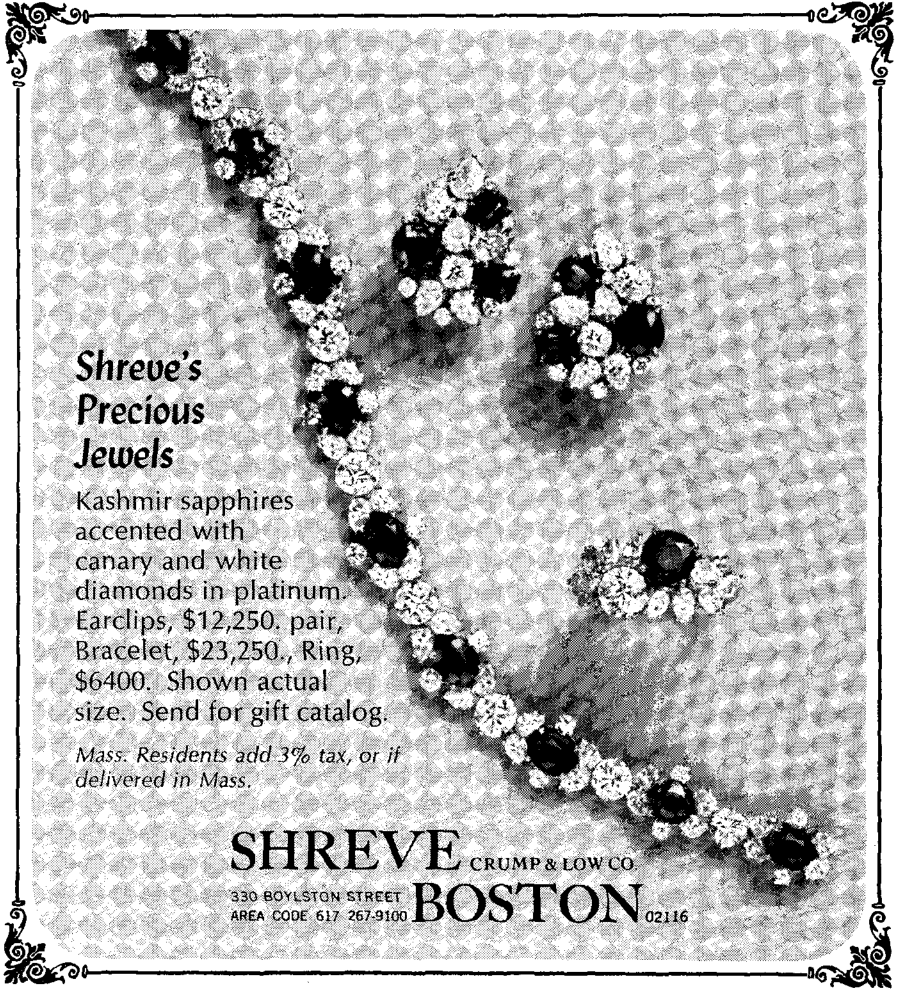

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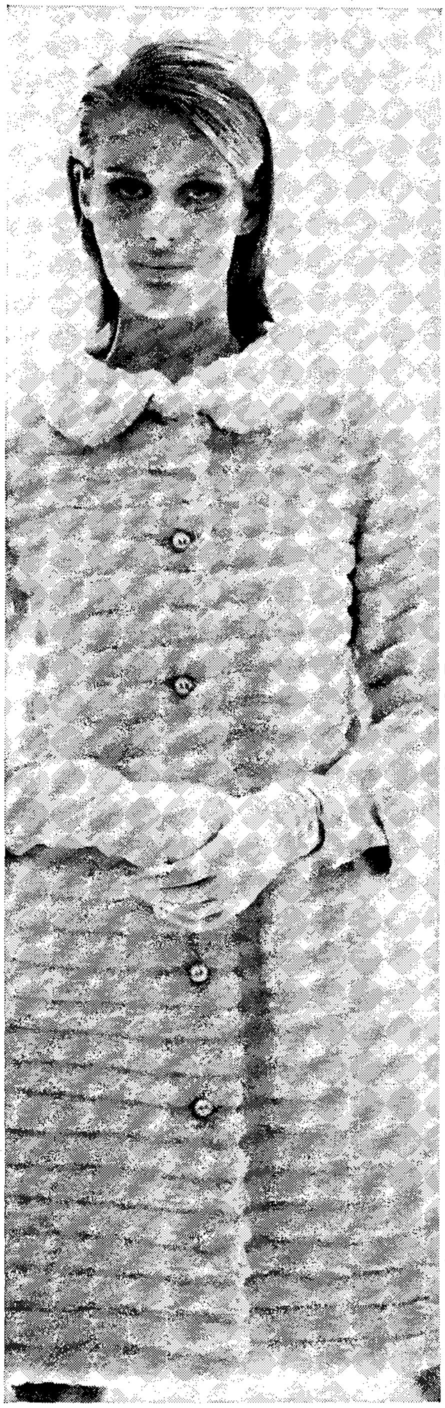

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Unfunny Pranks

HOW little we know in this world! Last week, I would have said I was scraping the bottom of the barrel when I paid a brief call on "The Fearless Vampire Killers," but I have since paid an even briefer call on an even worse movie. My mistake lay in scraping so hard that I went straight through the bottom of the barrel, and in the midden beneath it I encountered a bizarre Czechoslovakian import entitled "Lemonade Joe." On my honor: "Lemonade Joe." The movie is intended to lampoon the conventional Western—at a guess, it is the tenth lampoon of a conventional Western to reach New York in recent years—and if its hero bears his unlovely nickname without flinching it is either because "lemonade" is a surefire yock in Czech, and therefore worth suffering through, or because in Czechoslovakia flinching is a privilege restricted to audiences. Be that as it may, Lemonade Joe is a blond type who wears a skintight white cowboy outfit à la Roy Rogers, or possibly à la Tom Mix. (It is hard to be sure which generation of Westerns the makers of this movie believe themselves to be poking fun at.) Joe rides an appaloosa that has evidently modelled its good manners on those of Tony, Trigger, Silver, and other Hollywood aristocrats, and from time to time he—Joe, not the appaloosa—bursts into harrowing song, but he is no ordinary movie cowboy, content to lasso critters and get the drop on silk-waistcoated cardsharps; on the contrary, he is the go-getting salesman of a beverage called Kola-Loca, which has the repellent distinction of being nonalcoholic. Flying in the face of St. Paul, Lemonade Joe preaches the hard gospel of total abstinence (perhaps because he has to; on one occasion, tricked into imbibing whiskey, he topples over in a dead faint), and it may be that his puritan rigor will prompt the W.C.T.U. and similar organizations to show the movie again and again at their smokers, but I can't imagine who else would care to see it. Making fun of the past on the assumption that it was more naïve than the present is always a mug's game, and Oldrich Lipsky, who directed "Lemonade Joe" and, with Jerl Brdeca, wrote its screenplay, has gone down to defeat without scoring a single point.

SOMEBODY must have thought that "Tender Scoundrel," directed by Jean Becker from a screenplay by Mr. Becker and Albert Simonin, was an ideal vehicle for Jean-Paul Belmondo, but Mr. Belmondo is hereby earnestly advised to wait for better vehicles, or, failing their arrival, to start walking. Which is to say, start working; Mr. Belmondo has a certain manner, which consists largely of a certain smile, and it is tiresome to watch him attempting to make charm alone take the place of the series of comic actions that no one concerned with "Tender Scoundrel" has troubled to provide him with. The scoundrel he plays here is already too familiar: a liar and braggart who can get away with anything because women of every class, sort, and amount of wealth are irresistibly tempted to pick him up and run with him to the nearest end zone. A situation that I never find funny in movies is one in which a man is shown being reduced to so much Silly Putty by the insatiable demands of the women who prey on him. I dislike the situation not, I think, for the man's sake but for the women's. As far as I have been able to judge, these unconscionable harpies exist only in the frightened minds of male authors. In "Tender Scoundrel," Mr. Belmondo is preyed upon by, among others, Nadia Tiller, Stefania Sandrelli, and Geneviève Page. It is by no means a terrible fate, though it makes for a terrible movie. Also in the cast are Philippe Noiret and Robert Morley. Actors in want of funny lines to utter have the stricken look of old dogs in a pound. —BRENDAN GILL

•

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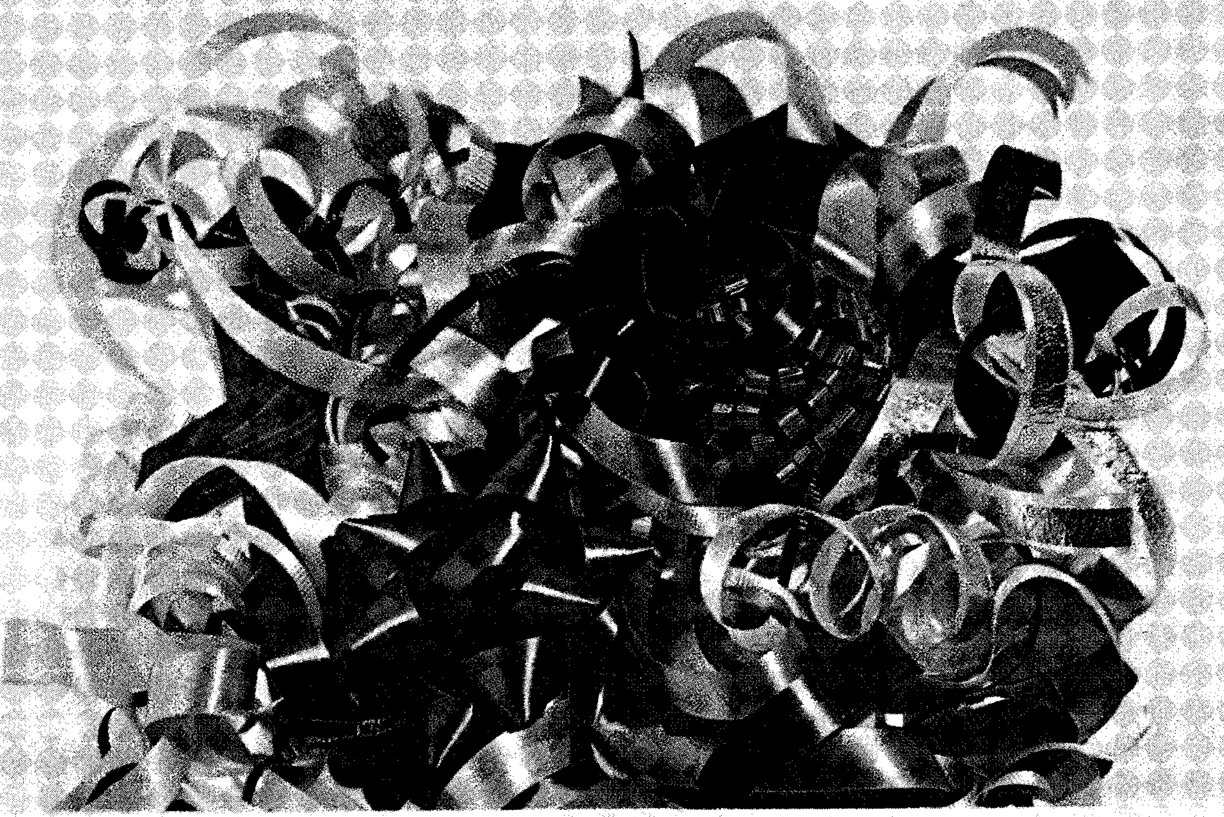

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It's expensive Canadian whisky.
What's more, if you want ribbons and bows you'll have to tie them yourself.
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An elegant bottle.
A purple sack in which to keep it.
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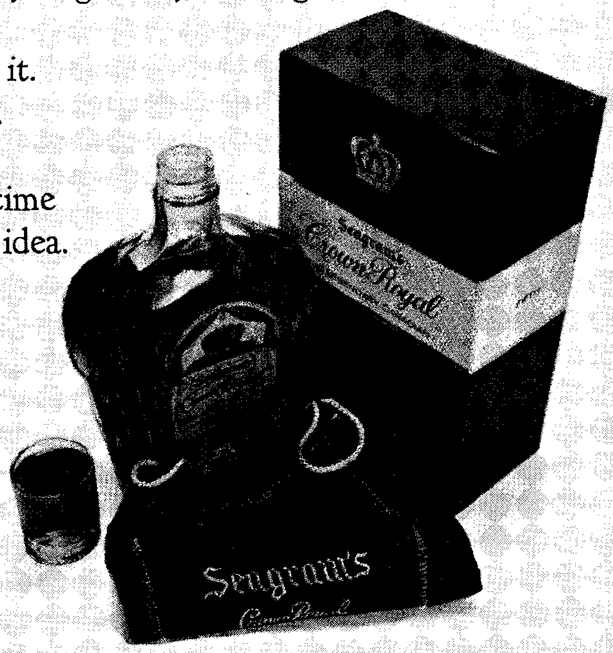
A memorable imported whisky.
The thing we do give you this time
of year is an unusually good gift idea.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

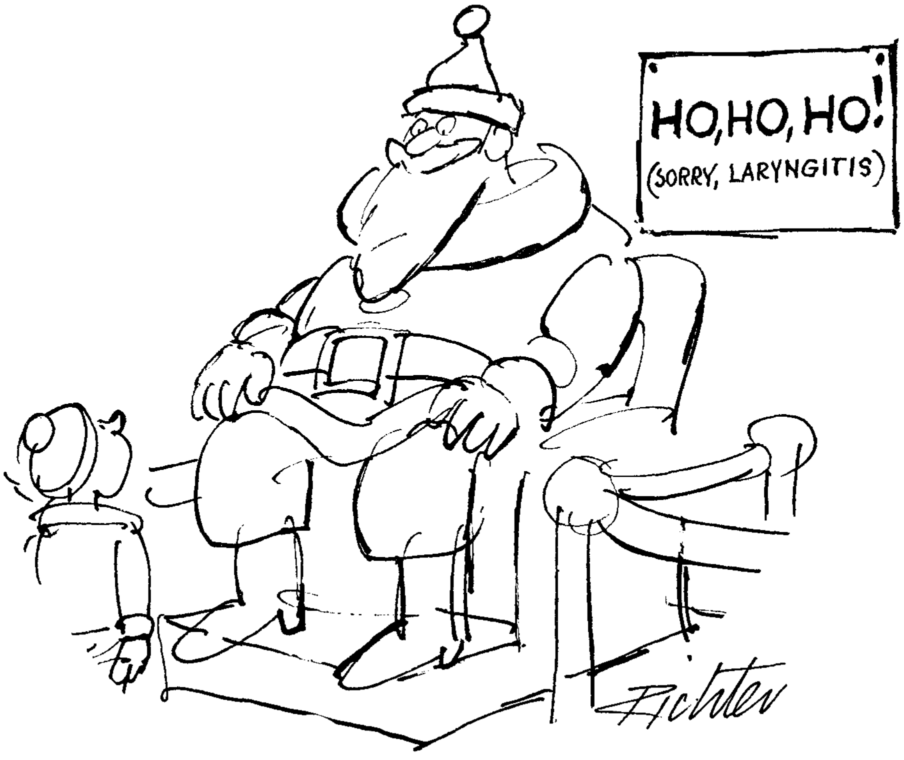
CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

THE *Times* recently published a supplement on home furnishings that showed living rooms appointed with garbage cans, highway signs, Volkswagen posters, Coca-Cola displays, and blinking neon lights, among other things. This is "happening" in interior design, apparently, and, in obedience to the spirit of the times, we propose to commence our customary dissertation on presents for the house with a suggestion intended to assist the friends of avant-garde pad-holders in their search for a correct gift. We are confident that our recommendation—a diving suit that weighs half a ton and is for sale at an antique shop called Capt. Biru, 1235 First Avenue (67th)—will fit any décor of the new school, though we're not sure it will fit through every door. For to call this object a suit is like calling the Statue of Liberty a dress. It is a phenomenon. It is made of cast iron and bronze, and stands in a hulking attitude, with its thick legs apart and its thick arms, which terminate in claws, depending heavily from wide shoulders, and on its begoggled face there is an expression of mute appeal. "Buy me," it seems to be saying (it has been saying this for the last four years). "They'll come down"—from $45,000. And we think they probably would, too. The suit was made in 1930 by the Empire Marine Salvage & Engineering Corporation for a group of fortune hunters whose object was the treasure that went down with the S.S. Egypt when it sank in the Bay of Biscay in 1924, and, to judge by their conspicuous (and tax-free) silence, they must have found what they were after. The suit was next employed in 1934, in an underwater quest for four million dollars in soldiers' pay that had gone down with H.M.S. Hussar at the end of the American Revolution in the active waters around Hell Gate, but this group had no luck, and couldn't even pay the diver, so they gave him the suit. A few years ago, the present proprietors bought it from the diver's widow and put it in their shop, where it stands in a corner and looms.

Whatever the rest of the house may look like, the kitchen remains the kitchen, and we take it that Christmas presents for the kitchen need not make a statement about contemporary life so much as they ought to make contemporary life a little easier for the cook. At Macy's, we saw a device called the Magic Bacon Cooker, which is almost ludicrously uncomplicated but is a great help in the cooking of bacon. It is inaccurately named, since it doesn't cook the bacon but merely flattens it while it *is* cooking; in fact, it is nothing but a piece of heavy glass with a plastic knob in the middle of it, but when you put it over the bacon in the pan, the bacon doesn't curl, and you don't have to turn it, since the weight of the glass keeps the bacon submerged in hot fat. The device is also salutary in the making of grilled-cheese sandwiches; with its aid we made some that were as delectable as the ones you get at lunch counters—which, as you may realize, is harder than it sounds. The glass comes round or square, eight inches in diameter or eight inches square, and the price in either shape is $2.59. Another considerate, if less novel, piece of equipment is a two-part mincing set at Bazar Français, 666 Sixth Avenue (20th), whose components are a wooden bowl and a short-handled tool whose crescent blade follows the curve of the bowl. This arrangement greatly expedites the job of mincing chives or parsley or shallots by confining the scatter-prone particles to itself. The bowl is made of solid beechwood and the blade is stainless steel; the price is $4.95.

The woman who serves her family the flaccid French-fried potatoes that come out of frozen cartons probably does so not out of ill will but simply because she hasn't got the proper equipment for making the crisp treat that homemade French fries can be. This equipment may be bought at the Village Kitchen Shop, 338 Bleecker Street (near Sheridan Square), in its most French and (as you might expect) most rational and cheap manifestation; namely, a deep steel pan and a wire basket that sits either deep in the pan or above it, depending on whether you want the potatoes to be deep frying or draining, and on how you adjust the handles of the basket in relation to the specially designed handles of the pan. It costs $6.95. The slices of French-fried potatoes should be uniform, and you might throw in a Pommes-Frites-Schneider with your gift of the deep fryer. Bloomingdale's has imported this implement from Switzerland and sells it for $7.50. The machine, made of gray plastic, works by means of a handle that forces a potato through a honeycomb of steel blades and reduces it to slivers. For $1.50, Bloomingdale's has a lesser pommes-frites-schneider, called the Pomfri-Garant, an aluminum rectangle with crisscrossing stainless-steel blades that you press down on the potato, thereby dismembering it.

Both the Village Kitchen Shop and Bazaar De La Cuisine, 252 East 52nd Street, carry an assortment of copper utensils (which the Bazaar manufactures) that are less expensive than their equivalent French imports but are just as good, according to the proprietresses



IF YOU LIKE A NICE, GENTLE LITTLE RUM AND COLA

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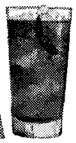

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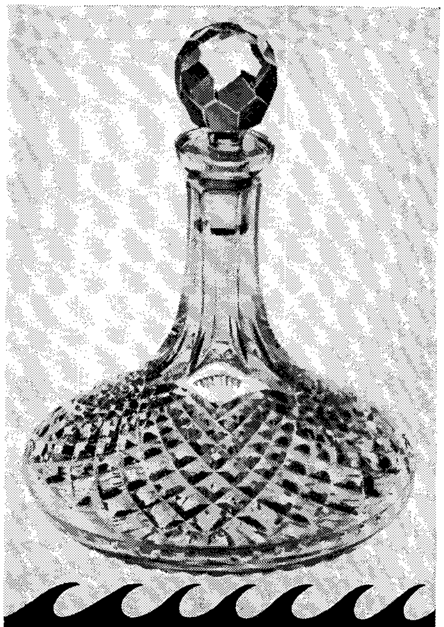
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

of the Village Kitchen Shop, who also stock the imports. There is a luxurious double boiler in the collection whose bottom pot is tin-lined copper and whose top pot is vitrified white china and whose handles and lid knob are brass. The merits of this double boiler, which costs $29.95, would not be lost on a cook whose repertoire includes sauces that must be prepared in nonmetallic receptacles. One could make zabaglione in the double boiler as easily as one could in the special zabaglione pan offered by the Village Kitchen Shop and Bazaar De La Cuisine (if not more easily), but the zabaglione pan is a nice utensil, and it might please the sort of cook who sulks for days if someone uses her seasoned omelette pan to char a hot dog in. The zabaglione pan is a deep, round copper bowl with an extremely long bronze handle, which you grasp with one hand while whipping eggs and Marsala with the other. You can do this straight over the fire, but doing it over hot water seems a safer procedure. The price is $12.95. Also admirable are a copper crêpe pan, twelve inches in diameter, with a brushed-tin cooking surface and a long bronze handle, and a copper bowl, for beating egg whites, that has a brass hanging ring. These are $15.95 each.

At La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd), there are some pottery mixing bowls from England called "gripstand bowls," because of the special ability they have of standing on their side, thanks to a small flat area that is there for that purpose. This is helpful for beating and whipping, and the bowls are good-looking—the outside is creamy yellow and decorated with a mild relief pattern, and the inside is white—and somehow very English. They come in sizes ranging from three pints to nine pints, and cost from $2.25 to $4.25. Among the various small kitchen devices that La Cuisinière offers for sale we noticed a tiny plastic object called an egg piercer, whose function is to pierce eggs and thus keep their shells from cracking while the eggs are boiling. "Before boiling, press the broad end of each egg into the piercer, once—making an air escape hole," the instructions say. "That's all. Now boil as usual." We felt very enthusiastic about this device until it occurred to us that the problem it solves so cunningly does not exist for most people, because if you lower an egg carefully into boiling water and turn down the fire it won't crack. But maybe there are vehement people with an irrepressible need to *fling* eggs into the pot, and they would undoubtedly be



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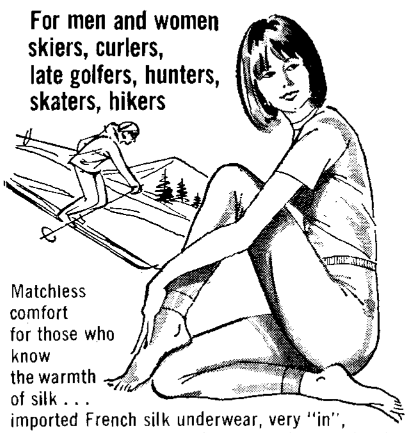

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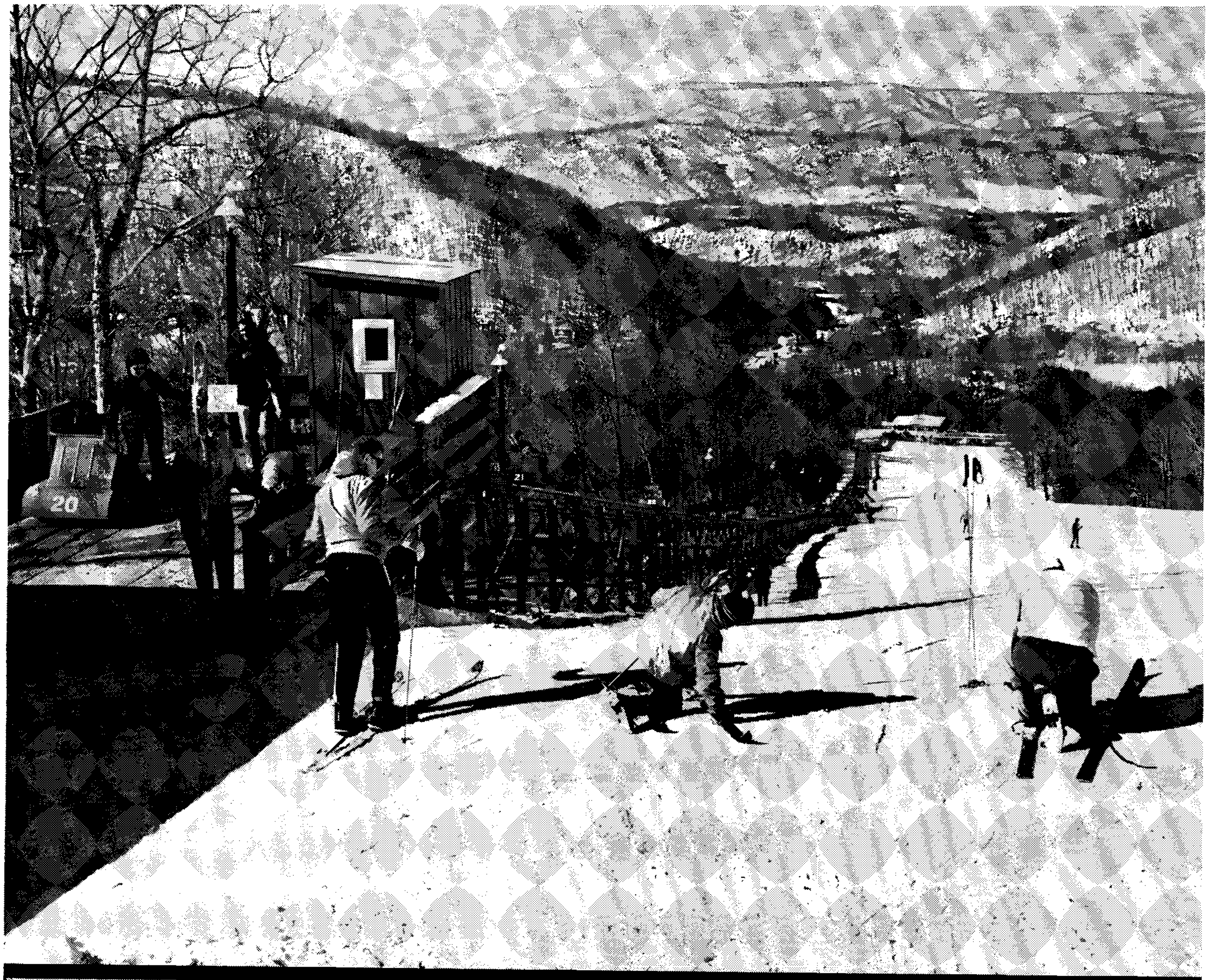

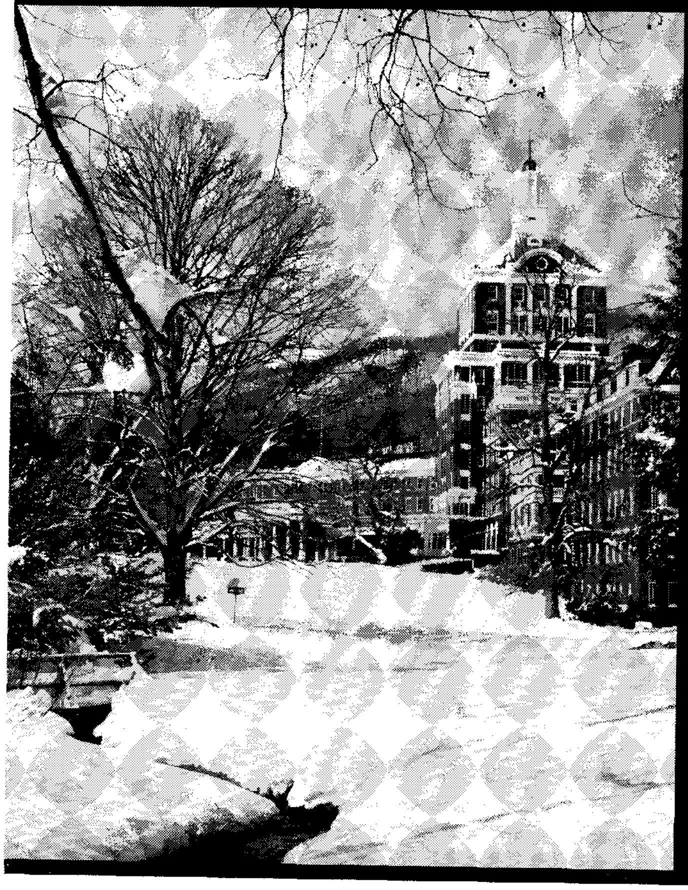

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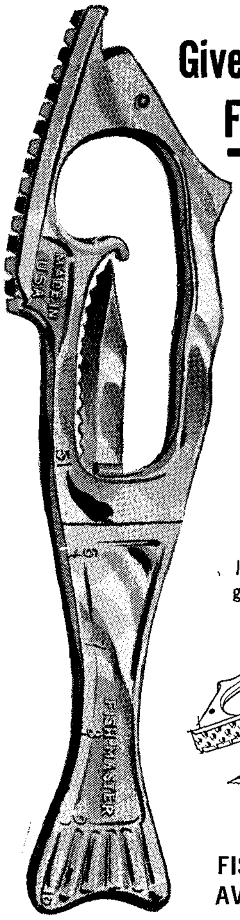

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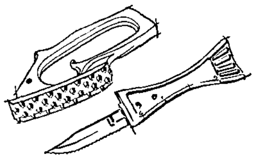

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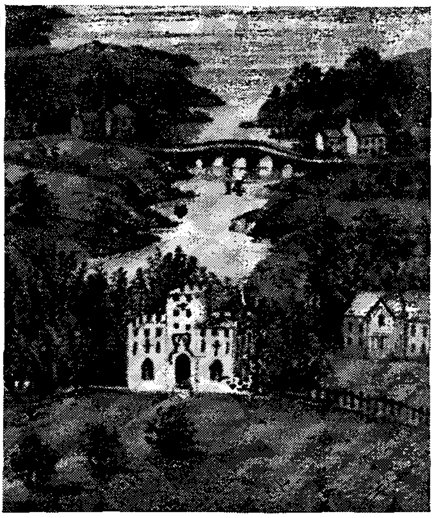
glad to have the piercer. Price: $1.25. The problem of eating soft-boiled eggs in the shell—without also eating bits of eggshell—is a more nearly universal one, and we have found an excellent device, called the Tri-R Automatic Egg Punch, that takes off the tops of eggs very cleanly and swiftly, and if it didn't cost $87 we would not hesitate to recommend it. The instrument was developed at the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research to expedite the opening of embryonated eggs, but, according to the Tri-R company, it will perform as expeditiously at the breakfast table as in the laboratory. "In response to your recent telephone call," the company wrote us (rather to our astonishment), "we had our 'research department' soft boil a quantity of eggs and, with the eggs in a standard breakfast table eggcup, use this punch to open them. The punch produced a one-inch diameter circular fracture on the end of the egg which could be flipped off with the tip of a spoon. A one-inch opening appears somewhat smaller than might be made by other egg openers and is too small for a standard spoon. A small plastic spoon or a small egg spoon would fit. We assume anyone who would pay this much for a tool to open his eggs would have the proper spoons." The tool looks like a small flashlight, and may be ordered from Tri-R Instruments, Inc., 48 Merrick Road, Rockville Centre, New York.

Back at La Cuisinière, there hangs on the wall, near the egg piercer, a stainless-steel slotted spoon that was made, according to its wrapper, "In America . . . With American Materials . . . By American Men and Women." And, as if this weren't reason enough for anyone's wanting to own it, it has one sharp, serrated edge, so that the implement may be used for cutting vegetables as well as for draining and serving them. It's called the Drain 'R-Cut Spoon, and the price is $1.75.

If the effort and ingenuity that have been expended on sparing people the trouble of squeezing an orange were applied to some real problem—pigeons, say—the general welfare would be greatly enhanced, we think. The best orange-juice squeezer for our money is still the glass reamer sold at the dime store, which is easy to clean, doesn't kill you to use, and can be replaced for thirty-nine cents if it breaks. We must admit, though, that we were greatly taken by a new plastic squeezer for sale at Seabon, 54 East 54th Street. You do the squeezing yourself with this device, but you do it directly into a handsome plastic pitcher with two



Actual size detail from the 11" x 15" Currier & Ives print, "The Lakes of Killarney".

Anyone who's ever been to Ireland will tell you that you don't have to be Irish to love Ireland. Same goes for "Ireland of the Welcomes" magazine (a handsomely gathered offering of Irish poems, pictures and prose by people like Frank O'Connor, Brendan Behan and that renowned international Irishman, Art Buchwald). Our Christmas special to you and every Irish-hearted friend on your gift list is two years (12 issues) of "Ireland of the Welcomes" for only $4 ($1 off), mailed to you from Dublin. As a bonus, we'll add the Currier & Ives color print, "The Lakes of Killarney" (there's a bit of it above).

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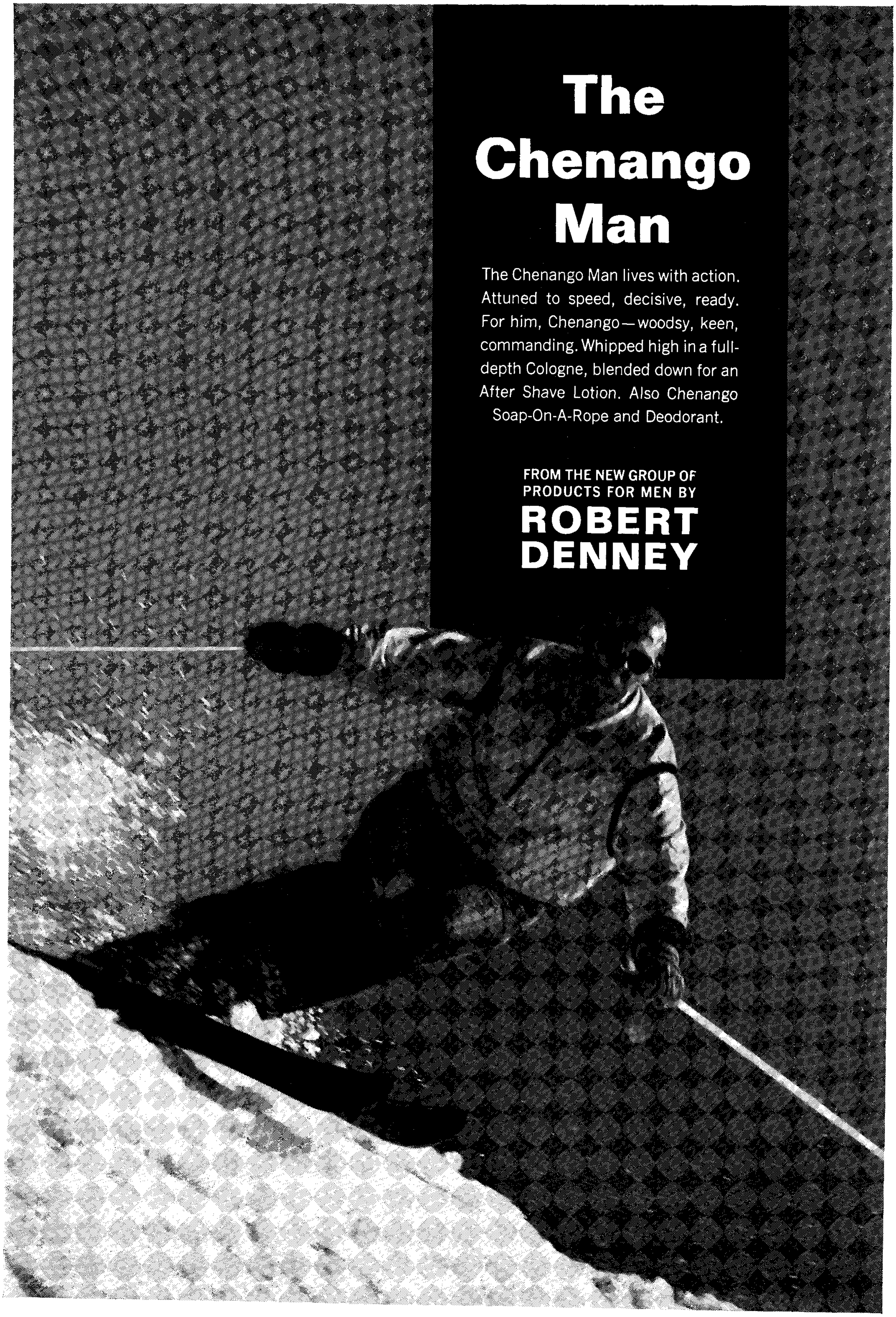

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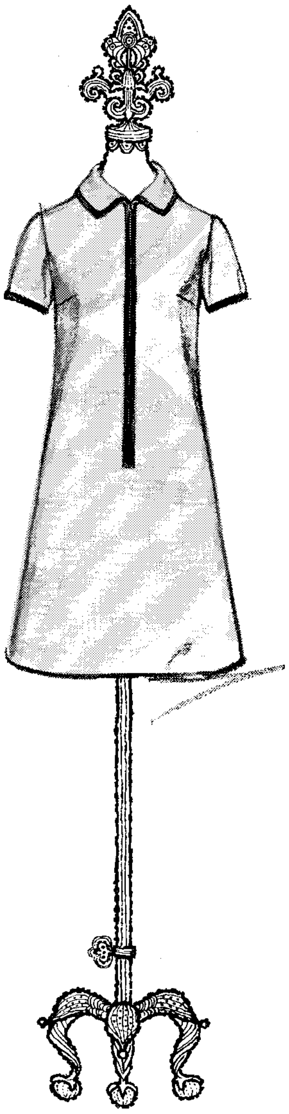

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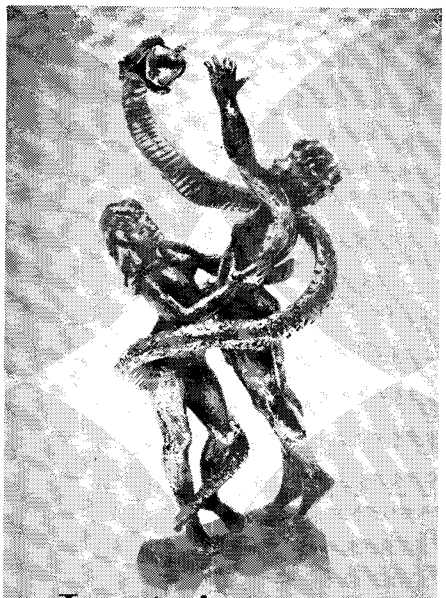
spouts, over which the squeezer tightly fits. The juice drips down through holes that don't let large seeds through but do admit the pulp—which is good for you, according to food cranks, who may be right. Moreover, the container has a lid, which turns to seal the juice in when it is being stored in the refrigerator, or to let it out through one of the spouts when it is being served. The container is bright orange, and the squeezer and the lid are white. In the quart size, the set costs $3.95, and in the pint size it is $2.95. It comes from Sweden, and also makes a good, educational bath toy.

We liked the candor of the label on a white plastic colander at Bloomingdale's, which says the thing is "virtually unbreakable," and we can report from our use of the colander that it is at least that, and, altogether, is an excellent piece of equipment. It costs only sixty-nine cents, and is everything a colander should be: it has handles, feet, and a three-and-a-half-quart capacity, it can be put in the dishwasher, and it is good-looking. (Bloomingdale's, by the way, doesn't accept mail orders for less than $4.01.) The same store has a special utensil, called a Plett Pan, for making Swedish pancakes—a disc of enamelled cast iron fitted with four shallow, round concavities and a long handle. The pan costs $7.50 and comes in orange, green, blue, or yellow enamel, and a recipe for Swedish pancakes is provided with each purchase. We tested the recipe and were pleased with the result, though we suggest that anyone who gets the pan for Christmas make a little less batter than the recipe yields. A little Swedish-pancake batter goes a long way.

A thoughtful gift for a homemaker whose zeal for baking is exceeded only by her admiration for Marcel Proust would be the madeleine molds available at Bazar Français. We baked a batch of the renowned cookies using a recipe on page 604 of the American edition of "Larousse Gastronomique" and the Bazar Français's molds, and we must say the results exceeded our expectations. We had recollected half of "Du Côté de Chez Swann" before we recalled ourselves to our duties and pushed away our teacup and the plate of madeleines. The molds are sold at $1.95, for a sheet with twelve fluted indentations, each three inches long, and $1.75, for a sheet that makes slightly smaller madeleines.

LET us leave the kitchen now and take a look at what are probably the most expensive candlesticks in town.



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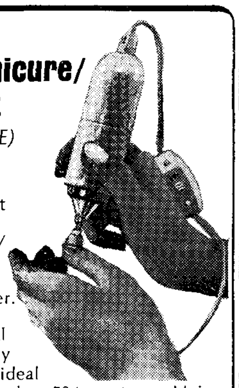

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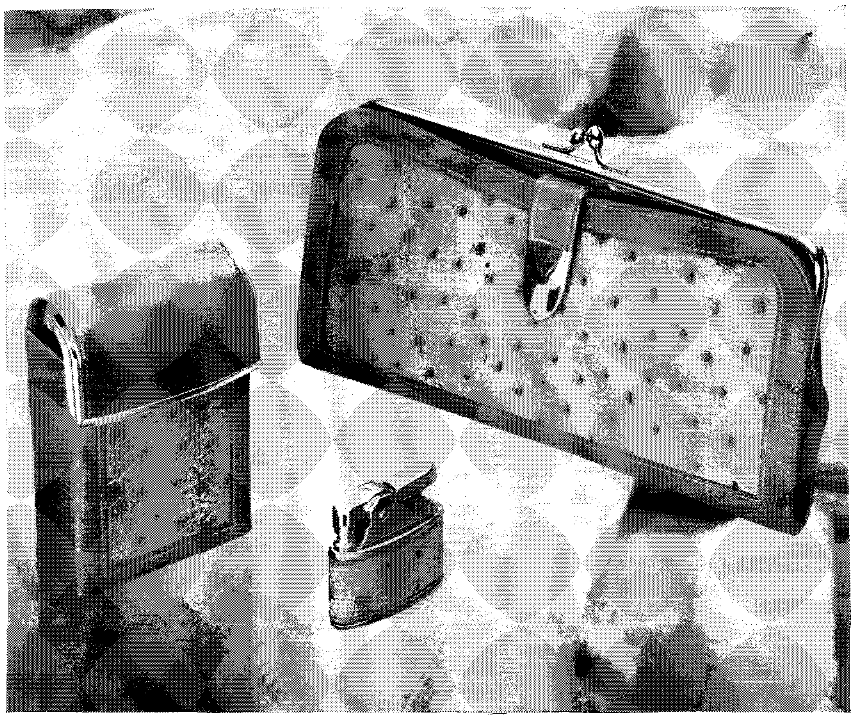
There are four of them, and they cost (the four of them) $13,500. They were made in 1761 by a silversmith named John Horsley, and the reason they are so expensive—according to their present owner, S. Wyler, of 713 Madison Avenue (57th)—is the absence of decoration on their square bases. Except for sunken centers, the bases are absolutely plain, and this makes them a great rarity, because almost all candlesticks made at the time were fairly ornate around the base. It is interesting to speculate on why Mr. Horsley didn't garnish his candlesticks—perhaps he just didn't feel like it—and to ponder upon the craving for the rare and singular, which is not peculiar to rich collectors but seems to be felt to some degree by everyone, from boys and their prized marbles to housewives who collect barbed wire.

We haven't seen any barbed wire around town worth mention, but we know about some late-nineteenth-century scale plates that would make excellent Christmas presents for collectors of scale plates. They are at Richard Camp, 993 Second Avenue (53rd), and a scale plate (if you are wondering) is the rectangular slab of marble or porcelain that the butcher or the grocer put the meat or the sack of flour on when he weighed it on his old-fashioned scale. Most of the plates that Mr. Camp has are white porcelain decorated with a black line drawing of blind justice. They measure from nine inches by ten up to sixteen inches by eighteen, they have a small ledge on one side, and they cost from $7.50 to $20. They are utterly useless, as far as we can tell. Mr. Camp also has some Edwardian perpetual calendars that are undeniably useful, though not everyone may agree that they are worth the $25 to $75 that Mr. Camp asks for them. They are plain wooden boxes, about nine inches high, with three slots in their fronts—for the day of the week, the month, and the day of the month—which one adjusts daily and monthly by means of knobs at the side of the box. The boxes are very rudimentarily made, and could not have cost more than fifty cents when they were first offered for sale at the end of the last century. They represent an instance of raising prices in order to sell—a technique that almost all antique dealers practice, in order to live, presumably. We've heard stories from dealers about objects that wouldn't "move" when they were reasonably priced and that fairly flew out of the shop when the price was raised. This seems to us to reflect more on the foolishness of people



Genuine Ostrich in traditional beige tone, or bone, trimmed with supple calfskin . . . with polished gold accents. Clutch purse is $27.50, elevator cigarette case $11.00, lifetime guaranteed lighter $11.00 at fine stores.

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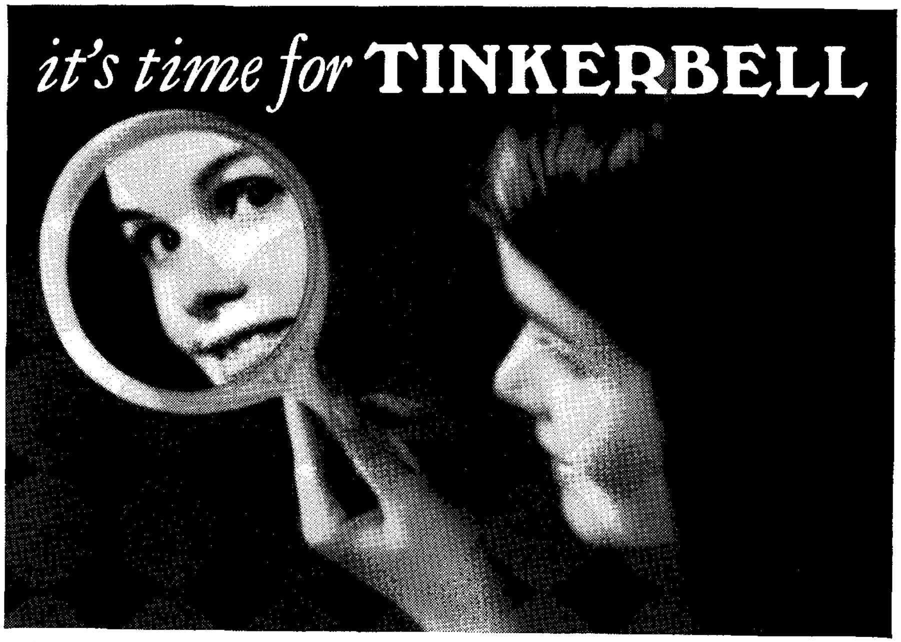
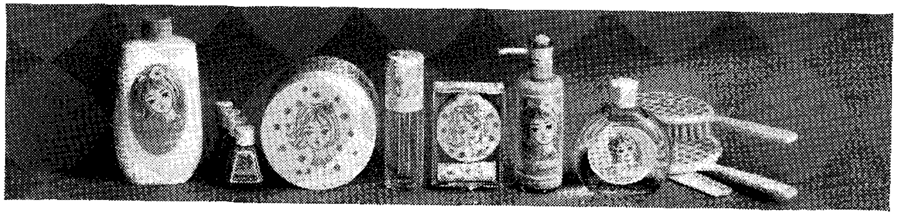
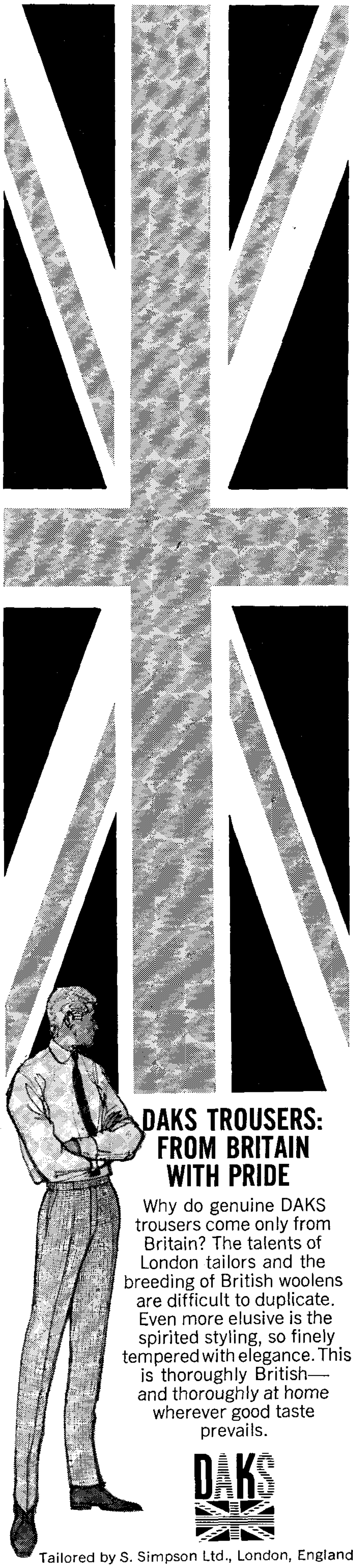


When a girl looks into her mirror and really sees herself for the first time—it's time for TINKERBELL. Time to join the bath 'n bubbles set . . . enjoy the fun and femininity of sweet-smelling cologne . . . pampering bath powder . . . tender hand care . . . gentle shampoo . . . pretty brushes and combs. Come with TINKERBELL to a wonder-full ever-everland where the fun of good-grooming begins. 1.00-5.95. Tom Fields Ltd., Northvale, N.J.




DAKS TROUSERS: FROM BRITAIN WITH PRIDE

Why do genuine DAKS trousers come only from Britain? The talents of London tailors and the breeding of British woolens are difficult to duplicate. Even more elusive is the spirited styling, so finely tempered with elegance. This is thoroughly British—and thoroughly at home wherever good taste prevails.

DAKS

Tailored by S. Simpson Ltd., London, England

than on the wickedness of shopkeepers.

Harry Lewis has some pig yokes for sale in his antique shop, at 245 East 77th Street, at $12.50 each, and it's only fair to say that, as pig yokes go, these are exemplary specimens. They were made around 1850, with a good deal of care, and the wood they were made of has taken on the mellow patina of antiquity. Mr. Lewis thinks they would make good tie racks or towel racks. Mr. Lewis also has some Victorian cut-glass cookie jars with silver-plated lids and carrying handles, which he recommends as ice buckets ($18 to $25), and some small nineteenth-century pewter ice-cream molds, with flowerlike decorations, which he suggests be used as cigarette boxes ($25 and up); both the jars and the molds are very handsome.

WE have visited the Argosy Gallery, 116 East 59th Street, before in these columns, and though we've touched on its thousands of old maps, flower prints, views of Central Park, sports prints, and portraits of writers, we have still scarcely begun to suggest the wealth of prints the place has to offer. Think of a subject and the Argosy is likely to have an old print dealing with it. This year, we direct your attention to some pages from eighteenth-century calligraphy manuals which are immensely decorative and also very edifying to read. One asserts, "Poetry is an Art whose sweet Insinuation might almost convey Piety into resisting nature and melt the hardiest Soul to the love of Virtue." Another, entitled "Advice," exhorts the reader:

> With early virtue plant thy breast
> The specious Arts of Vice detest.

The source of these leaves (which also deal with Frugality, Music, Laughter, Religion, Pride, and Pleasure) is G. Bickham's copybook of 1733, whose title page informs "my much honoured and worthy subscribers" that "Tho' it must be Acknowledged that there is already extant a large variety of *Copy Books*, and several of them executed by very able and Accurate Penmen, yet, I think, I may venture to assert without Vanity, that none of them are so copious so universally useful or Adorn'd in so fine and beautiful a manner as the following composition." There are also some pages from a book of sample letters, "composed by the best hands, in order to habituate youth to an easy and elegant Expression as well as a graceful manner of writing, and striking by command of hand," which include a letter from a nobleman to a

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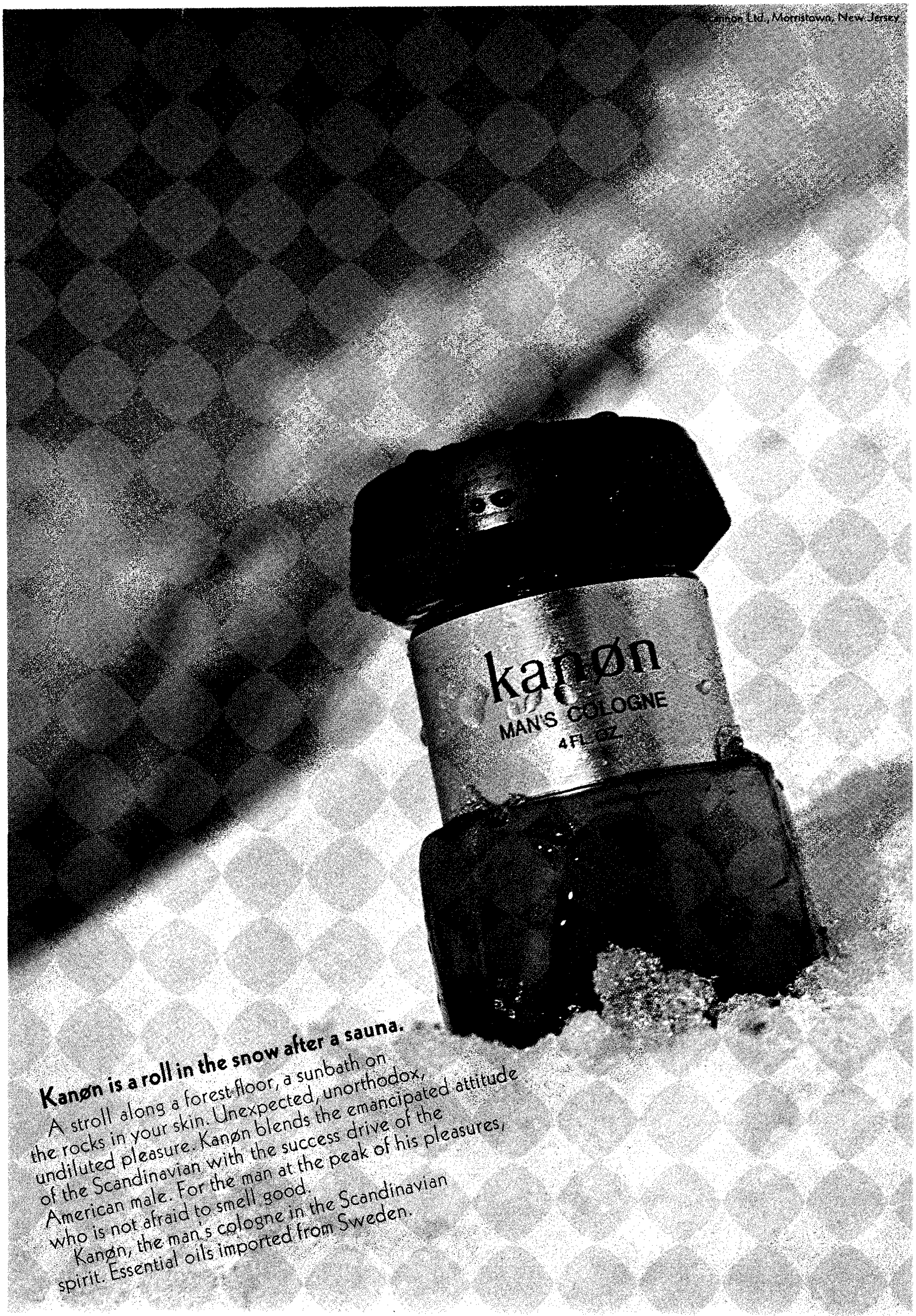

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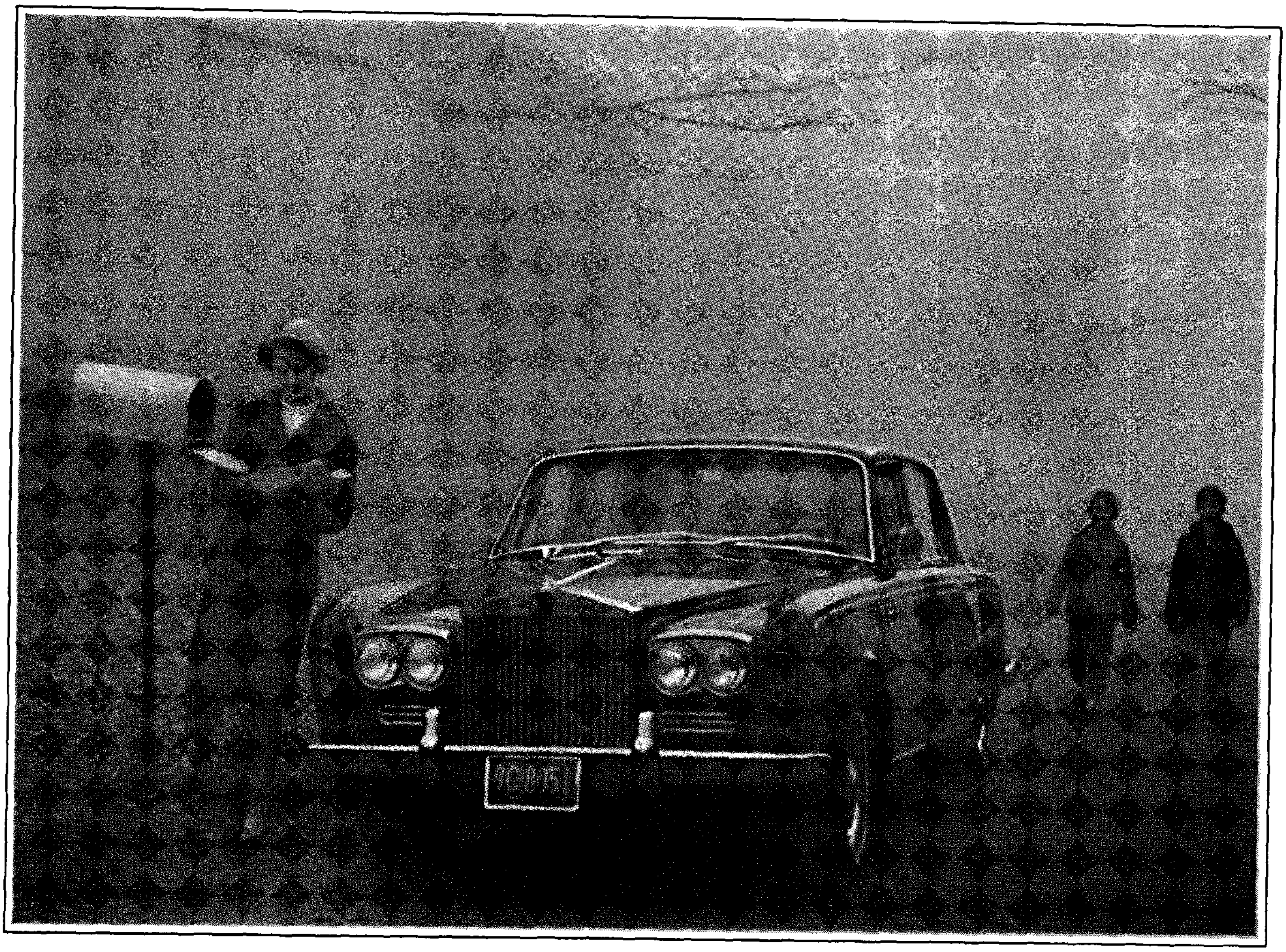

If you are lucky enough to own this new Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow, it is sinful not to use it regularly.

Read how this remarkable motorcar adapts itself to the daily round. Some wives say it's easier to drive than any car in the world. They're probably right.

The new Rolls-Royce is more than a motorcar. It is an experience. You begin to see why the moment you settle in the driver's seat.

The finest English leather surrounds you. Six to eight hides enrich every interior. The instrument panel and trim are faced with rare French walnut. Even the trunk is carpeted.

You reach down. A little knob lets you adjust your seat electrically *eight* ways. A hand lever lets you change the backrest angle independently.

You flip a switch. And a network of 1,300 invisible wires defrosts the rear window. Another switch sends the radio aerial up and down. Another lets you balance front and rear speakers.

Press a button on the dash and the gas tank flap opens. It locks automatically when it is shut.

Every Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow has an upper and lower ventilation system. You can warm your feet and cool your face at the same time. Air conditioning is standard equipment.

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The new Rolls-Royce is only seventeen feet long. It's easy to get in and out of tight places. You can turn it full circle in only thirty-eight feet. Try that in the car you are now driving.

The Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow costs $20,600*. To find out for yourself what a sinfully luxurious experience it can be, see any dealer on the opposite page.

For more information about the car itself, write for the Rolls-Royce Owner's Manual.

This 142-page, hard-cover book is fully illustrated and costs $12.50. The man to write to is Mr. Norman Miller, Executive Vice President, Rolls-Royce Inc., Room 470N, 45 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. 10020. Copyright 1967 Rolls-Royce Inc.

Limited production. Silver Shadow Two-Door by H. J. Mulliner, Park Ward Limited, London coach builders. Hand crafted, specially styled. $31,800*. *Suggested retail price P.O.E., exclusive of local taxes, if any. Slightly higher in Alaska and Hawaii.

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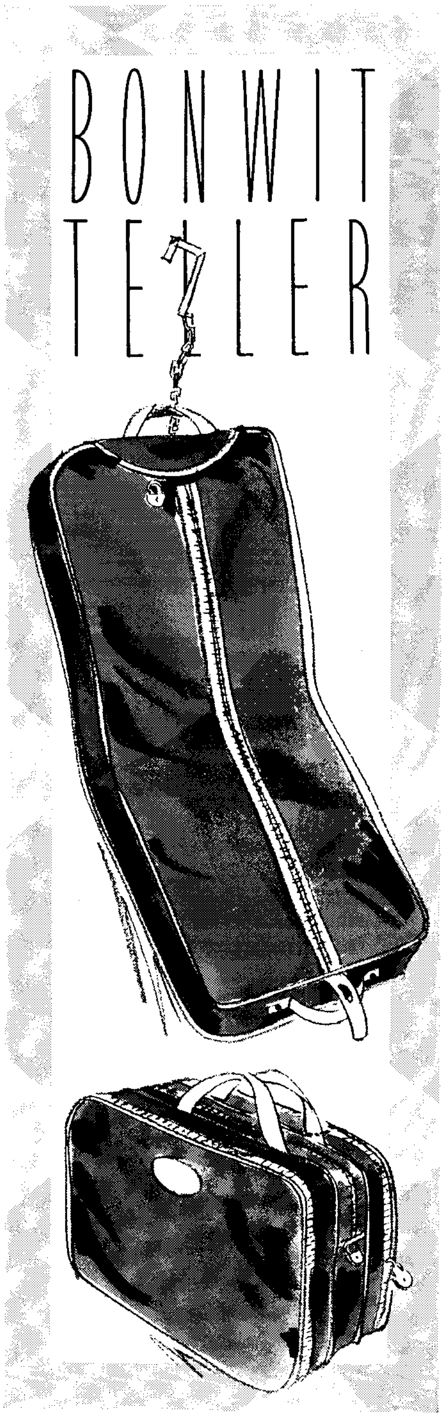
schoolmaster, and a letter from a gentleman to a factor about some Irish linen. The pages measure nine by thirteen inches and cost $5 or $7.50, depending on the Extent and Speciousness of their Ornamentation.

It is a strange and affecting experience to hold in one's hand something that was made more than five hundred years ago. Walter Schatzki, 153 East 57th Street, has some leaves from fourteenth- and fifteenth-century illuminated manuscripts whose colors and gilt are so fresh and bright that it is hard to believe they were made so long ago. The pages are from missals and Books of Hours; some cost as little as $7.50, and others go up to $65. They are lovely, and when matted and framed they are impressive. Another rare sight is the collection of glass bells at James Robinson Imports, Ltd., 12 East 57th Street, made at the Nailsea glassworks, near Bristol, England, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is believed that the bells, some of which are as big as a town crier's bell, were made after the day's work was finished, out of bits of glass the workers had hoarded, and then were presumably exchanged for drinks at the local pub. They now fetch from $45 to $350 apiece, and they are beautiful objects. Some are plain red or blue or amber glass, and others are decorated with multicolored spirals and stripes, and there are varieties of shapes and types of handles. The Robinson firm recently bought the collection from a family who lived in the Nailsea district and had been building up the collection since Victorian times. The antiques authority Marvin D. Schwartz, writing of the collection in the *Times* last spring, observed, "The bells are a virtuoso expression by craftsmen. No practical person would make a bell of glass, yet a glass bell is handsome, and, with proper caution, it works well. . . . These bells are a rarity, and there will be few opportunities to see so large and fine a group when they have been sold."

At the Mediterranean Shop, 876 Madison Avenue (72nd), there is a small wrought-iron table whose legs form two Xs, and whose top is an eight-inch-square tile painted with an adaptation of the "Unicorn in Captivity" tapestry at The Cloisters. The artist, who lives in France, took liberties with the original (he greatly simplified the background, for instance; there are suggestions rather than profusions of flowers), but the tile retains the medieval character of the original, and something of its spirit. The table, which is



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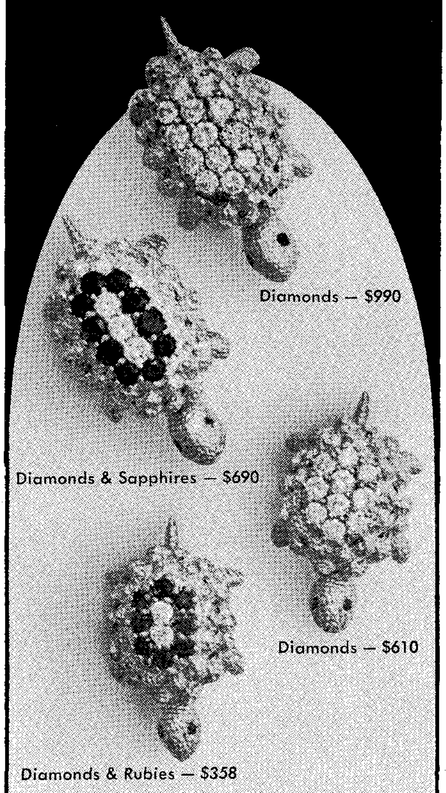

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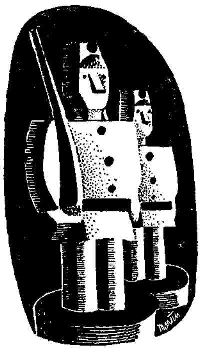
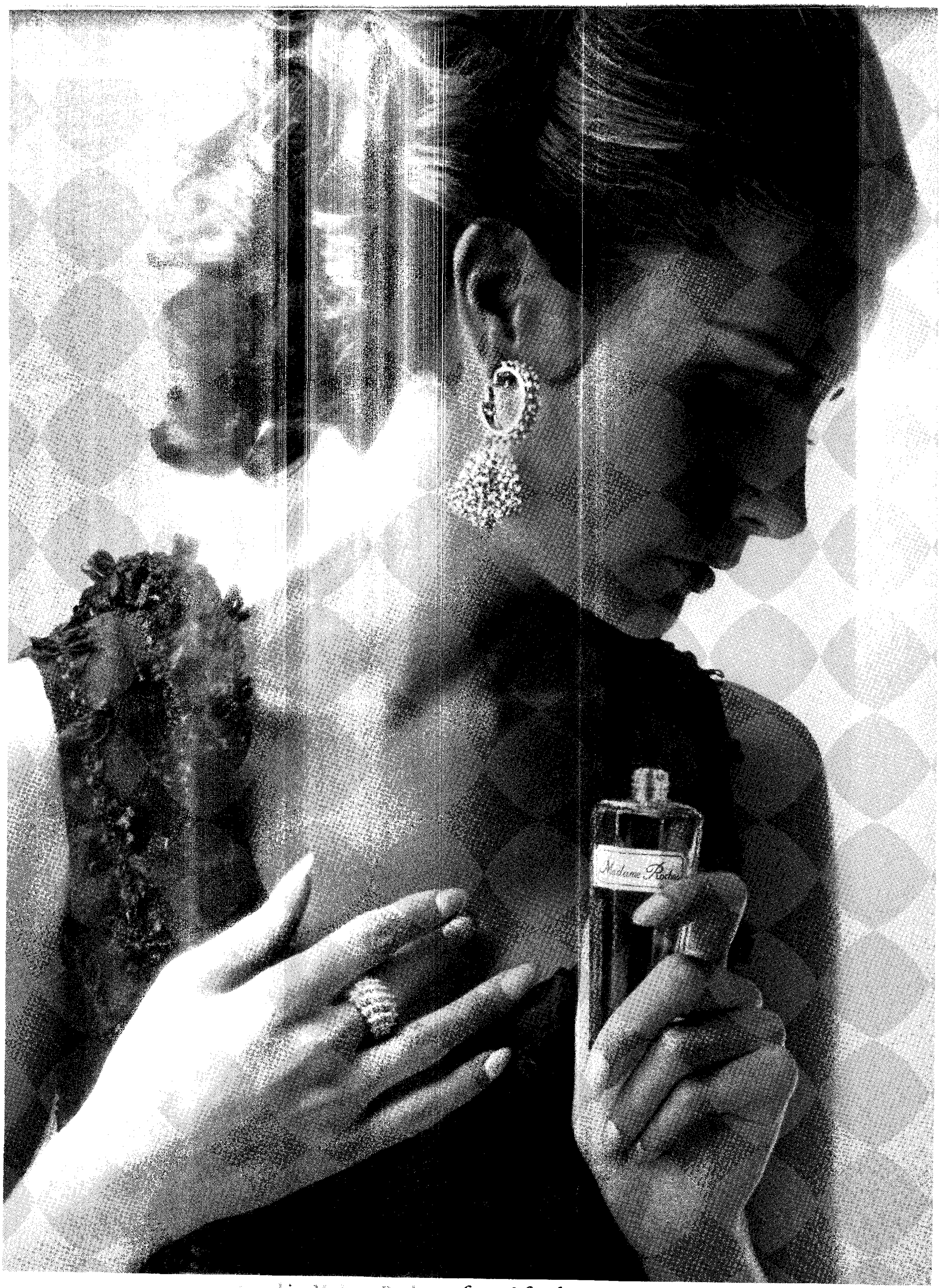
nineteen inches high, comes in white or yellow wrought iron, and the price is $75. Without the table legs, the tile is $35. The Mediterranean Shop has a number of large tile paintings done by the same artist, who works from medieval prints and manuscripts and has not only a remarkable aptitude for tile painting but a feeling for the period that invests his work with a fitness and authority that most modern adaptations of old works do not have. A picture composed of thirty tiles that is based on an illustration in a late-fifteenth-century manuscript in the Bibliothèque Nationale depicts a medieval Frenchman's notion of Athens—a landscape full of castles, windmills, sailing ships, and winding roads, done in lucent colors, mostly blues and yellows—and costs $250; a lovely sixty-six-tile picture of the port of Saint-Malo, also based on an old manuscript, costs $295. While at the Mediterranean Shop, you might pause to admire the boxes covered with hand-blocked papers, which are a kind of trademark of the establishment, and are perfectly lovely. The boxes are made of wood and bookboard, and tie shut with a grosgrain ribbon; they may be upended in a bookcase, and for an extra $2.50 the store will handsomely hand-letter an identifying title down the spine, such as "Recipes" or "Mel's Letters." There are four sizes: the smallest (nine and a half inches long, six and a half inches wide, and an inch and five-eighths thick) is $6.50, and the largest (fourteen inches long, ten inches wide, and three and a half inches thick) is $12.50.



Anyone who has tried to paper a box himself will not be disposed to complain that the prices of the Mediterranean Shop's boxes are too high, for it's not easy to cover a thing neatly and smoothly without bumps of glue and edges that don't quite meet, and it's almost impossible to achieve the finished look of the professional product. But it's worth a try, considering what the professional product costs and what indulgent people friends are, and we can tell you, if you don't already know, where to get the imported papers the professionals use. The place is the Andrews/Nelson/Whitehead Company, 7 Laight Street (near Canal Street), and the collection of papers for sale there is so large and comprehensive that it is hard to come away without buying a great deal more paper than one could possibly have ugly objects to cover with it. We were especially taken with the English marble papers, which are quite different from the amorphous, swirling French marbles commonly used as endpapers in bookbinding. The English patterns are more tight and concise, and have a kind of Paisley air about them. They are made in Cambridge by a Mr. Cockerell, who is the master of an interesting technique. He floats colors on a viscous solution and draws them into patterns with metal combs. Then he lays a prepared sheet of paper on top of the solution, and thus transfers the pattern onto the paper. This procedure makes it impossible for any two papers to be identical—though they can be very nearly so, because Mr. Cockerell is so skillful. The sheets of his paper measure nineteen inches by twenty-five, and cost $2 apiece. The A/N/W company also has specimens of the more familiar French marbles, at from fifty cents to $1.43 for each nineteen-by-twenty-five-inch sheet. Perhaps the most beautiful and elegant papers are the hand-blocked Venetian patterns (these resemble the papers the Mediterranean Shop uses), printed with small, simple patterns—circles, cloverleafs, scrolls, stylized flowers—that have a splendid crudity, a "pulled-away" quality, which comes of the wood blocks' being in fact applied and pulled away by hand; they also have a great freshness and subtlety of color. These sheets measure nineteen inches by twenty-six, and cost $1.20 each. The most inexpensive papers are the Italian Bertini patterns, which are from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a nineteen-by-twenty-seven-inch sheet. The paper isn't of the best quality, and many of the patterns, such as the fleur-de-lis or the stars or the griffins, are overfamiliar, but just as many are not, and they're cheap enough to experiment with or even to use as wrapping paper. If you're wondering where Laight Street is, it's hard to say, and we suggest you go down to Sixth Avenue and Canal Street and ask somebody.

THE saying that something is "good enough for the country" is rarely heard anymore. Today's rural retreats are appointed with furnishings and appliances that are as good as, if not considerably better than, those in city apartments, and the lesson of Walden seems to have been all but forgotten by today's affluent escapees from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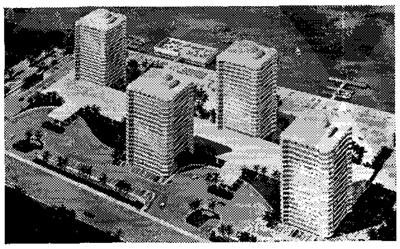

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the horrors of city living. But should (or indeed can) Thoreau's preachments on simplicity be taken literally? Thoreau, after all, had only his own discomfort to think of—not his children's or his cocktail guests'—and there is reason to believe that the damage to one's relationship with nature caused by plumbing and shish-kebab skewers can be more easily countenanced than Thoreau would have thought possible. At the same time, there are things that have no business being in the country under any circumstances—the contrivances that manufacturers come out with at Christmastime and call "novel," meaning "useless and expensive"—and we feel as stuffy about these futilities as Thoreau was about curtains and meat. The gifts that we have selected for country houses and gardens seem to us to be irreproachably unnovel and useful, and in some cases it could actually be said that they improve rather than disturb the association of man and nature.

A rose cut by a good pair of clippers is apt to smell as sweet as one mangled by a pair of rusty scissors. The Wilkinson flower cutter, for sale at the Annenberg Florists, 332 East 72nd Street, and the New Hippodrome Hardware, 70 West 45th Street, among other places, is a tool that would be an asset not only to horticulturists but also to the people who like to ramble about the countryside gathering bouquets of such tough-stemmed wild flowers as butterfly weed and viper's bugloss, for the cutter is small enough to slip into a pocket and so wieldy that it can be regarded as an extension of the hand rather than as a cumbersome appendage. The cutter can be locked shut with a single motion of a finger, and one of the plastic-covered handles has a loop on it that frees both hands for arranging flowers while the cutter dangles from a finger. The blades are rust-resistant, and they cut through a stem incisively and cleanly, without crushing it. If anything goes wrong with the cutter (nothing is supposed to, but say a horse steps on it or a child uses it to cut bricks), it can be sent to the Wilkinson Sword Company, Mountainside, New Jersey, and they will make the necessary repairs or replace the broken part and send the cutter back within twenty-four hours. The fee for this service is $1.50, and the cutter itself costs $9.

At Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), there are some graceful wicker flower baskets that put one in mind of old-fashioned gardens and fat girls with lapdogs but that would not be out of place on the arm of a slender contem-

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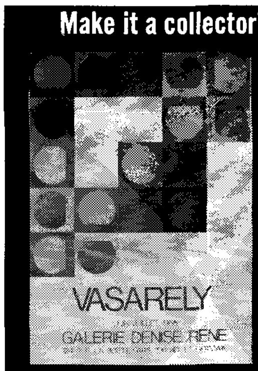

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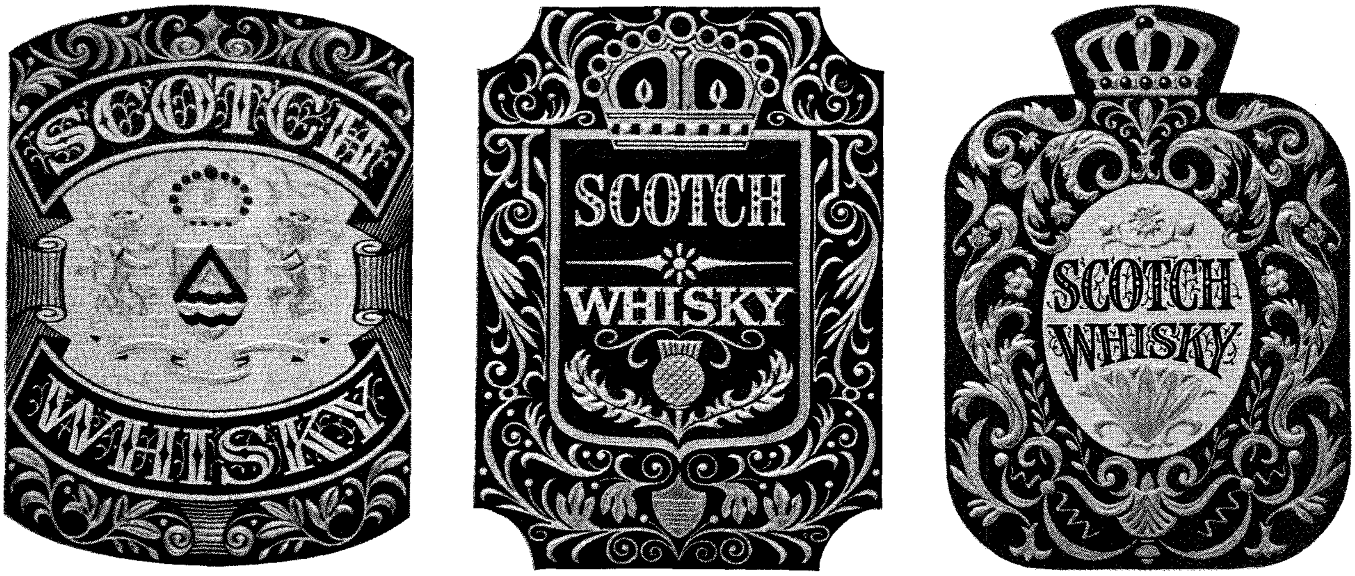
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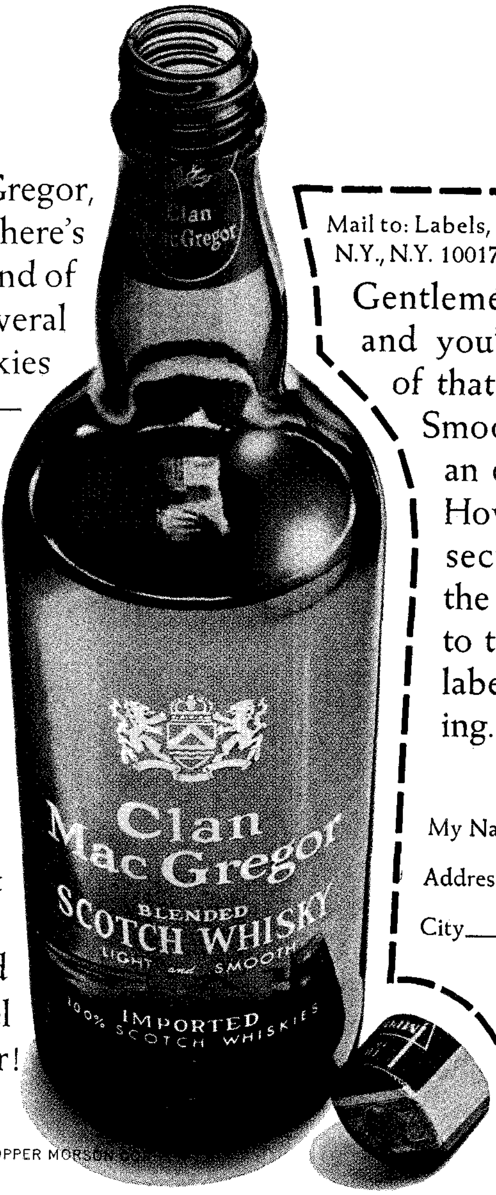
If you're new to Clan MacGregor, your taste will instantly tell you here's the peer of most any superb blend of light Scotches. (Among them, several mouth-watering Speyside whiskies—money can't buy smoother—that we sell to the hoity-toity blends.) And you're human. You'll like saving that $2 or so a bottle. (We import in barrels and bottle here; it costs us nothing to pass along what we save in freight and taxes. All you pay for is the Scotch.) But, as we say, you're human. And perhaps—at least at first—you'd rather your friends didn't realize that you serve the premium taste in Scotch...purchased at less than the premium label price. Ergo, this irresistible offer!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You know how it is. Family or friends drop in and while they're oo-ing and ah-ing over your beautiful dinnerware, somebody's little one knocks over a plate.

And later, when your sister-in-law finally decides to help you clear the table, oops! There goes a cup and suddenly your service for 8 is now service for 7.

We know how it is, too. That's why we created Centura Tableware, the first fine ceramic dinnerware without a breakage worry. The new Centura Rim-Line is elegant, lovely and sophisticated, yet tough enough for everyday use because it's made from Corning's unique Pyroceram® brand material.

Centura Rim-Line has the classic shape: a graceful rim that surrounds your plates and bowls with an edging of pure elegance.

The patterns are classic, too: White, Gold Edge, and Platinum Edge. Even the cup is destined to be a classic. It's tall, straight-sided and especially created to accent and highlight the Centura Rim-Line look.

But Centura Rim Line is more than just beautiful. Despite its delicate look, it's remarkably strong and completely dishwasher-proof, even if that dishwasher is your husband.

In fact, Centura Tableware resists those bound-to-happen bumps and bruises so well, if any piece breaks, chips, or cracks within three years, we'll replace it. Free.*

Yet a five-piece place setting in White is just $9.00. Companion cook-and-serve pieces and beverage makers are equally affordable. And you can buy Centura Rim-Line any way you want—you pay no extra for a piece, whether you buy it singly, in a place setting, or as part of a complete set.

You'll find Centura Rim-Line wherever fine china is sold. Just ask for the dinnerware that's more than just elegant.

Centura® Tableware by Corning

*Corning promises to replace any piece of CENTURA Tableware if it breaks, chips, cracks, crazes, or its decoration wears off in three years of normal household use. Pieces bearing ✻ will be replaced if ever broken from temperature extremes. Just return the pieces to a CENTURA Tableware Dealer. *Corning Glass Works, Corning, N.Y.*

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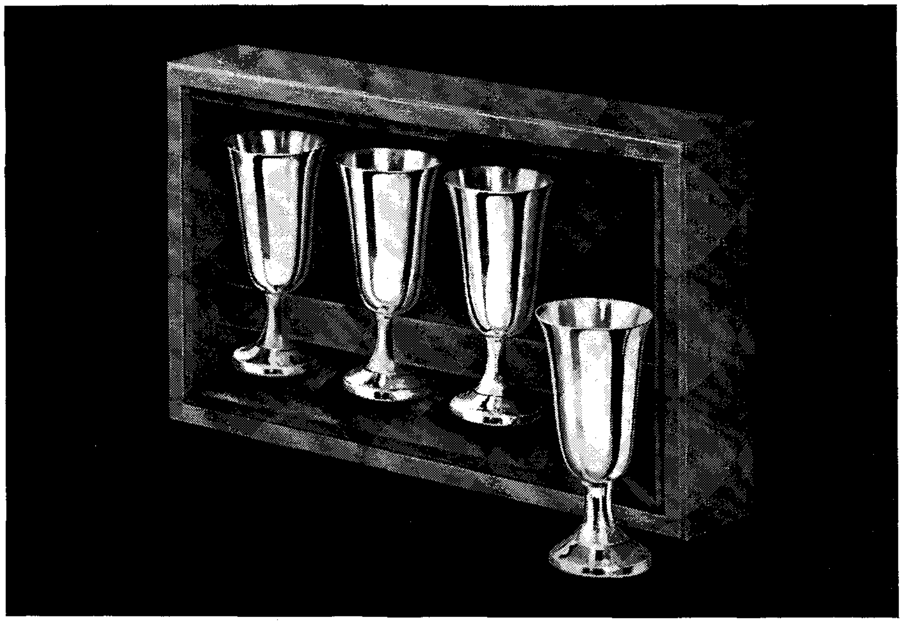
porary mother with three children and a lawn to tidy. The baskets have large arching handles and are slightly indented in the middle. There are two sizes. The small one costs $4.75 and would accommodate masses of short-stemmed annuals or bubble-gum wrappers, and the large one, priced at $10, would hold enough gladioli to fill a country church. At Bonniers, too, we saw some glazed pottery from Provence that struck us as singularly appropriate for the country. The pieces (bowls, platters, cups and saucers, plates) are simply but nicely shaped, and have a shiny green glaze applied over a yellow underglaze, which shows through here and there, giving the surface the look of lush, sun-dappled moss. A dinner plate costs $2.75, a salad bowl $8, an oval platter $7.50, and a soup bowl $2.75. Another good choice of crockery for a country house is Bonniers' Stina pottery, from Sweden—dark blue with rust-and-white-striped rims and rust-colored interiors in the cups, mugs, bowls, and serving pieces. There is an especially appealing soup tureen, for $12; dinner plates are $4, cups and saucers are $3.50, a large mug is $2.50, and so is an eggcup. The Provence and Stina pottery would be most appreciated, we imagine, by people with a fairly modern outlook, though not necessarily a rigorously functionalist one.

There are people, however, who live in utter and serene disregard of the revolution in taste that has swept away useless ornamentation and decreed that form must follow function or else. These people would no more eat off a plate that has nothing pretty painted on it than they would drink out of a beer can, and we have tried to find some china for the rural seats of these stately individualists that would at once be as inexpensive as modern china and as interesting to look at as the Albert Memorial. We found what we were looking for in Macy's china department: the Old Britain Castles pattern, made by the English firm of Johnson Brothers, each service of which depicts in blue or pink and in a style redolent of eighteenth-century etchings several old British castles—among them Blarney, Alnwick, Warwick, Nottingham, and Ludlow—and their picturesque environs. A twenty-piece service of this china for four costs $15.99, and a forty-five-piece service for eight costs $39.99. There are also a number of very pretty floral patterns made by Johnson Brothers, similarly priced, and in all cases, according to the undersides of the pieces, "All decoration under the glaze permanent and acid-resisting col-



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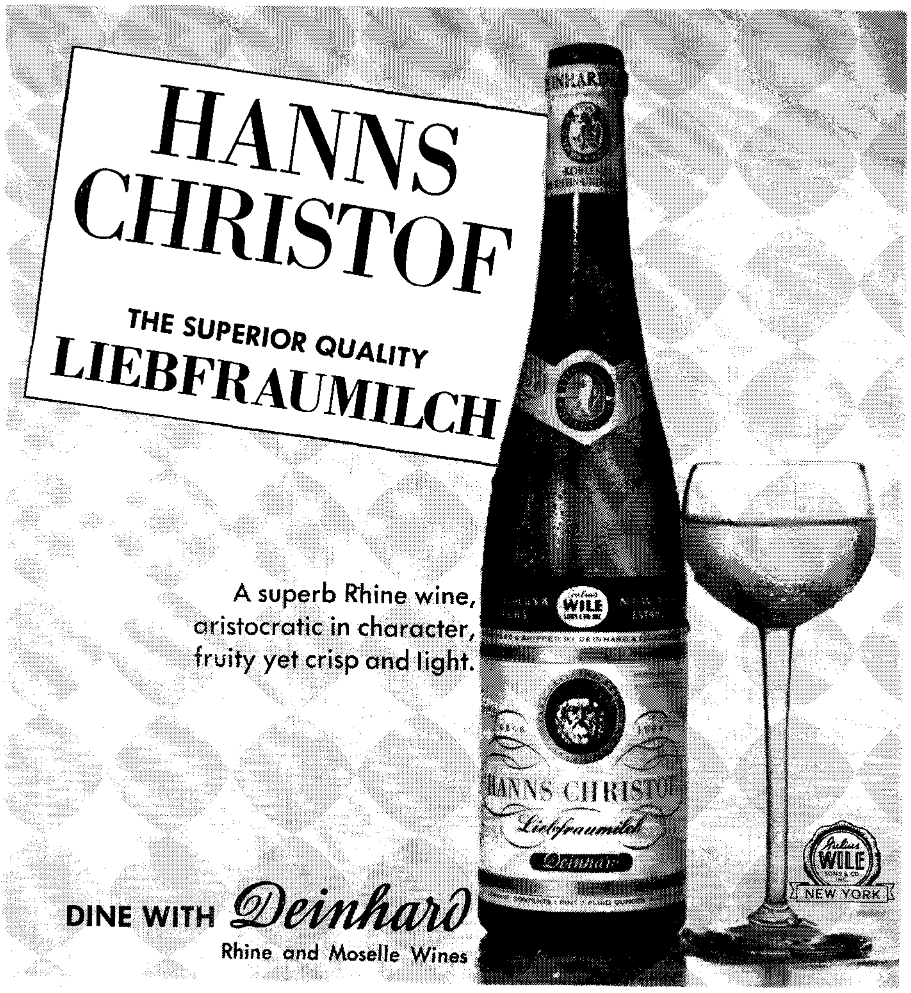

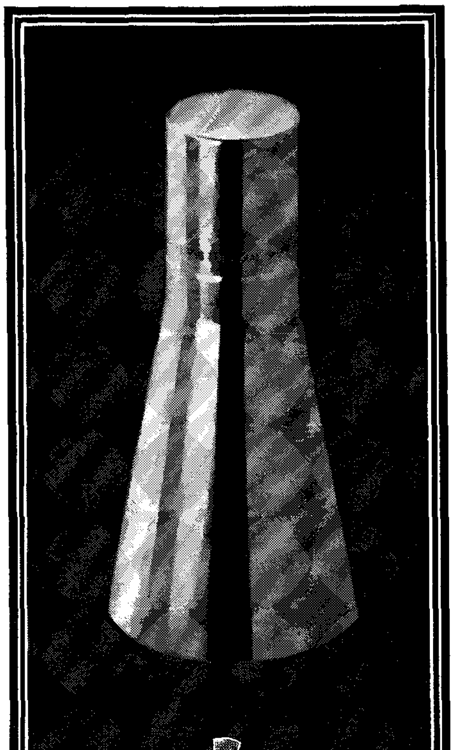

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or," which undoubtedly means that the china could be put in a dishwasher.

What with power failures and the unhurried ways of rural repairmen, owners of dishwashers in the country are apt to find themselves doing a good deal of dishwashing by hand in the course of a summer, and their friends might arm them with a Tip Top Brush, which comes from England and has an air of authority that only the English seem to know how to invest a dish brush with. American dishwashing utensils, in contrast, with their limp and matted cotton threads or crumbling pieces of sponge, look weak and vacillating, and are obviously not meant to be taken seriously. The Tip Top Brush, doubtless the product of centuries of dealing with porridge-encrusted bowls and plates covered with congealed mutton grease, obviously means business. It has an eleven-inch wooden handle, which terminates in a corolla of stiff blue or white or red bristles set into it, at a slight angle, on a wirelike stem. The scouring version of this brush has rust-colored bristles tipped with copper dust, and either version does its thankless task admirably and almost effortlessly. The Village Kitchen Shop is where we saw it, and the price is $1.

A kerosene lamp comes in handy during a country blackout (or a city one), and Seabon has one that will be worth holding on to even after the power companies hit on a way of diverting some of the money they collect into improved repair service. The lamp comes from Sweden, and is made almost entirely of clear glass. The brass cylinder in which the kerosene and wick are kept is set within a brass ring on a bell-shaped glass base that is surmounted by a high cylindrical chimney, also glass. This comely and well-proportioned lamp costs $26.95.

We were not aware that coal scuttles existed outside nineteenth-century fiction, but they do, and there is a scuttle at the Village Kitchen Shop that people who do a lot of charcoal broiling might be very glad to have. It is a nineteen-inch-tall cylinder of lightweight steel painted black, whose top attenuates to form a sort of spout, which facilitates the pouring of the briquettes into the grill. Moreover, it has a chrome handle that makes it much easier to carry than those lumpy bags; $7.95.

There is nothing wrong with Macy's Kernel Kutter, a device for stripping corn off the cob, that a spelling lesson wouldn't kure. With this thing, you can "prepare a year's supply of sweet corn in less than an hour," according

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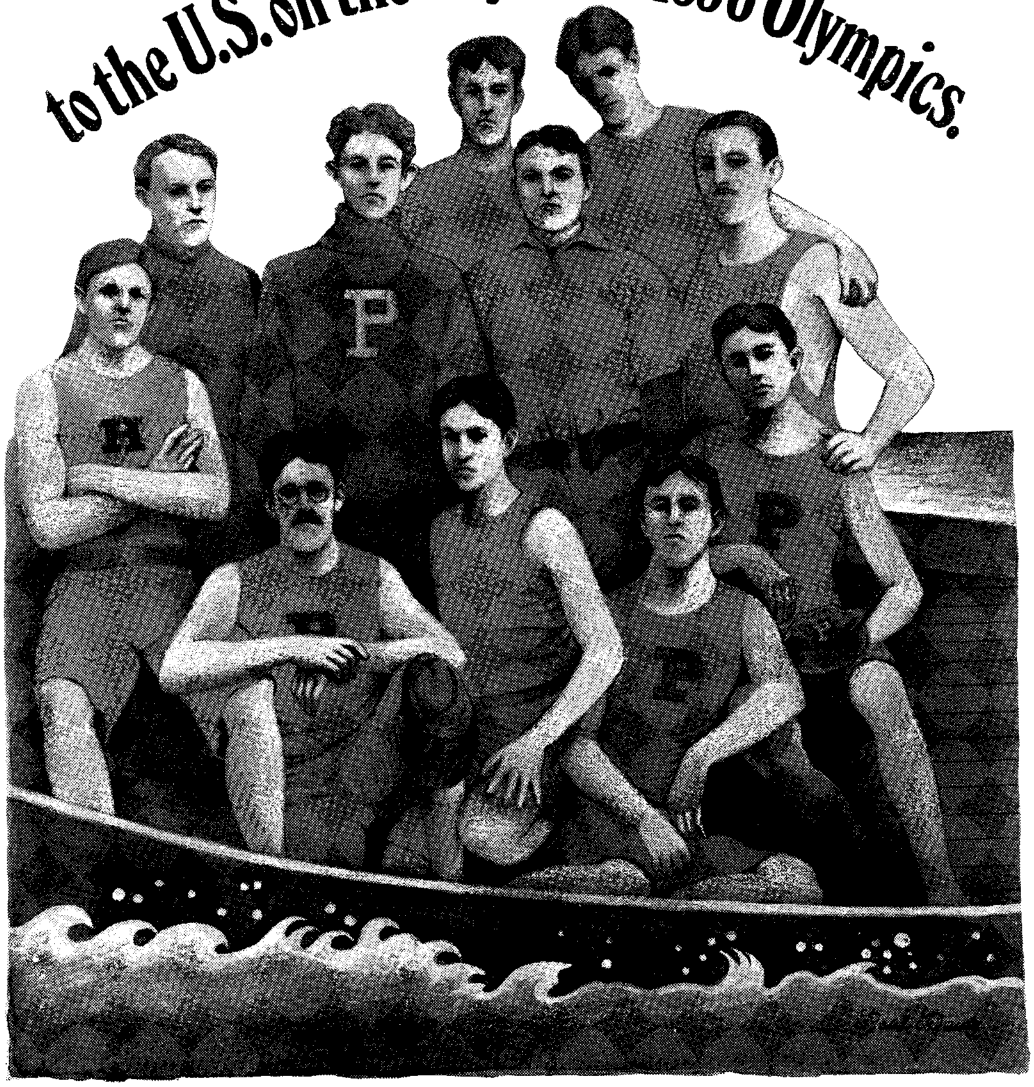
A funny thing happened to the U.S. on the way to the 1896 Olympics.



On March 20, 1896, the U.S. team, made up of four Princeton students and a Harvard freshman, paying their own expenses, and five others, supported by the Boston Athletic Association, set sail for the first modern Olympics.

About April 1, their tramp steamer put in at Naples. And the date couldn't have been more appropriate. Instead of having plenty of time to complete the trip to Athens and get in shape for the scheduled start on the 18th, the athletes learned they had only five days.

The official date, it seems, had been based on the Greek calendar, not ours.

So the squad piled aboard a wretched little scow to Patras, Greece, and arrived in Athens just as the first events were starting. They didn't even have a chance to warm up. Yet the Americans took so many championships, winning nine out of ten events entered, that they were suspected of being professionals.

The Olympics have always been the setting for some kind of to-do, aside from the competitions themselves. Jim Thorpe, who said, "Thanks, King" to Gustaf of Sweden, when the King presented him a special trophy as the "greatest athlete in the world", had to give up his medals because he had once played a little semi-pro baseball. Adolf Hitler changed the Olympics ritual somewhat so he wouldn't have to salute American champions. And way back in ancient Greece, when women weren't even allowed to watch the Olympics, a fighter's second was almost thrown to the lions when she turned out to be his mother.

Just what extras will arise from next year's Olympics we can't predict. We do know that men and women from all over the globe will pit their strengths and skills and training against each other to prove nothing more than whose strength and skill and training are better, as measured by performance. That's been the point behind every Olympic Games since the Greeks started it all 2,743 years ago. And that's what is behind every true sporting competition.

When the nations assemble on the slopes of Grenoble, and in the thin air of Mexico, next year, Sports Illustrated will be there. Because our more than 9,000,000 readers want to know more, follow more closely, and understand more fully the phenomenon of performance—by getting more and more involved with sports performance of all kinds, as written about and pictured on the pages of SI, week after week.

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to its literature, and it would be a good gift for someone who grows corn and spends the month of August in the kitchen compulsively canning or freezing it. It is a cob-size stainless-steel hoop, with sharp teeth and a handle. You bring the teeth down on an upright cob, and all the kernels come down, too; $1.98. Another possibility for a home canner is some unusual dark-green glass jars, from Switzerland, with lids and metal clamps. These are at the Village Kitchen Shop and also at Chequer, 1071-A Third Avenue (63rd), and come in litre, three-quarter-litre, and half-litre capacities, for $4, $3, and $2, respectively. They are very handsome, and would be worthy repositories for the delectable old-fashioned relishes and fruit preserves that some women still practice the art of putting up. Or do they? This summer, we clipped a story out of the *Berkshire Eagle* that we reread from time to time and still aren't quite sure what to make of. This is the story:

> CANNED FOODS FOOL
> COUNTY FAIR JUDGES
>
> ANTIOCH, CALIF. (AP)—Two reporters say they transferred the cheapest supermarket canned goods they could find into glass jars and won six prizes out of nine entries at the Contra Costa County Fair Saturday.
>
> They racked up a first-place blue ribbon for pickles, second place for stewed tomatoes, chili sauce and chow chow, and third place for boysenberries and carrots.
>
> The reporters, who used a phony name, said there wasn't enough of their prize-winning chow chow to make a complete entry so they added hamburger relish to fill the jar.
>
> The Oakland Tribune hoaxers said they chose entries without regard for appearance and didn't taste them.

At Georg Jensen, we saw a very utilitarian and no-nonsense and remarkably light and compact picnic set made in Sweden. It is a pastel-colored plastic box, with a domed cover, that houses four plastic plates, four plastic cups, two square and two rectangular food boxes, and two thermos bottles. The thermos bottles and cups are three-sided, and therefore easy to grip, and there is an adjustable canvas strap by which one totes the box. Victorian wicker hampers may be prettier, but they are also a good deal heavier than this picnic box, which we think would please a family that likes to picnic on tops of hills or in meadows or other places that cars can't reach. Price: $23.

For people who like to eat outdoors but are put off by flies, the Village Kitchen Shop has a set of three food domes made of metal screening, one

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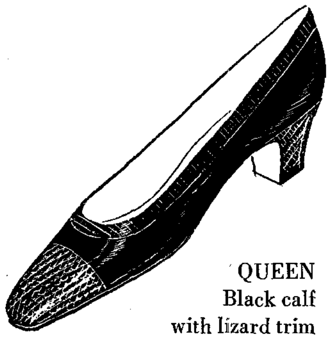

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- QUEENS, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
- SUNNYSIDE, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328

painted yellow, one green, and one orange. They measure ten, nine, and seven inches in diameter, and each dome has a small ring handle at the apex; $7.95 for the set. In the same connection, Design Research, 53 East 57th Street, offers a plastic tray with a square-cut dome that lifts off; the tray (eighteen by fourteen inches) is red or yellow, and the dome (seven inches high) is clear plastic. This would be a useful piece of equipment for people who carry their meals out to terraces or the sides of pools; $8. Another device, which might make the hardy outdoorsman wince but would not discountenance his grandmother or decorator on a visit from the city, is La Cuisinière's *beurrier*, a serving dish for butter that keeps it from melting. This artful contrivance—also known as an "upside-down butter holder"—is a pottery bowl with a top that looks something like the stopper of an apothecary jar, except that it is hollow and is meant to be stuffed with hard butter. The bowl is filled with cold water, and when the top is in place the butter hangs upside down in the water and doesn't fall in because the water keeps it hard. To serve the butter, one lifts the top and sets it butter side up on the bowl. The price is $3.75 for a plain white *beurrier*, and $4.75 for a yellow version trimmed with gold.

AT Porthault, 55 East 57th Street, there are some tablecloths that are intended for outdoor tables and that, by Porthault standards, are practically being given away at $15 apiece. They are fifty-nine inches square and are made of a heavy, canvaslike cotton dyed in good, strong solid colors and edged with a narrow white binding. The colors are blue, red, green, or rust, and, for $3.50 each, there are matching napkins. While at Porthault, you might stop to admire, without feeling any inclination to buy, the exquisite, expensive handwork for which the place is famous. Needlework of this sort is a dying art, and we can't say we're profoundly stirred by its passing, having once tried to maintain in the style to which it was accustomed a priceless embroidered tablecloth that an ancestress made to occupy her idle hours and to give her overworked servants something further to boil and bleach and starch and iron and fold and put away in lavender-scented drawers. But it's lovely stuff. There is a breathtakingly pretty tablecloth at Porthault whose white linen surface is covered with minuscule sprigs of wild straw-

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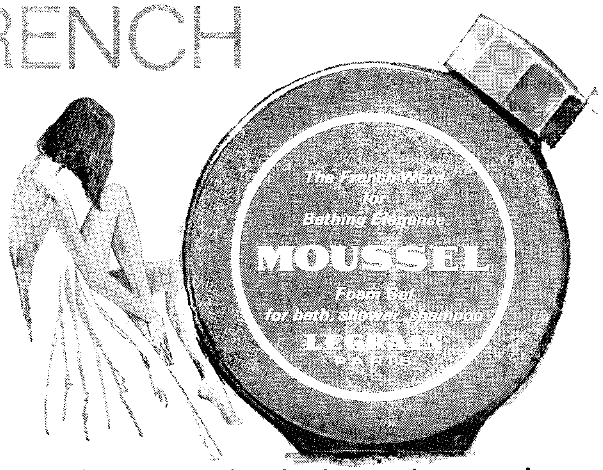
WITH
MOUSSEL
THE FRENCH
FOAM
GEL



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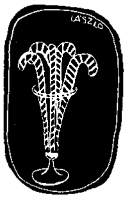
berries (green leaves, red fruit, and pink blossoms) in Beauvais embroidery, worked in such incredibly tiny and precise stitches that it makes one think of the fabled Forbidden Stitch of China—forbidden because after a year of working in this microscopic medium the stitcher, usually a child, went blind. The Beauvais embroidery can't be doing anyone's eyesight much good, either, and, indeed, the price for it is continually going up. The strawberry tablecloth, which was made a few years ago, costs $175 (it measures sixty-two inches by ninety-nine, and comes with eight napkins), but when it is sold the next one will cost a great deal more to order—at least a hundred dollars more. Another admirable—and not so excruciating—technique is appliqué, and Porthault has a number of wonderful examples on hand. There is a white linen cloth, fifty inches square, appliquéd with multicolored vegetables—scallions, tomatoes, white asparagus, radishes, watercress, artichokes, red peppers, eggplant—that is as pleasant to regard as a well-tended kitchen garden. It comes with six matching napkins, and costs $120; this one, too, will cost a great deal more when it is reordered.

The craft of quilting still has its adherents, and at the Elder Craftsmen Shop, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), there are some quilted coverlets, made by a lady in Pennsylvania, that are outstanding for the quality of their workmanship and the beauty of their designs. This quiltmaker likes to work with light-colored calicoes and solid-pastel patches set on a white background, and her quilts have a heartening look of lightness and freshness and clarity. A double-bed coverlet with a wheel pattern of stylized rounded flowers set within squares is $80. A charming coverlet for a child's bed is covered with patches that form dainty flowers resembling forget-me-nots; this measures fifty-one inches by sixty-six and costs $30. If these quilts and the others are gone by the time you reach the shop, you might keep them in mind for next Christmas, because the Pennsylvania lady takes orders. There are quilts made by other craftsmen at the shop, but this lady's productions seemed superior to us, and you will have no trouble recognizing them. The Elder Craftsmen Shop, as you may know, is an outlet for work done by people who are at least sixty years old. The shop sells on consignment, taking a small percentage of the retail price. Every week, a board meets and passes judgment on the work submitted; if it isn't up to par, suggestions are offered to the craftsman for improving his work. Some of the merchandise sold at the Elder Craftsmen Shop isn't the most beautiful or imaginative merchandise to be seen in New York, but everything is well made and nothing falls below a certain high level of competence. By encouraging *good* work rather than busy work, the enterprise brings satisfaction to craftsman and purchaser alike, and we can think of few other associations, charitable or profit-making, of which the same good thing can be said.

The malaise that afflicts so many young people today is not unlike the feeling of purposelessness and remoteness from life that afflicts old retired people, and though we are not sure that a Younger Craftsmen Shop is really called for, we are convinced that if young people found something to do that they liked doing, and did it well, they would not feel so bad. We recently paid a visit to the Christopher Street studio of a very young man named Edward Gilly, who was doing his thing when we arrived, and was doing it, it seemed to us as we glanced about the studio, very well indeed. Mr. Gilly makes objects out of leaded glass, using a method based on the techniques of the Tiffany glassmakers—techniques that he taught himself, since there wasn't anyone left to teach him—and the leaded-glass butterflies and flowers and prisms hanging in his window looked unlike any leaded-glass ornaments we had seen elsewhere. The difference is that he does not use commercial leaded track but edges each hand-cut piece of colored glass with copper foil and then fuses the pieces with a soldering iron. Looking around the studio, one can follow the owner's development; he started out by aping Tiffany lamps, moved on to Art Nouveau-like ornaments, and is now occupied mostly with three-dimensional non-representational objects. One of the most beautiful things in the studio, made at the peak of his Art Nouveau period, is an enormous monarch butterfly, which hangs from the ceiling by a chain and is at once fantastic and realistic, down to the white circles that mark the tips of his black-edged wings; the price is $250. There are smaller butterflies, and dragonflies, flowers, and prisms as well, priced as low as $7, and each is an instance of the beauty that comes of a technique that has been pushed as far as it will



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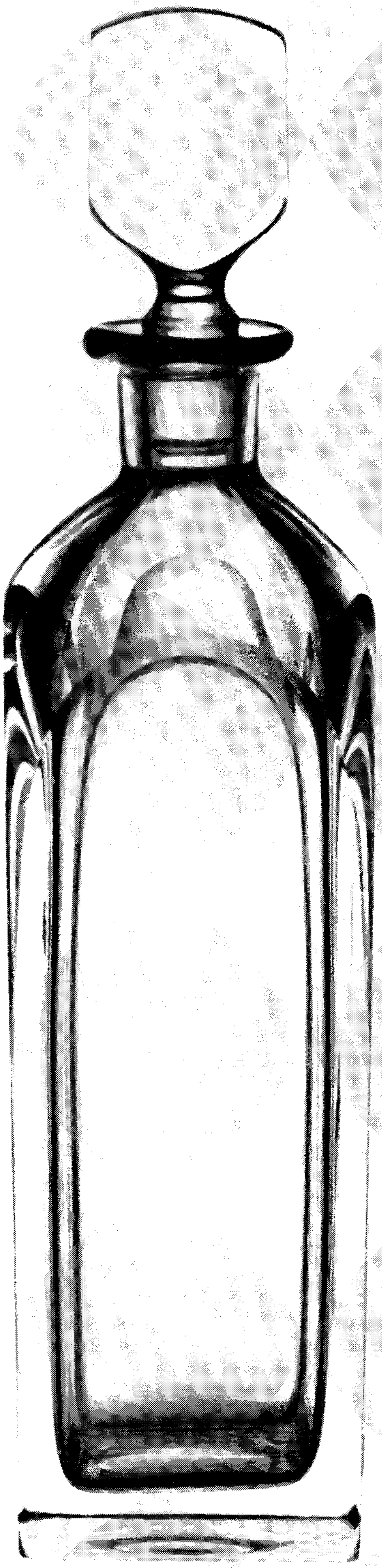

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It isn't...even though it goes from freezer to fire to table.
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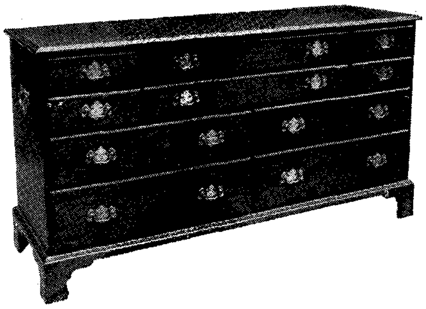
go. The studio is at 159 Christopher Street, between Greenwich and Washington Streets, and it is open from ten to six Tuesday through Friday and from noon to six on Saturday.

A HOUSEHOLDER whose interest in interior decoration extends beyond his own front door would be pleased, we think, to find "English Style in Interior Decoration," by Mary Gilliatt (Viking, $17.50), under his Christmas tree—a folio-size volume that is illustrated with some of the handsomest photographs of rooms we've seen anywhere. The photographer, Michael Boys, has done much more than take likenesses of the rooms that Mrs. Gilliatt wanted to have in her book. He has bathed them in gentle, misty colors or filled them with dramatic adumbrations; he has looked down on them from great romantic heights or regarded them askew at odd, baroque angles. He has idealized them, but he has not falsified them, for the rooms look a good deal more real than do the literally photographed interiors one usually sees in books on interior decoration. The intention of Mrs. Gilliatt's book is to show postwar developments in British interior decoration, and it everywhere illustrates the author's introductory observation that the English "in the main have been better at absorption, adaptation, and neat regurgitation than at straightforward creativity." The book is divided into sections with such headings as "The New Wave," "Sturdy British," and "The Purists," though it was not always clear to us why a room or a house should be in one category rather than another. The impression one takes away from the book is that the English style, in contrast to the Scandinavian or the Bauhaus style, is less a matter of basics (architecture and furniture) than of touches—details, arrangements of objects, borrowings, serendipities. A section is devoted to some of these typically English gestures—a jug of bluebells next to an iron candlestick, a clear-glass vase of daffodils, a steel lock and handle from Lord Snowdon's study, a glass goblet filled with nuts and grapes—but one can go through the book and cull such details for oneself from each of the rooms shown. One can also see how crucial they are. One admires a lovely, light cottage bedroom, for example, and suddenly realizes that its fragrant beauty resides not in the vaulted white ceiling nor in the tongue-and-groove walls nor in the interesting white brick chimney but in the pretty sprigged eiderdowns on the beds. The owner of this room,

MULE CHEST



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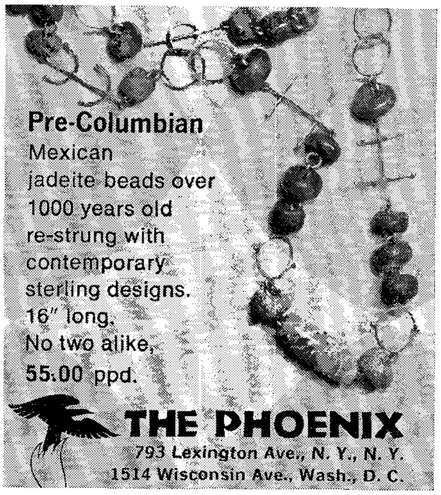
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Terence Conran, is the best-known exponent, if not the originator, of a style that has become as popular and recognizable as Mary Quant's dresses—the style characterized by whitewashed brick walls, bentwood furniture, Victorian relics, and oddities that are supposed to be amusing. We see a lot of this sort of thing here in New York, and it is interesting to see it at its source, where it looks decidedly better—or is it Mr. Boys who has made it look better? In any case, the sterile preciosity that characterizes Conran-derived rooms in America is absent from the photographs of the originals, which look genuinely charming and comfortable, and quite manly. We did not equally admire all the rooms in "English Style in Interior Decoration," but, with one exception, we thought them all in very good taste. The exception is Princess Margaret's bathroom.

OBSERVING that few people in England live in stark, purely modern surroundings, Mrs. Gilliatt attributes this partly to the fact that "the best modern furniture is disproportionately more expensive than good antique furniture, considering the sure investment value of the latter." This is as true in this country as in England, but here and there one sees a piece of modern furniture that one feels sure will stand the test of time, and is therefore worth paying a high price for. Seeing a piece of furniture by the Finnish designer Alvar Aalto, for example, persuades the spectator that he is in the presence of something absolutely good, even though his own taste may run to Chippendale. Aalto's work is extremely modern (though it doesn't seem as extreme now as it did in the thirties, when it first came out) and extremely individual. There is no mistaking a piece by Aalto for a piece by someone else. His medium is bent laminated birchwood, and the impression all his work produces is one of great lightness and paleness and swiftness and thinness. At Design Research, one may inspect an exemplary Aalto piece—a tea cart that one tips to move, like a wheelbarrow, and whose two disc wheels are connected to the top and to the handle by peculiarly sinuous curves of bent birchwood. The top is black linoleum tile, and between the top and the handle there is a wicker basket for tea things (or bottles, if you are using the piece as a bar cart). The top is twenty-five and a half inches square, and the cart stands twenty-three and a quarter inches high; $235. At Scandinavian

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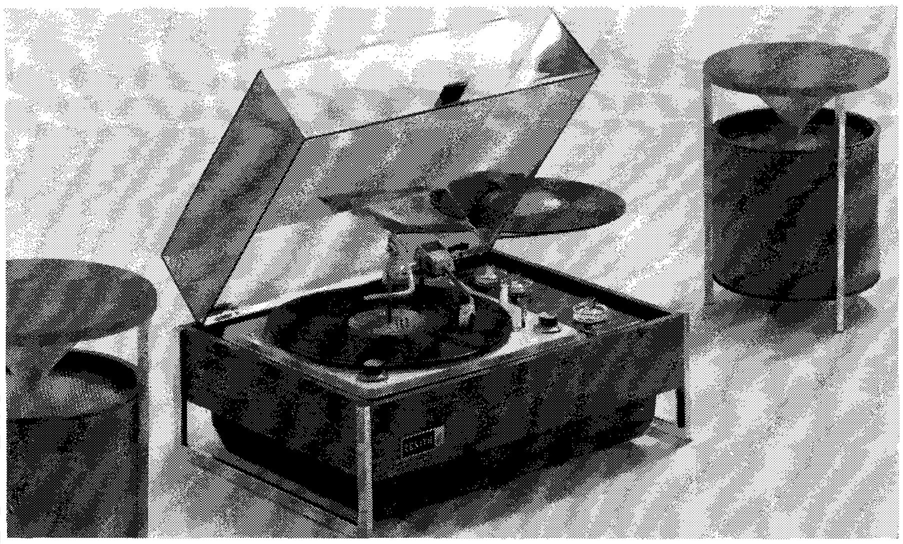

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Design, 15 East 53rd Street, there is a stool designed by Aalto that is as inconspicuous as the tea cart is spectacular but that has all the latter's featly elegance. Its slender bent-birchwood legs form four arches, upon which a sixteen-inch-square seat of natural-colored webbing is stretched, and it stands seventeen inches high; $62. Aalto's glass coffee table, also at Scandinavian Design, is simply a larger version of the stool with a glass top instead of the webbing, but it is a far more arresting piece, for here one can look down on the arches and see the delicate design made by their junctures. The top is thirty-two inches square, extending five inches past the legs on each side, which are eighteen inches high; the edges of the glass are rounded; and the price is $168.

The pieces of American Colonial furniture on view at John Gordon, whose shop is on the second floor at 313 West 57th Street, are apt to elicit the same grudging admiration from a modernist that the Aalto furniture (as we have surmised) inspires in a traditionalist. There is a hoop-back Windsor chair that makes one see what the writer meant who described the Windsor chair as "a triumph of lightness, comfort, strength, and economy." The chair has delicate hickory spindles, a wide contour seat, splay legs, and some of its original dark-green paint. It also has the signature of its maker, a Mr. H. W. Mason, who worked at the time of the Revolution. The price is $650. (As you may know, there are no nails or screws in Windsor chairs; the Colonial joiners set the hickory spindles and legs in holes bored in seats made of unseasoned lumber, which shrank as the wood dried and gripped the seasoned extremities.) We next admired a very early eighteenth-century bannister-back chair with a rush seat, whose back has three half-turned bannisters flanked by two round turned posts surmounted by mushroom finials, and which is very handsome in its hard, dark, upright-standing way; $650. In an altogether different vein is what Mr. Gordon calls a "beautiful and nutty" country Chippendale chair, which is full of serpentine curves and baroqueries and still has its original coat of paint—a flamboyant turquoise. The chair has a pierced-splat back whose crest is carved with a feather design, and it has cabriole legs and (at the moment) no seat. Price: $450. Among a large number of small Early American artifacts that Mr. Gordon has on display we particularly relished a brilliantly lifelike wooden grouse, carved and painted by the renowned decoy-

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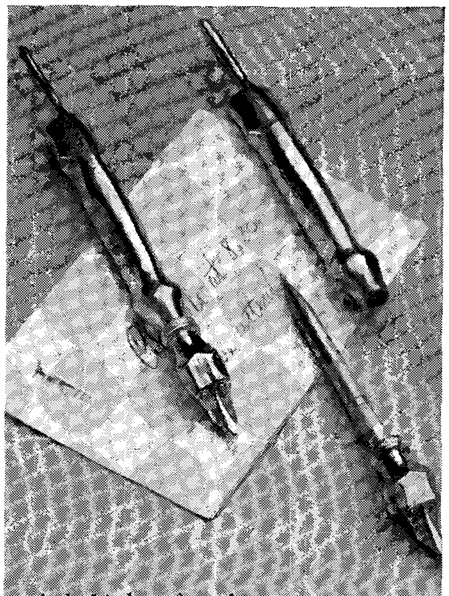

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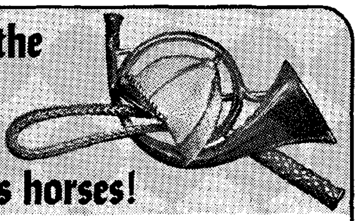

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maker A. Elmer Crowell ($1,500); a beautifully rusted weathervane made in the shape of a centaur ($225); and a large cat made of chalkware, with a stern expression and staring yellow eyes ($250). Mr. Gordon also has a small and very distinguished collection of Early American primitive paintings, which he keeps in a closet at the back of the shop but is willing to drag out on request. We regarded a pair of portraits (priced at $6,000 for the two) of a husband and wife—a Mr. and Mrs. Abram Burton, of Amenia, New York—done by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865), a self-taught itinerant limner who lived at the Connecticut-Massachusetts-New York border and moved from place to place to paint portraits of the local farmers and townspeople and their families. The portrait of Mrs. Burton is remarkable; "primitive" is hardly the word for the studied brittle elegance of its painting style and the daring deliberation of its design. Mrs. Burton has a sharp, corvine face—a hard and mean and yet somehow beautiful face—and she wears a rich black velvet gown, a lace bonnet tied with a wide lavender ribbon, and, on her sharply sloping shoulders, a delicate veil of a transparent material. The single touch of bright color is the red cover of a tiny book that the subject holds in her hand, at the very bottom of the painting. The portrait of Mr. Burton is less interesting. He has a large, sober, florid face, and he undoubtedly finds life with Mrs. Burton hard.

AT Design Research, we saw an appropriate gift for an inordinately happy couple—a pair who have eyes (and meals) only for each other. The gift comes in three cartons marked A, B, and C, which contain, among them, all the china, glassware, flatware, napery, and cooking utensils that two people need to prepare and eat three meals a day. Carton A, labelled "Breakfast and Supper," has a coffeepot, a sugar bowl, a creamer, two cups and saucers, two small plates, an ashtray, salt and pepper shakers, knives, forks, and spoons, two cereal bowls, two placemats, two napkins, and one serving tray. Carton B contains lunch and dinner necessaries, which include highball glasses, a serving platter, and a gravy boat, and Carton C has cooking and grilling utensils and accessories—casseroles, grilling plates, a chopping block, and even a pair of cooking gloves. The china is plain and straight-lined, but not indelicate, and the accessory pieces have a similar simple tastefulness. Carton A sells for $55 in white china and

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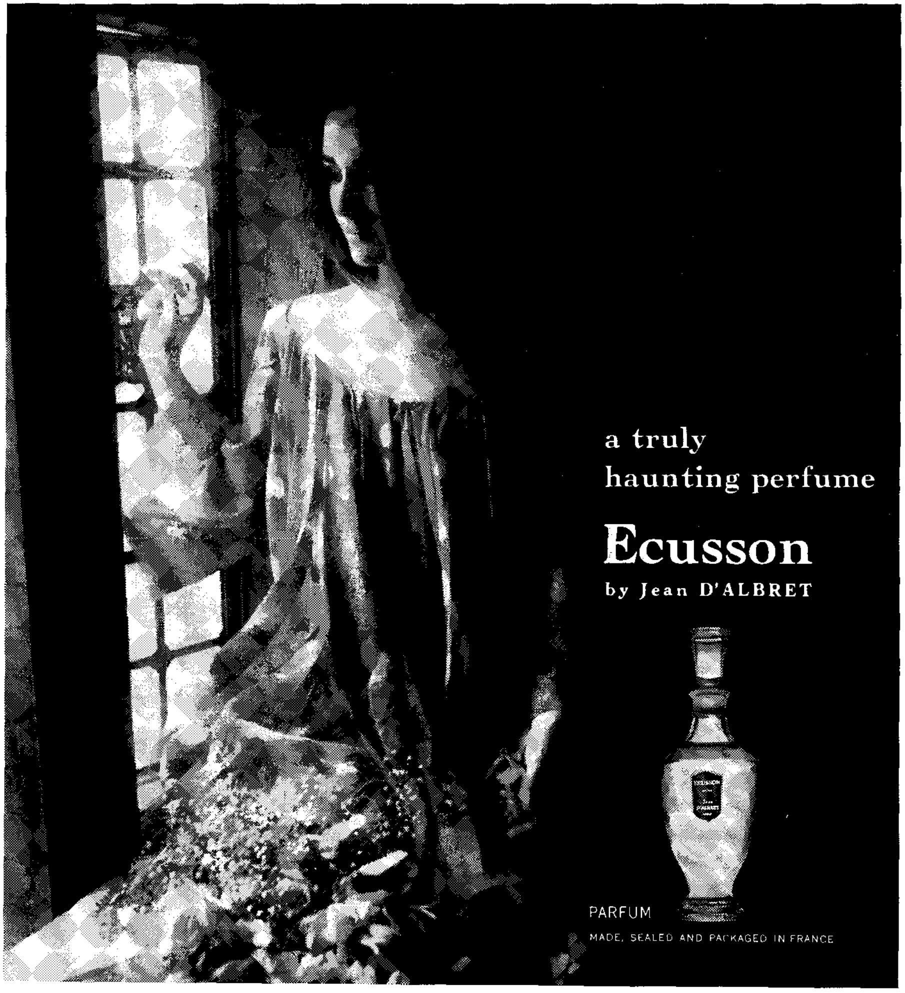

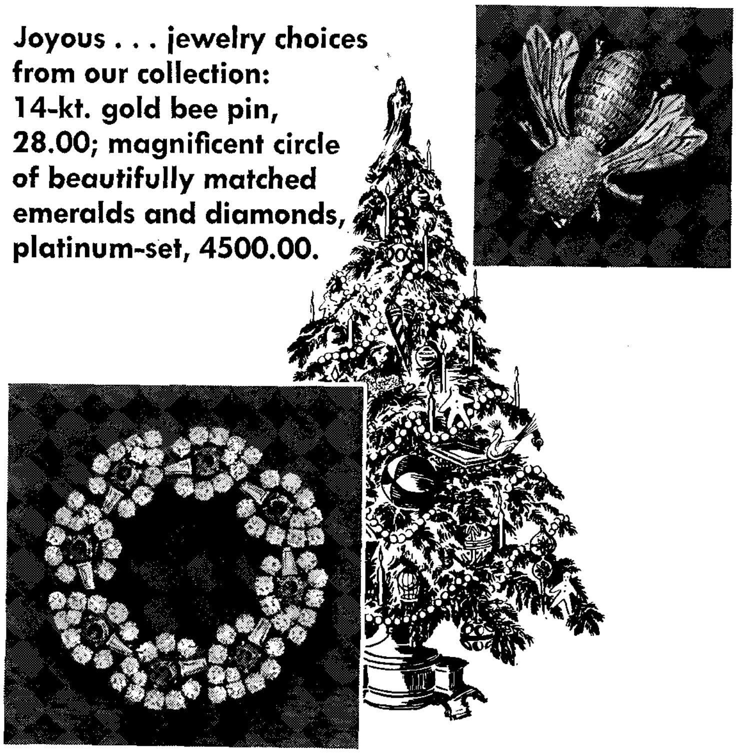
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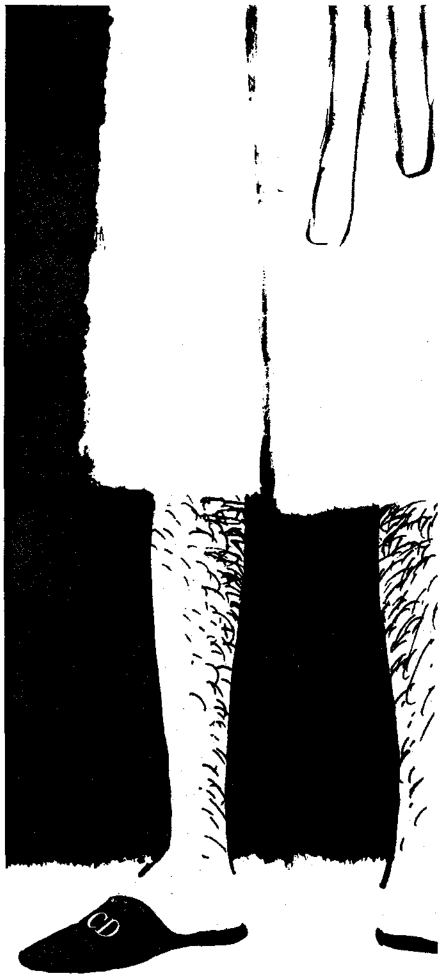

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$75 in white china decorated with a cobalt-blue band; Carton B is $76 in white and $95 in white and blue; and Carton C is $53 in white and $63 in white and blue. All the pieces may be bought separately.

There is some stoneware from Denmark at Bloomingdale's, Lord & Taylor, and Bonniers that is heavy and solid but not at all crude or brutish. These plates and bowls and cups, made by the Dansk firm, resemble provincial antiques—an impression that is promoted by the small brown pocks and specks that appear on their surface, which are made by the mineral residues of their kiln-firing. The Blue Mist pattern has a border of two blue stripes on an old-looking white background, and a five-piece place setting of it costs $20.95. A setting for eight costs $167.60. The plain Mist pattern, also white, has a single brown stripe at the extremity of its rim, and costs $18.95 for a five-piece place setting and $151.60 for a service for eight. There are also patterns with abstract, vaguely Oriental leaf-and-flower decorations, but we prefer the plain ones, perhaps because they look like unpretentious old country ware, while the decorated ones look a bit (shall we say?) "artistic." All the pieces may be bought singly.

At Georg Jensen, there is a puissant nutcracker, made of cast iron, that enables the user to crack a nut with the ease of someone breaking a butterfly on a wheel. It stands upright, like a cider press, and works by means of a viselike jaw that descends upon the hapless nut and cracks it as the user languidly twirls a handle above. This nutcracker comes from England, and, for all its sinister appearance, it is actually a more benign instrument than the conventional nutcracker, which can't always be counted on to leave the nut meat unscathed when it breaks the shell. The English nutcracker goes only as far as you direct it to go; $10.

There are some objects hanging on the walls of Eris Antiques, 997 Second Avenue (52nd), that look as if they might be pieces of Futurist or Brutalist sculpture based on industrial forms, but in fact they are wooden patterns for machine parts—cams, pistons, bearing cases, push rods—that come from a foundry in Connecticut where heavy machinery for papermaking was cast in the late nineteenth century. The owner of Eris bought the foundry's obsolete patterns and is selling the smaller ones for from $5 to $30 apiece, and the gigantic ones for more. The patterns would obviously delight people who

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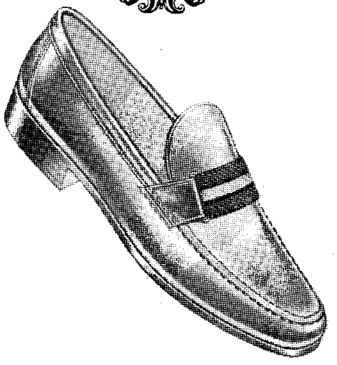

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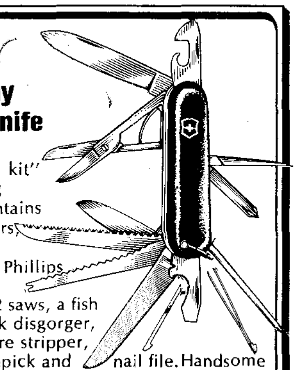

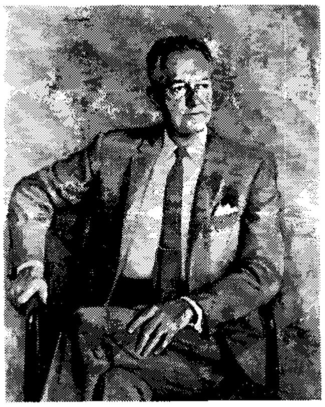

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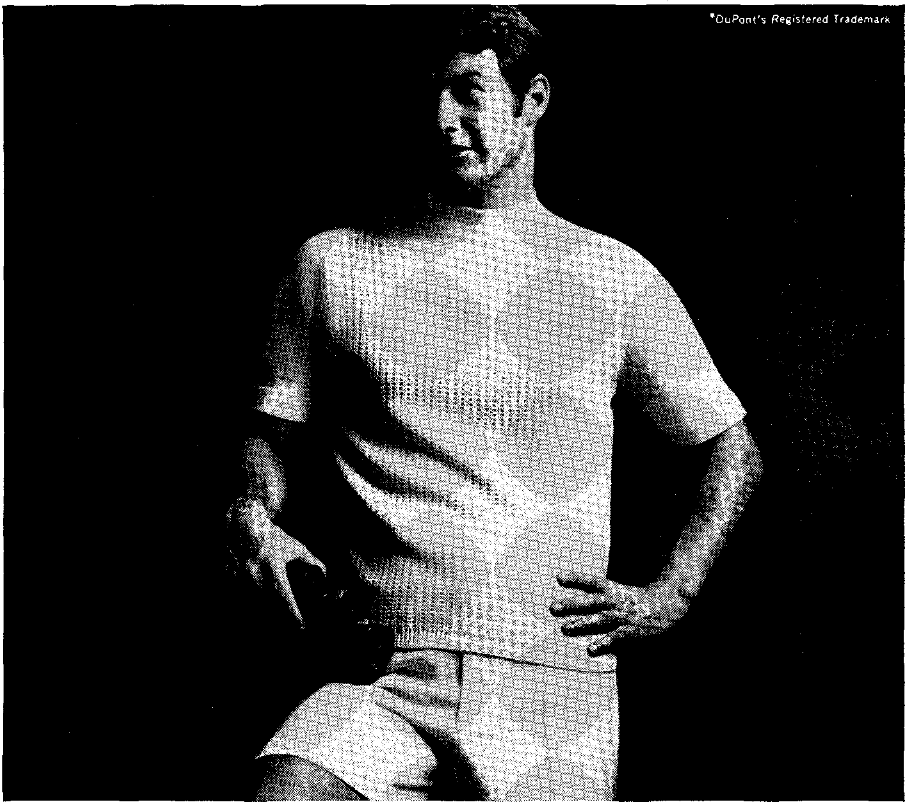
dote on the adventitious for its own sake, but they might also appeal to people of quite normal and conservative tastes. For the patterns are beautiful. The pine they are made of has a mellow golden patina that gives the pieces an almost Early American look, and they are made with a precision and tact that is remarkable—a kind to be seen today only in the finest furniture. There is something in the idea of handsome, well-made patterns for machines whose business (in most cases) is the production of ugly, ill-made objects to give one pause, though we're not quite sure what it is.

AT Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, we admired some soup bowls that are shaped and painted to resemble red onions. The bowl and its cover form a bulb, with a pale-green shoot on top that serves as a knob, and the white underlying plates are decorated with pale-green onion leaves. The color of the bowls is pink, rather than the magenta of nature's red onions, but the outer surface of the bowl is fluted and feels like an onion. The flavor of canned soup served in these bowls would be improved, we should think, or go unnoticed, and really good soup would make the price of the receptacle—$15—not all that unconscionable. The ceremony of eating artichokes is much enhanced by the presence of special plates, and Soupçon's artichoke plates from Italy are good-looking as well as special. They are made of off-white pottery decorated with delicate ferns, in relief, that branch out from a central well, for the artichoke to sit in, and they have shallow concavities to accommodate pools of butter and the gnawed artichoke leaves. A sort of antique effect is produced by light-brown shadings of the fronds, and the edge of the plate is irregularly petaline. The plates cost $5.50 each. For turophiles, Soupçon has a set of six white porcelain *assiettes à fromage* from Paris. Each plate depicts a cow or a goat or a sheep and lists five cheeses that come from the animal in question. One of the plates, for example, cites Livarot, Camembert, Pont-l'Évêque, Port du Salut, and Maroilles in black letters set within a red-rimmed oval on top of which a black cow stands. The plates come packed in a round box that looks like a cheesebox, and the price of the set is $28.50.

GIVING a set of drinking glasses to someone for Christmas is something like giving a loaf of bread to a starving man; it's thoughtful but not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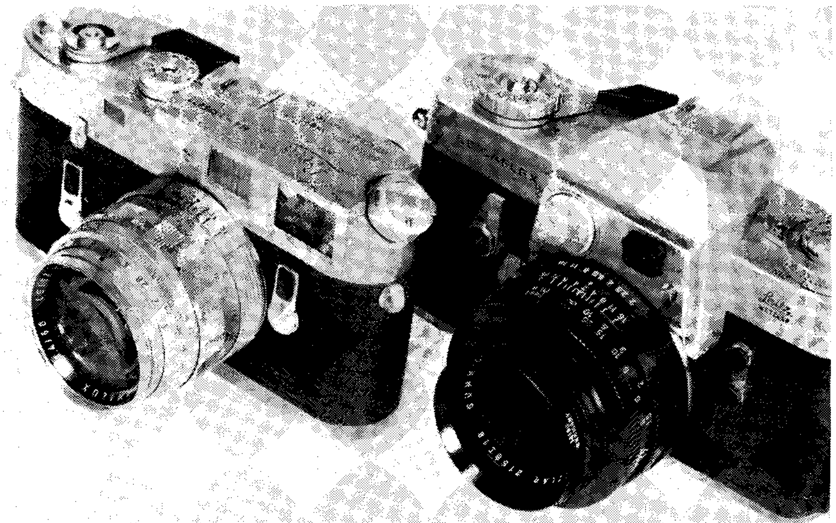
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very original. At Merrill Ames, 41 East 8th Street, we saw some drinking glasses that ought to gratify not only the recipient but any donor who likes to think of himself as a discerning shopper. They come from Finland, and they have a lovely design, in relief, of fragile, stylized, somewhat stiff and erect wild flowers, in a choice of clear, dark-blue, light-blue, or smoked-gray glass that is very light to hold. A set of six ten-ounce tumblers costs $16.50, and a set of six five-ounce tumblers is $13.50; bought singly, they are $2.75 and $2.50, respectively. There is a fruit bowl in the same pattern for $18.50, and a pitcher (two-quart capacity) for $15. Merrill Ames has a rosewood ice bucket so handsome that one is disposed to forgive it its faults, which are its weight (very, very heavy) and its price ($50). The bucket is shaped like an apple whose stem is what you grasp to raise the lid, and within there is a receptacle of a white plastic that, we're told, is tasteless and odorless. The bucket is eleven inches in diameter, and was constructed, we surmise, of pieces of rosewood that were glued together and then turned on a lathe.

At Seabon, we admired a trivet from Sweden—a very elegant one, handmade of a brushed steel that resembles pewter, wrought into twelve scrolling tentacles that surround a central hole (in which a large candle may sit when the trivet isn't otherwise occupied) and terminate in six little feet on the nether side. They form a sort of flower, and the trivet costs $10.95. Another giftworthy object at Seabon is a small hurricane lamp, also from Sweden, whose clear-glass chimney is shaped like a brandy snifter and whose slight base looks as if it couldn't possibly support the top properly, but it does. For the base is a heavy round knob of solid brass set between two squat cylinders of brushed steel, and the knob gives the fixture all the stability it needs, and also gives the base the appearance of having been turned on a lathe. The fixture accommodates a fat candle, and the price is $15.95. We also admired some table ornaments at Seabon that look like topiary trees. Each is really a ball of paper flowers tightly bunched together and set on a stick base. The flowers are stiff and abstract, and the trees have a crisp Scandinavian look as well as a faintly Victorian one. The ornaments come in two-color combinations (red-orange and white, blue and blue-violet, mauve and gray, and others), and cost $6.50 each.

At Georg Jensen, we scrutinized

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some disc-shaped ornaments made of Lucite in which are imprisoned, like flies in amber, tiny, perfectly preserved flowers. The discs, which are about three inches in diameter and cost $8 apiece, stand on edge and the flowers are regarded face-on. One arrangement shows a cornflower, a clover blossom, two buttercups, and bits of Queen Anne's lace. Another has several specimens of coltsfoot and two delicate purple flowers we couldn't identify. And another simply showed four wind anemones.

A lover—or, at any rate, a custodian—of houseplants might be glad to receive a watering can for Christmas. At West Town House, 260 West 86th Street, there is a watering can that has the merits of being capacious (it holds a quart), possessing an extremely long spout (fourteen inches), looking well proportioned, and costing only $3.50. It may be had in red, green, blue, yellow, orange, or white enamel over a lightweight metal. Your friend may be the kind of horticulturist who thinks nothing of sitting up all night with a sick begonia or of washing the leaves of her ninety plants every other day, in which case you'd better go to Tiffany for a watering can to present her with. You will find it in a case on the second floor, and it is almost a replica of the one at West Town House, only it's made of sterling silver and costs $600.

At À la Vieille Russie, 781 Fifth Avenue (59th), there are some handsome and interesting stone eggs that were made in *la nouvelle Russie* especially for the store. They are sold in sets of twelve, and each set, or setting, comprises these semiprecious stones: fluorite, amazonite, serpentine, jasper, ophicalcite, lazurite, rhodonite, porphyrite, listvenite, khibinite, quartzite, and obsidian. There are two sizes; a set of robin-size eggs costs $75, and a set of hen-size eggs costs $175. Each set is packed in a special box, and a gilt-metal stand is provided for each egg. While you are at À la Vieille Russie, you might ask to see the portrait they have of the present Czar of Russia's father. The painting is by Constantine Makowsky (1839-1915), and it hung in The Hermitage until the Revolution, when it was taken down. The Czar's name, in case you've forgotten it, is Vladimir Kyrilovitch, and he became Czar in 1938, when he said he was. The portrait of his father, Kyril Vladimirovitch, costs $2,800 and bears a resemblance to Kyril's cousin Nicholas II. If the followers of lost causes on your Christmas list prefer Napoleon

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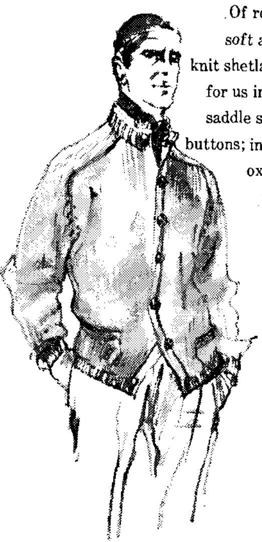

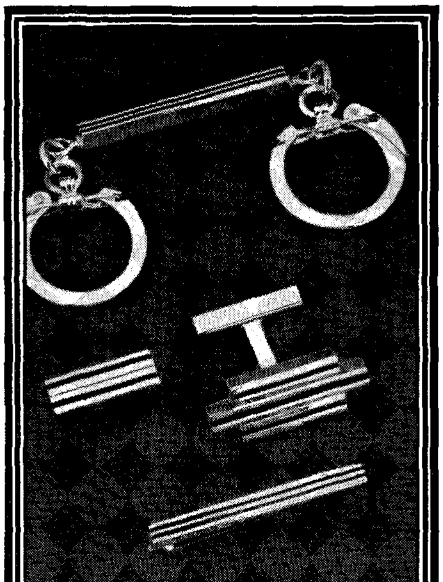

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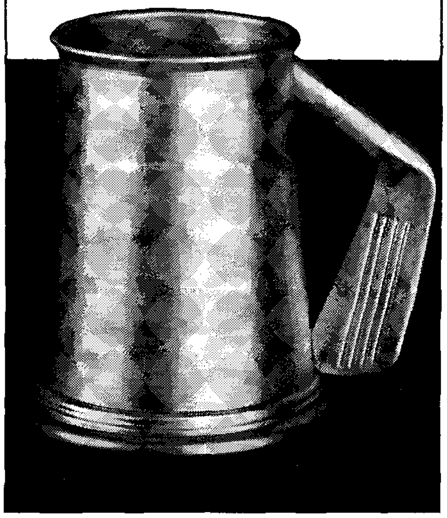

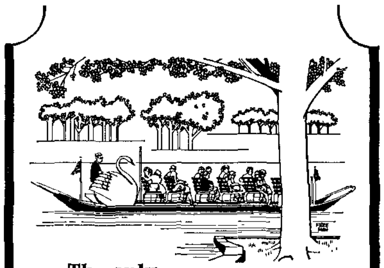

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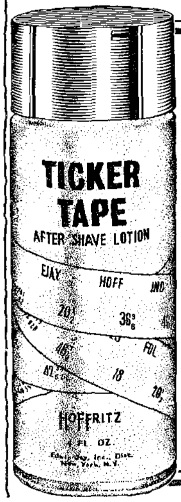

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says that, on the contrary, cats need to be disciplined, and, indeed, want to be disciplined. "You and the cat must both realize that it is *your* house and your furniture and that the cat is going to respect your wishes concerning both," he writes. For a cat who tries to run out the front door whenever it opens, he prescribes a good nudge in the chops, and if you think that's cruel Mr. Greer retorts, "I think it's cruel to allow your cat to be hit by a car or crushed by a door when discipline in the form of physical punishment could have prevented the accident." Mr. Greer's warning about tuna fish may save the reader a trip to the veterinarian (it causes a disease known as steatitis; *never* feed tuna to a cat), and his strictures on once-a-day feeding will be of interest to the people who weakly feed their cat whenever they open the icebox door. In the chapter entitled "The Right Cat for You," Mr. Greer sets down engaging character sketches of the various breeds. Manx cats, for example, are "feline clinging vines," he says, and goes on, "They literally languish without your company and will never leave you alone. They aren't like the Siamese or Burmese, who seek you out because they enjoy being with you; the Manx cat sticks to your side because he just can't do without you. If you want to be a god to your cat, I think the Manx is it. The other breeds have more sense. But if this is what you want, why not get a dog?"

•

The catering was creme de la creme, the decor veddy distingue—and the piece de resistance featured Monsieur Henri Lewin, Ben Vivant of the Hilton Hostelry, in amusing repartee.—*Bulletin, National Council of Jewish Women, San Francisco Section.*

Golly! Henri, and Ben, too?

•

The constant search for improvement in cargo handling procedures at the Port of New York is not limited to containerization alone, for much attention is being focused on another method of unitization—palletization.—*Via Port of New York, the magazine of the Port of New York Authority.*

Good.

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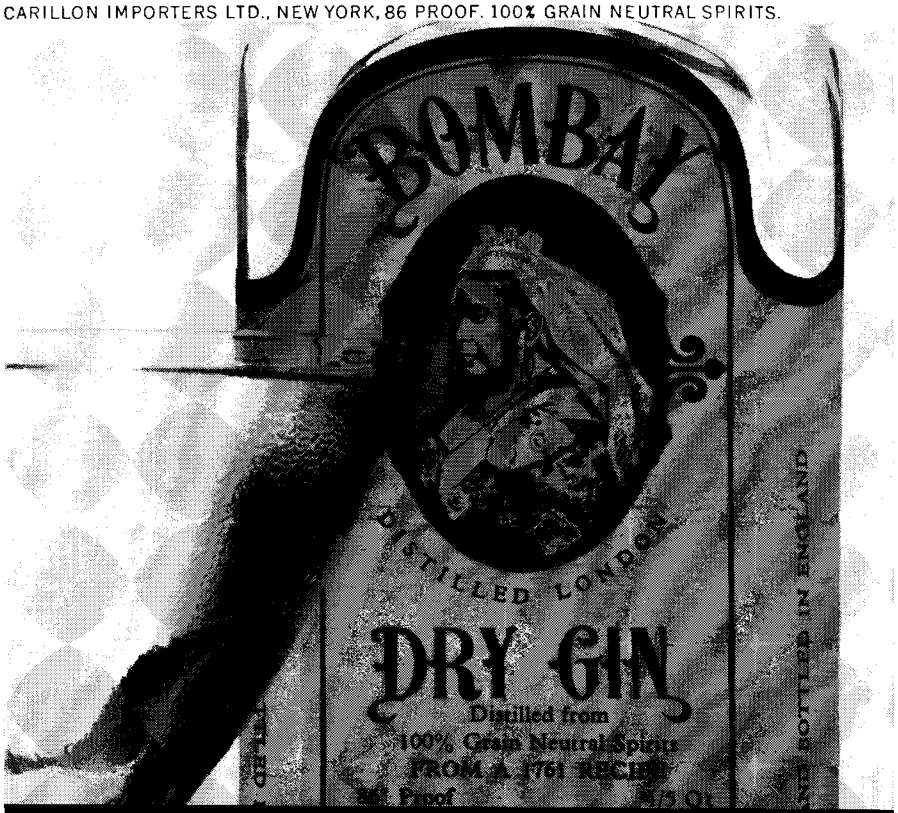

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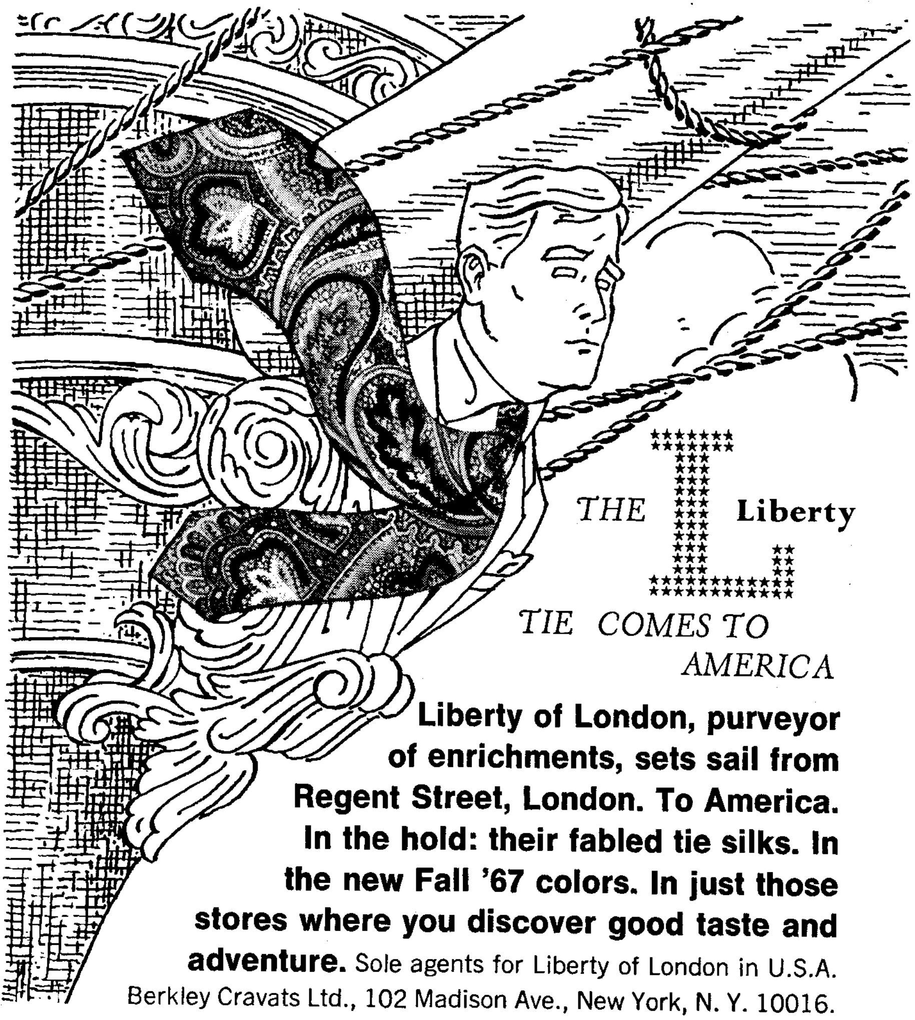
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THERE are all kinds of football, none of them better than (or perhaps even equal to) the football played by Yale this fall since Brian Dowling, rising from his bed of pain, resumed his role of quarterback after a very long absence. It was instantly apparent upon his resumption of command that here was a Galahad who could do no wrong. By the time he and Yale got around to Princeton and Harvard, it had likewise become apparent that his passes—great, ungainly, lumbering auks—could easily be intercepted, even when they were thrown to the battery of extra-lofty recipients with which Yale had provided him. Princeton took in four of those passes (a feat sufficient to beat many a team) and lost, 29–7; Harvard took in five of them and lost, 24–20. Well, great; in fact, super! But what, one wondered, would happen if Yale ever got into a strait that was reasonably dire? Harvard, coming up like thunder over China last Saturday, overtook Yale at next to the last minute and confronted Dowling with the first real “situation” of his career. Dowling’s solution (he was standing possibly seventy-five yards from the Harvard goal) was to float a great auk to Marting, who never had to look back on his way to the winning touchdown. The solutions this fall seemed to be Dowling’s; if he was getting messages from the sidelines (this practice has, unhappily, at last been made legal), the transmission of them was simply not visible.

The transmission of messages was thoroughly visible (for all the good they did) at Palmer Stadium that afternoon, for Princeton, when “situations” bobbed up, changed quarterbacks every minute on the minute—quarterbacks filled with nothing-risk, nothing-gain instructions, and nothing thereby was gained. Dartmouth, beaten at the very end, the week before, by a revived Cornell, held off a determined but outthought Princeton (which was Burgoyne and his Redcoats against the guerrillas in the wilderness) and won, in the final seconds, on a field goal (17–14), just as it had beaten a determined but never outthought Harvard in the final seconds and on a

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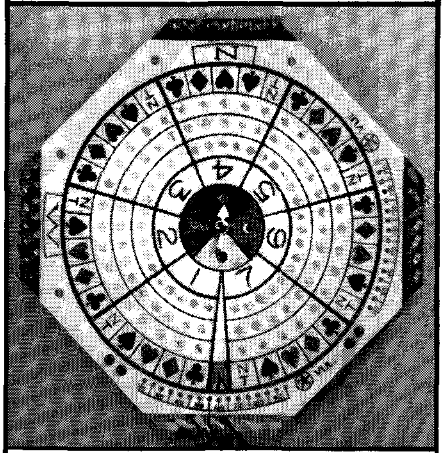

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field goal toward the end of October. Last Saturday's game was the last ever for Ryzewicz, who had been the quarterback for Dartmouth most of the season but who was assigned to wingback against Princeton (Koenig was assigned to quarterback), and the last game for his teammate Luxford, who, after spending most of his life as a defense man, moved up into a running position, and brilliantly, this year. Against Princeton, Luxford went back to defense, and brilliantly, too; Ryzewicz, since he was not handling the ball on his tantalizing option plays, had little chance to make his customary glorious spectacle of himself. Princeton, which left its best game in Boston the day it completely overpowered a splendid Harvard team (and left some of its best men, too), had not very much to offer either Yale or Dartmouth the next two weekends; last Saturday, lacking more than twenty of the players with which it had optimistically begun its season, Princeton represented individual skill (Bracken and Wayne and Nixon, say) against a Dartmouth that, win or lose, is always consummate in team play and thinking. Be it added, nevertheless, that the Princeton line, by last Saturday often made up of a set of mere chance acquaintances, suddenly cohered and, in the second half, gave Dartmouth real what-for.

If you like to see Army win (and I do), you will be happy, as I am, that it had a rest last weekend after its topsy-turvy, coming-from-behind match with Pittsburgh. This weekend, naturally, it's Army-Navy. And if you like the Ivy League (and I do), you will be happy, on the whole, that its season has ended. Never did so few contend against so many on behalf of Columbia, which could not win a game in its league. Brown had its first league triumph in a couple of years, which is but an exceedingly small consolation prize, and Pennsylvania, some of whose handful of good men were reduced to scrap in the course of the season, finished up by being thumped, 33–14, at the hands (and feet) of a Cornell that didn't even seem to have to try very hard. R.I.P. from —J.W.L.

In this age of confused intolerance and bigotry it is a pleasure to talk with President Senghor and to acknowledge in him the civilizing genius of France which, despite the persistence even in Senegal of narrow-minded white *colons*, has lit a special flame in Francophone Africa.
—*C. L. Sulzberger in the Times.*

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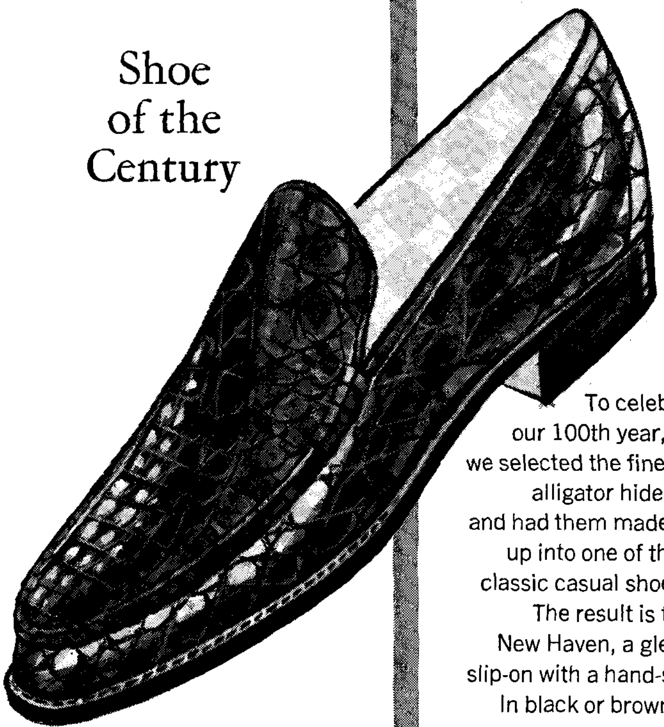

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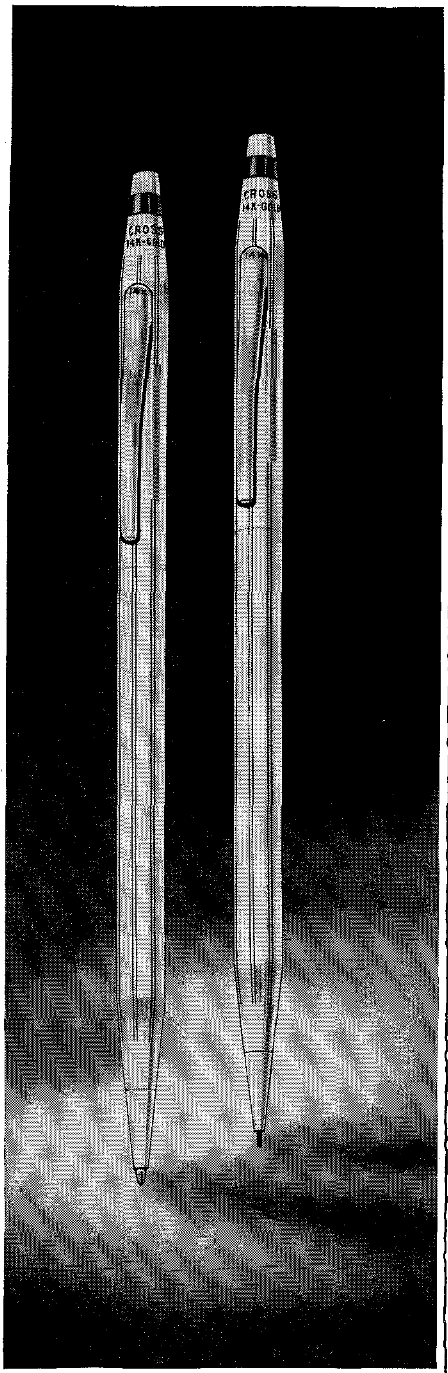

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Ring in the New "Ring"

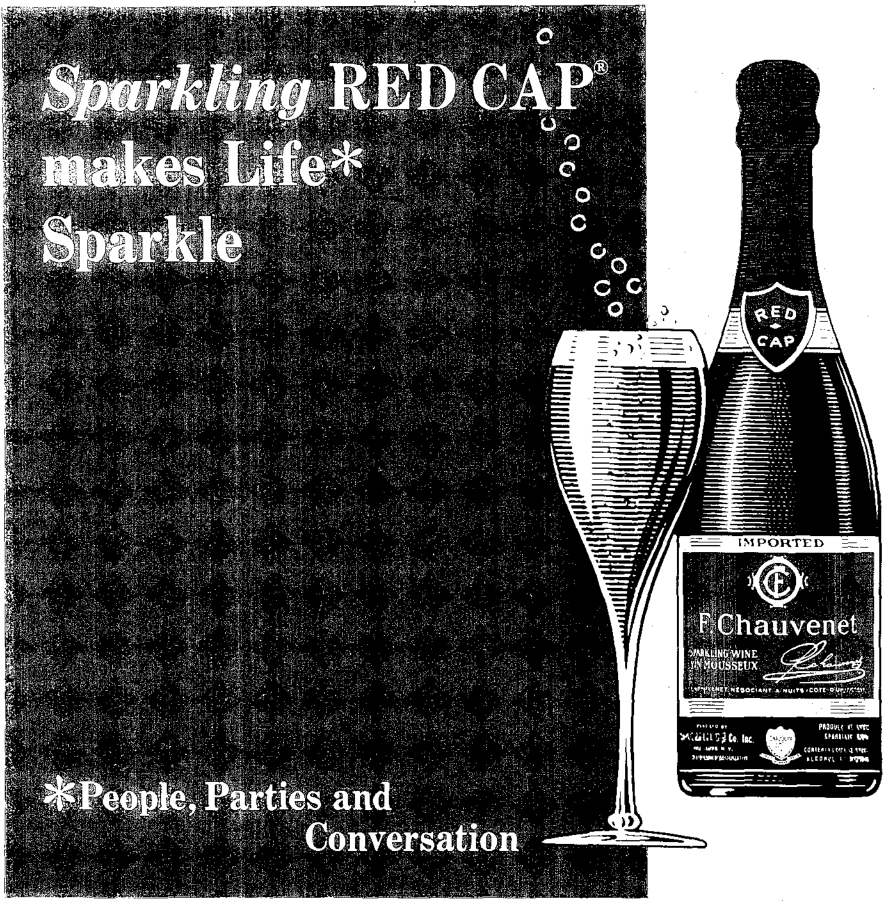
THE Metropolitan Opera has finally ventured on a new Wagnerian "Ring," this time using casts exchanged with Salzburg, and on an installment basis. That is to say, we had a new "Die Walküre" last week and will have it again during the season; we will have "Rheingold" next year, and the other components of the cycle during the following two years. The current "Die Walküre," by the way, was subsidized by Eastern Airlines—a fine example of corporate support for the arts. Wagnerians like me, who consider the "Ring" the essence of Wagner, are happy to get a "Ring" at all, even in this peculiar intercontinental and delayed manner, and "Die Walküre," being the most human and popular of all the "Ring" dramas, is particularly welcome. The conductor and stage director of the whole operation is Herbert von Karajan, who should be an expert at this sort of thing; the settings are those of Günther Schneider-Siemssen, who has a considerable reputation on the Continent; and the costumes are by George Wakhevitch.

This is obviously a fine project, but I found "Die Walküre" to be a mixture of blessings and shortcomings. Let us begin with Mr. Schneider-Siemssen's settings. The first act has a gigantic tree with a hole in the middle at its base. Now, Mr. Schneider-Siemssen could not be expected to know that to an American audience this would naturally suggest that big redwood tree in California through which you could once drive a stagecoach. This tree, moreover, has protuberances on either side, reaching upward—symbolic either of the bull horns that Hunding used to wear on his helmet (though he doesn't wear any helmet at all in this production) or perhaps of the "Ring" itself, since, if continued beyond the point where the audience could see them, they would eventually come together to form a circle. Now, all this can easily be extenuated as a new stylish development of post-Wieland Wagner abstraction, but it had certain defects. Hunding seemed to be living somewhere beside the base of the tree. The hearth in his home—a very important symbol—consisted simply of some orange light thrown on the top of a spreading root. When Hunding went off to bed, there was no interior room to go to, since there was no hut to begin with. So Hunding just slipped behind the tree. For all we knew, he was hiding and peeking while his wife was entertaining the stranger. In Act II, there was a real ring, which I am told is to be used in most of the other operas of the cycle. It is about four feet in width, so that people can stand on it, it is tipped—"raked" is, I believe, the theatrical term—toward the audience, and it has truly marvellous capacities for appearing and disappearing. Its symbolism was rather obvious, I thought, but I'll let that pass. This entire act was extraordinarily dark, with spotlights picking out various characters. The most brightly lit figure of all, as I remember, was Mr. von Karajan himself, who stood on a raised podium conducting a raised orchestra, and was very much in the limelight. Brünnhilde's "Todesverkündigung," or "Annunciation of Death," in which she warns Siegmund of his fate, was delivered in such dim light that one could just make out that Birgit Nilsson was the singer involved. On the other hand, the death of Siegmund was splendidly done, with an immense stroke of lightning and a silhouette of Hunding thrusting his spear through Siegmund's body. Afterward, though, Brünnhilde did not gather up the fragments of Siegmund's sword, as is proper and important to the continuation of the plot. She just left them there. In the last act, Mr. Schneider-Siemssen somewhat redeemed himself. His big ring was reinforced with a ramp that rose from it to the rock on which Brünnhilde was put to sleep amid the magic fire. This scene, at least, had a certain sweep. There was in the program, however, a pretty fatuous statement by Mr. Schneider-Siemssen about the necessity of arousing the "public's interest" in Wagner "again through the use of optical means of expression." I can assure Mr. Schneider-Siemssen that the Wagnerian public (in this city, at least) does not need to be *aroused;* it is *starved.* And I can also assure him that nearly everything he put onto the stage the other night, far from being new, had been thought out by Gordon Craig and Adolphe Appia around the turn of the century, and by the great Russian constructivist Vsevolod Meyerhold in the twenties. So much for the scenery. Mr. Wakhevitch's costumes for the women looked like satin evening gowns and were not at all convincing. He was more successful with the men.

Now, as to the music: Mr. von Karajan conducted a rather soft and unemphatic first act. Perhaps he was trying to underplay in order to achieve big climaxes later, but the effect was often mushy and the attacks were indistinct. Later on, he introduced some vigor, and things began to assume more virility. The kindest comment one can make about his interpretation is that it was highly idiosyncratic. In some instances—as when he reduced Wotan's Act II conversation with Brünnhilde to a virtual *recitativo secco*—he may have been trying to relieve a singer's voice; I can think of no other legitimate reason.

The cast was about as good a one, I suppose, as can be got together today. It was a long way behind the Wagnerian casts assembled during the era of Bodanzky, Flagstad, and Melchior, but it sang well on the whole. Miss Nilsson, as Brünnhilde, was the only singer who sustained the grand manner, though Christa Ludwig's Fricka and Karl Ridderbusch's Hunding were impressive in volume of sound. Jon Vickers is an ideal Siegmund in appearance, and he did quite well, but his voice never reached the trumpet sound of the true *Heldentenor*. Gundula Janowitz was a cool Sieglinde—pretty to look at, not particularly animated, but pleasing vocally. Thomas Stewart made a handsome Wotan and acted well, but his voice often seemed to lack power. No doubt later performances will be smoother and more at ease. Mr. von Karajan is capable of better things, and the production will doubtless improve.

IT is customary to refer to Berlioz's "The Damnation of Faust" as a noble conception, whatever that means, and there are indeed some beautiful passages in it—notably Marguerite's music in Part IV, as well as some earlier items often used in the concert hall. I listened to the whole thing in Philharmonic Hall on Monday night of last week under the direction of William Steinberg, who, with the New York Philharmonic, produced a sturdy reading of the score and who had some excellent singers on hand, including Beverly Wolff as Marguerite, Ernst Haefliger as Faust, Ezio Flagello as Mephistopheles, Raymond Michalski as Brander, and the Westminster Choir for the choruses. I have, I think, in commenting on the work before, point-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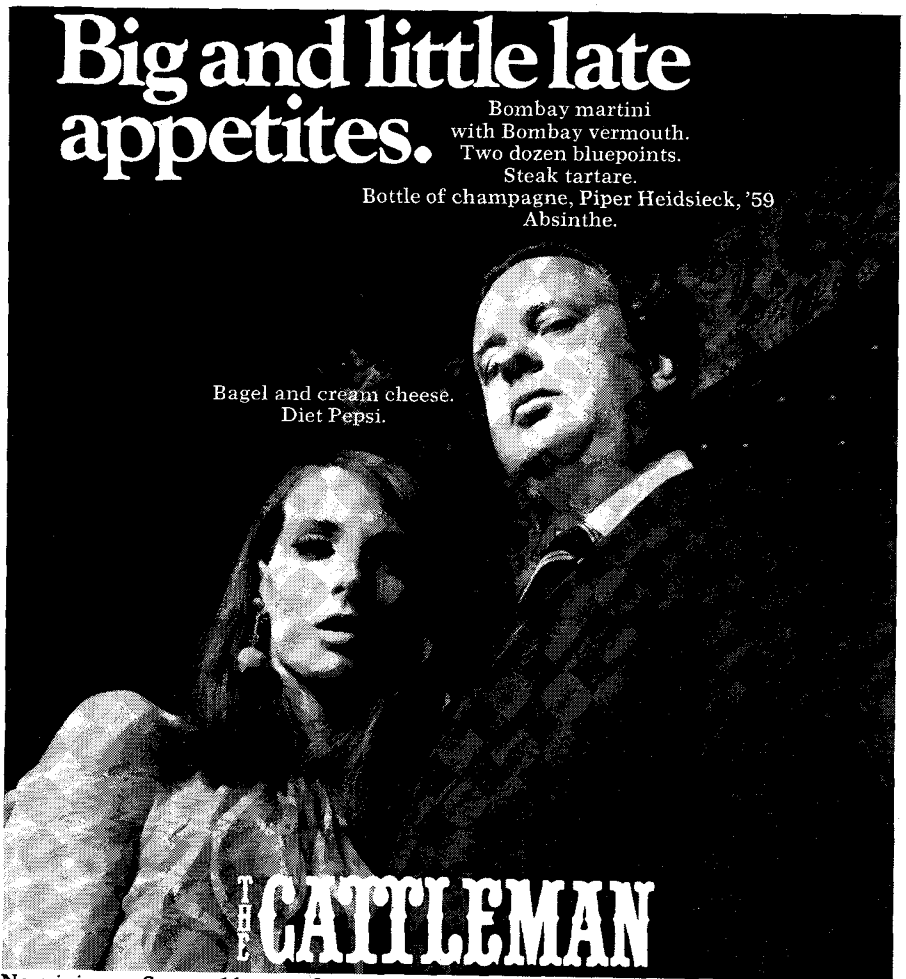
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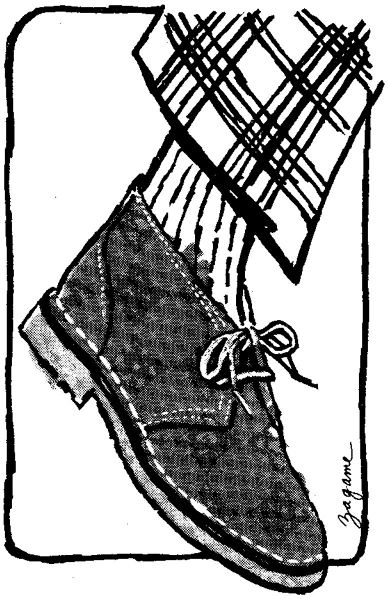

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ed out what seemed to me the triviality of certain sections, though the score is always interesting and sometimes sublime—but only sometimes. The basic flaw in Berlioz's "Damnation," however, lies not in the quality, or lack of it, in the music of various episodes. It lies, I feel, in the demythologizing character of the rational, logical French mind. Goethe's "Faust" is a reinvocation of a medieval myth, which later became the dominant myth of the Romantic era—the symbol of the ever-questing, struggling, discovering, and inventing modern man. Goethe leaves no doubt that his Faust is a real hero; his soul is borne to Heaven by angels at the end of the work. It is curious that Berlioz, the self-proclaimed Romantic, failed to understand this aspect of Goethe's work. Like Gounod's more popular, more simply melodious, and less interesting "Faust," Berlioz's "Damnation" presents not a myth but a character in a drama (a human being and a sinner to boot) who, quite naturally, goes to Hell—in Berlioz's case virtually in Mephistopheles' handbasket. As Joseph Campbell remarks in his forthcoming fourth volume of "The Masks of God," "Faust" is a very Protestant myth, and I think that here is where we encounter the basic trouble. Like Gounod, Berlioz worked in Catholic France, saw Faust from a Catholic standpoint, as a merely human sinner, and missed the grand mystical significance of Goethe's work. It is significant that no Central European composer of importance has ever presumed to touch Goethe's "Faust" as operatic or even quasi-operatic material. Central Europe has produced Faust symphonies, Faust overtures, and the like, but has conspicuously avoided a Faust opera based on Goethe. There are, to be sure, a couple of Faust operas by Ludwig Spohr and Ferruccio Busoni, but neither has anything to do with Goethe. Probably the opera most reverent of the mythological character of "Faust" is Arrigo Boito's "Mefistofele," which is impressive in parts but, like Berlioz's "Damnation," a flawed work. The Romantic era in Central Europe, I venture to say, found the Faust myth so close and alive that it resembled a religious idea rather than a potential dramatic subject.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE RACE TRACK

Mud Runner

NO doubt its equal has been seen before somewhere, but the performance of Niarkos, a seven-year-old Argentine-bred, in the Gallant Fox Handicap at Aqueduct last Saturday was nothing short of remarkable. Splashing through the mud on a sloppy track, he led from start to finish of the mile and five furlongs. Passing the winning post, he was four lengths ahead of Quicken Tree and twenty-six lengths ahead of Bol 'n Jac and Moontrip, who were fighting it out for the shorter ends of the purse. Though the six other starters were strung out down the course, it had been far from a parade. For the best part of a mile, it was nip and tuck between Irish Rebellion and Proud Clarion, who were closest behind Niarkos. After that, when Quicken Tree moved into second place, one wondered whether Niarkos, at his age and with all the racing he'd had, could keep up the pace in that sort of footing for the full distance. He could and did. A sturdy bay horse by Again II out of Albikie, Niarkos raced in the Argentine and in Uruguay before Mr. and Mrs. Allie Reuben, owners of Hasty House Farm, imported him in 1963. His best efforts for them up to last weekend were running second to Buckpasser in the Jockey Club Gold Cup last year and winning the San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano Handicaps this season. The obvious disappointment of the Gallant Fox was Proud Clarion, who wound up sixth. Although he had finished second to Mr. Right in the Queens County Handicap the previous Saturday, and was carrying 124 pounds, giving big weight to everybody, he still had the glamour of his Kentucky Derby victory around him and he was backed down to the absurdly short odds of 2–5. He went well for about a mile. By the way, you seldom see a brother and sister in the same race. Well, Niarkos's sister Psyche II, who belongs to Winston Guest and has been a winner in France and Italy, also ran in the Gallant Fox, but she tired so badly that she was eased up in the stretch.

NO one who saw it, even on TV, can deny that the Garden State Stakes, in which Bugged beat Iron

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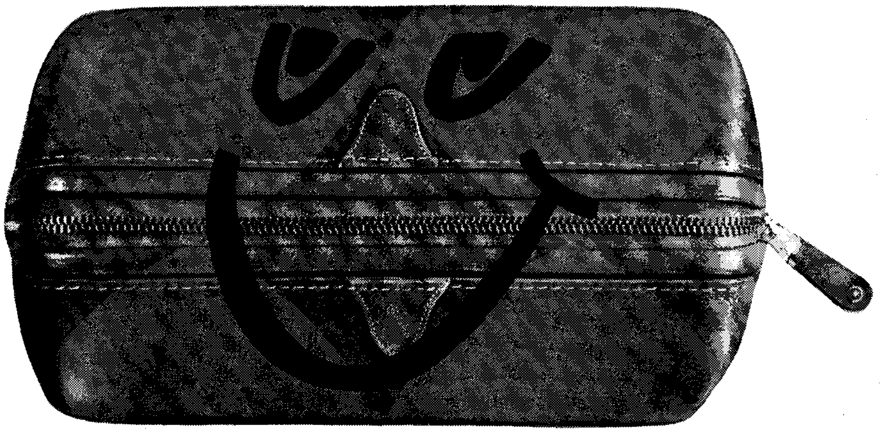

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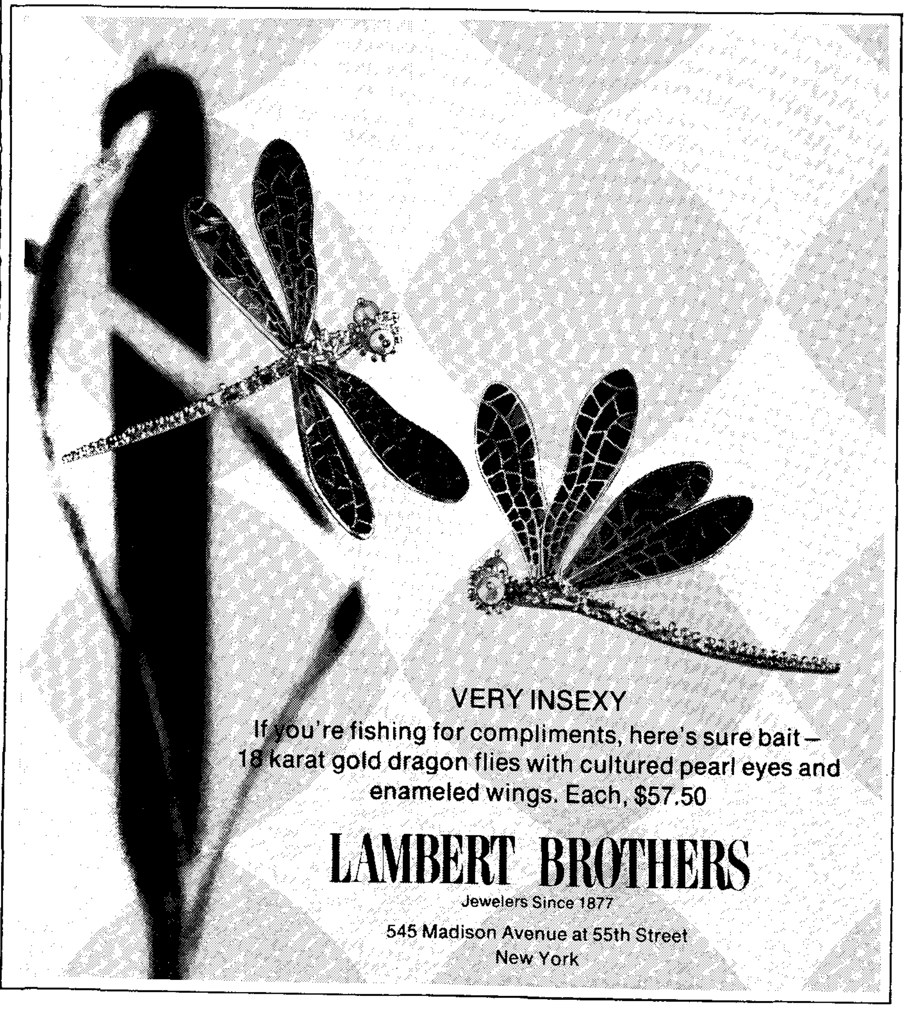

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VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Ruler by a neck and Family Fun was third, was the closest and most exciting of the jackpots for two-year-old colts this season. Thirteen of them paraded to the post Saturday before last for the mile and a sixteenth, with its purse of $188,721 for the winner, and from a quick start Broad Shadows led around the first two turns and down the backstretch, where Pappa Steve took command and held it until Iron Ruler wore him down as they swung into the straight. But with a furlong to go Bugged came up fast on the rail and got his head in front in the final fifty yards. He bore out slightly at the end, but not enough to warrant an objection. Francie's Hat finished fastest of all, zipping from tenth to fourth in the last quarter.

Owned by C. V. Whitney, who was winning the Garden State for the first time in six tries, Bugged is a powerful, well-knit chestnut colt by Nashua out of Fly Trap, a daughter of Mahmoud. Originally nominated for the race, he was so slow coming to hand that he was dropped from it, and it cost his stable $10,000 to put him in again, as a supplementary entry, when he buckled down to racing last month. It seems that he's temperamental, which figures, because his papa, Nashua, who is by Nasrullah, was liable to unaccountable moods, while on his mama's side of the pedigree, Mahmoud and Blenheim II, her sire and grandsire, had streaks of temperament a yard wide. Ivor Balding, who trains Bugged, expected him to run well if he got the lead at the start; if not, he feared he might be last, for the colt doesn't like dirt being kicked up in his face. Just for that, he was away fourth and dropped back to sixth before beginning his run. He will winter at Camden, South Carolina, where he'll be prepared for the Kentucky Derby.

A JOCKEY, Cordero, got more headlines than the horses running at Aqueduct last week, before and after he rode his two-hundred-and-fifty-eighth winner of the New York season, beating the mark set by Ussery in 1963. As this is written, his total is two hundred and sixty-three, and he's trying for three hundred. Belmonte got into the picture, too; he was on Bugged in the Garden State and on Niarkos in the Gallant Fox.

IN weather that Colonel Martingale says wasn't fit for man or beast, there was a crowd of 30,057 at the Big A on Thanksgiving Day. Horseplayers are a bulldog breed.

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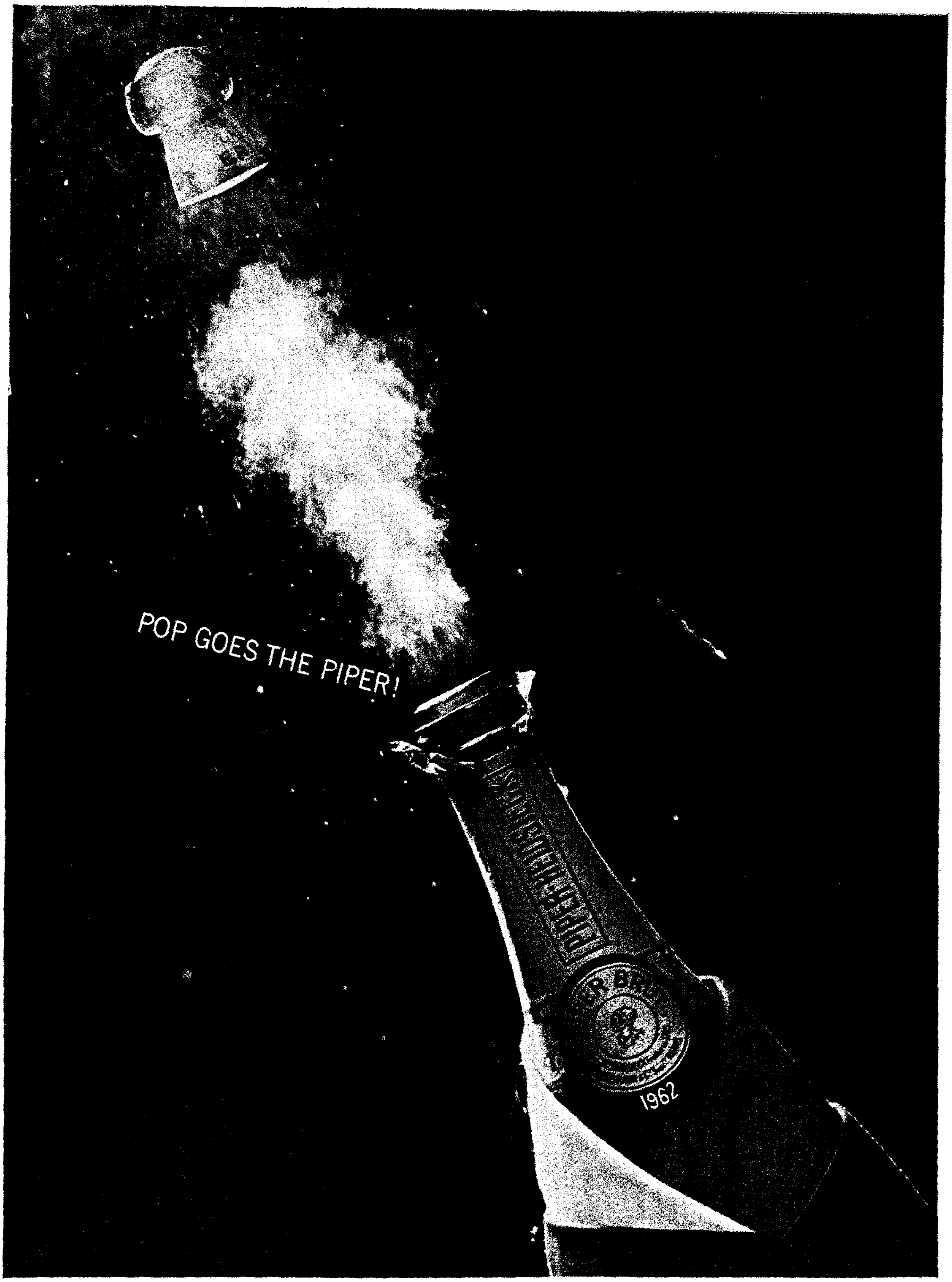

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WEEKEND CONFRONTATION WITH THE SOC. RELS.

WHEN Bill and Amy Bentliff had been back from social-psychology fellowships in India long enough to get settled into the Harvard junior-faculty routine, they invited their friend Cynthia Milne for a weekend. Cynthia, who was working for an architect's firm in New York, had pleasant memories of the year when she and they had been on fellowship at Oxford. She took a Friday-evening plane to Boston.

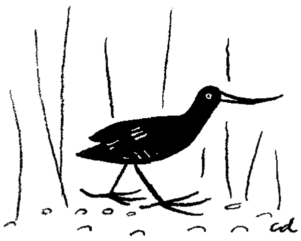
At ten o'clock, she crossed the yard of a big old house just off Brattle Street and rang the bell of the Bentliffs' separate-entrance apartment. There was no answer. After a minute she rang again. The door opened, and Bill peered from darkness. "Hi." He switched on a light. "Oh, *hi*, Cynthia." Then he switched the light off. "Come on in. We've been having a dinner party."

She followed him down a black hall into a room where she could hear people breathing, though no one spoke. She groped for a chair. As her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, she could tell that a number of people were lying on the floor. Finally, the voice of Amy said, "We've been having a group fantasy session. It's just . . . so hard . . . to come out of it."

"Oh?" said Cynthia. "I was guessing either drug trip or wife swap."

"Really!" came an annoyed voice. A light was turned on.

"Should we have told a childhood incident as a token that we accept the others into our past?" asked a boy sporting a Mark Twain mustache and double-breasted blue blazer. "Or should we stay involved with ourselves bound as a group in time-present?"



"If it's a *meaningful* incident . . ." said Amy.

"We lie in the shape of a star," Bill explained. "Holding hands and with our heads touching, so there's contact, and we say our thoughts out loud."

"Are you all teaching here?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes. We're all in Social Relations." Bill went to the record-player. "Mamas and the Papas. O.K.?"

"I've got to go," said the boy with the mustache. "Friday is a 'love me' day. I stand before my three hundred students and I think, Love me, love me, think I'm bright, and when I'm any good I make them do it. It's a great scene, but it takes it out of you."

The seven other guests left with him.

"Would you like to see our slides of India now, or go to bed?" Bill asked Cynthia.

She said she would go to bed.

CYNTHIA awoke to Indian ragas and the smell of bacon. At breakfast, Amy said, "I learned how to really cook eggs when I was turned on. I hadn't taken any acid—you just *think* about *eggs* and you don't need LSD."

Bill put on a Beatles record. "Acid gets you to the point where you don't need it anyway," he said. "We turn on without it—like at football games."

"I thought you thought football was for jocks and other clods," Cynthia said.

"It's pretty psychedelic when you really *see* it," Bill said. "Besides, Harvard's winning this year." He handed her a pair of goggles with pyramidal lenses that pointed back toward the eyes. "Try them."

"Oh—they're like the kaleidoscope I had as a child," she said.

"I never heard anyone say *that* before," said Amy. "They're prism glasses, and they can really blow your mind. We're taking them to the game this afternoon."

"Right now, I have to get a picture of a middle-aged man eating," Bill said. "See, we have this Thematic Apperception Test. We give the undergraduates certain pictures, and they write descriptions that tell us what the kids are like."

"What for?" asked Cynthia.

"Well, so we'll *know*," he said. "Data. You want to come along?"

The Bentliffs' office, where Bill and Cynthia went after breakfast, was next to the computer room on the fourteenth floor of the new psychology-and-social-relations building. Bill took a camera and film from his desk. "We like to watch the jets take off," he said, gesturing toward the picture windows. "It's neat. Zoom, power!" He pointed to a door across the hall. "That's where Amy and I observe. Come have a look."

The door opened into a classroom with a large oval table and no windows. In one wall were a wide, dark mirror and another door. The mirror turned out to be a panel of one-way

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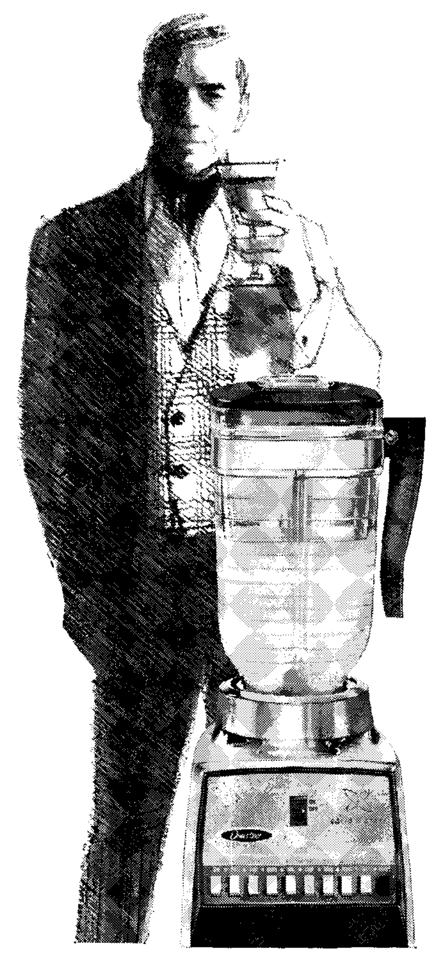

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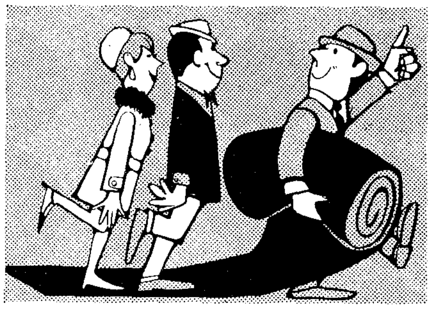

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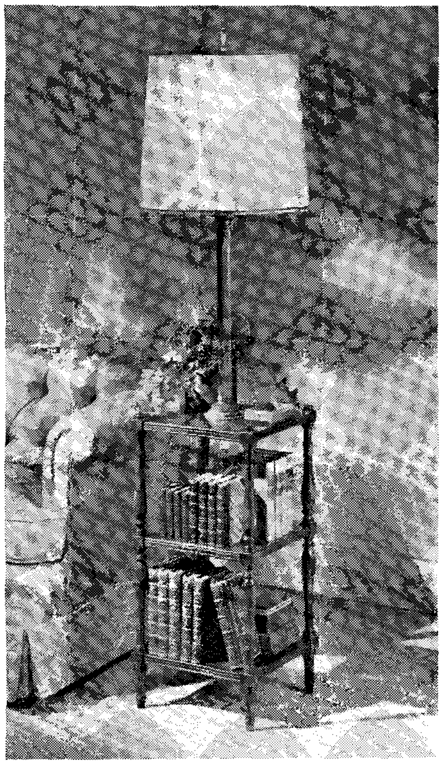

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glass. Behind it was a booth containing microphones, tape recorders, and machines with buttons labelled with designations such as "Shows hostility to leader," "Agrees with role model," "Withdraws from group." Bill pushed a couple of buttons. "We tabulate their behavior and run it through the computers," he said.

"They're classes of regular students?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes. The point is, they're a normal cross-section."

"Do any of them object?"

"Why would they? You know, Amy observed at a party for one of her classes last week—it was pretty interesting. She found that in a social situation they behave *quite differently* with each other from the way they do in the classroom."

They went to a cafeteria in Harvard Square, and Bill bought coffee and doughnuts. "Now kind of sit up straight and talk, for camouflage, while I'm taking pictures."

"You aren't going to ask permission?"

"It would spoil the point."

"Suppose you snap some man with his fork halfway in his mouth and it turns out to be the father of a student taking the test?"

Bill frowned. "No student's father would eat in here." He focussed on a middle-aged man and began snapping.

Cynthia finished her coffee. "Do you have to use the whole film?"

"I want to make sure I get a good shot," he said. "Anyway, it's kind of fun to do."

AT Soldiers Field, the group Cynthia had met the night before sat in a row. "Go, Harvard!" Bill screamed when the team came on the field. When the national anthem began, the group all stood and sang loudly.

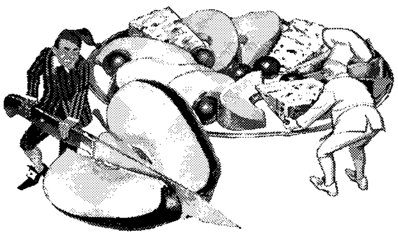
"I learned all the words just for the games," said the mustached boy, now wearing a khaki suit cut Chinese Army style. "If you participate in a ritual, you should partake of its every aspect, all the way."

When the game began, they all shared the prism glasses. Cynthia looked at the field, but she saw only a bright blur. "Don't worry," said Bill. "*I* see a lot, but it's individual."

The first half ended with Harvard leading. "I love football players," said Amy. "They have this marvellous achievement-drive."

In the third period, the score was tied. "God, suppose we *lose!*" cried Bill.

"I *know,*" said a boy in blue jeans



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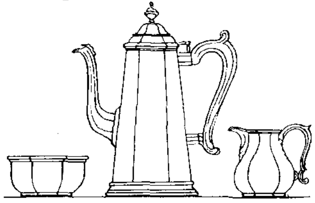

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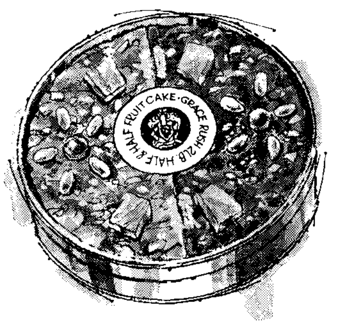
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"I find the News is a good way to get close to people in the news. I'm a breakfast leafer. I start at the beginning of the paper. Love the pictures. Follow the entertainment section and maybe because I travel so much, I pay particular attention to the weather. Travel is my one great extravagance."

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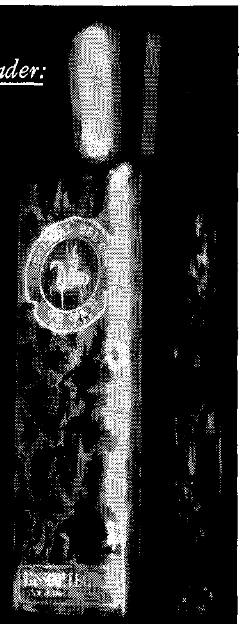

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and a hacking jacket. "But try to stop obsessing."

Harvard managed to win.

"Everybody coming to dinner tonight is in Soc. Rel.," Bill said on the way to Lowell House after the game. "Except we had to invite the chemistry tutor who let us buy his two tickets for the Yale game. He's not a *complete* freak, but he's used to a very structured environment and falls apart when he can't predict answers. You'll see."

"I've made curry. I hope it's O.K.," said Amy. "One girl's a gourmet cook, and it's hell competing with her."

"The point of making Indian food is that if it turns out badly the guests don't know it isn't supposed to be that way," said Bill.

"I don't know why I can't just *let* her be top cook," Amy said anxiously. "That's how she gets her kicks, and I'm against stifling pleasure-gratification."

"Well, I'm going to make my Martinis," said Bill. "Nobody can hold out against *them*."

BY seven-thirty, the party was drinking cocktails. "I used to think of my old Volkswagen as my mother, but I see the new model as my German mistress," said the mustached boy.

"I'm thinking of getting a Porsche," said the chemistry tutor from next door—an elegant young man wearing a gray three-piece suit and a wide tie. "Any of you have one?"

"A guy in Government does," said a girl in a Design Research dress and orange lace stockings.

"How does he like it?" asked the tutor.

The girl said she didn't know.

"You see," Bill whispered to Cynthia. "Outside the lab he flounders—lacks capacity for situation-confrontation on his own."

"Well, it's not important," the tutor told the girl. "Best thing is to try one out myself."

"Defense," Bill said. "Inferiority feelings because of inadequacy in masculine role of car-knowledge in front of girl. Self-recognition of vulnerability, and defense sets up right away."

Cynthia laughed.

"Don't laugh at him. He'll notice," said Bill.

"Dinner's ready," called Amy.

The curry was delicious.

"Oral-gratification is a neat thing," stated the mustached boy.

"Speaking of that, one of my students brought *chocolate éclairs* to class this week," said the girl with the or-

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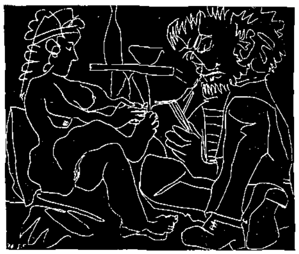

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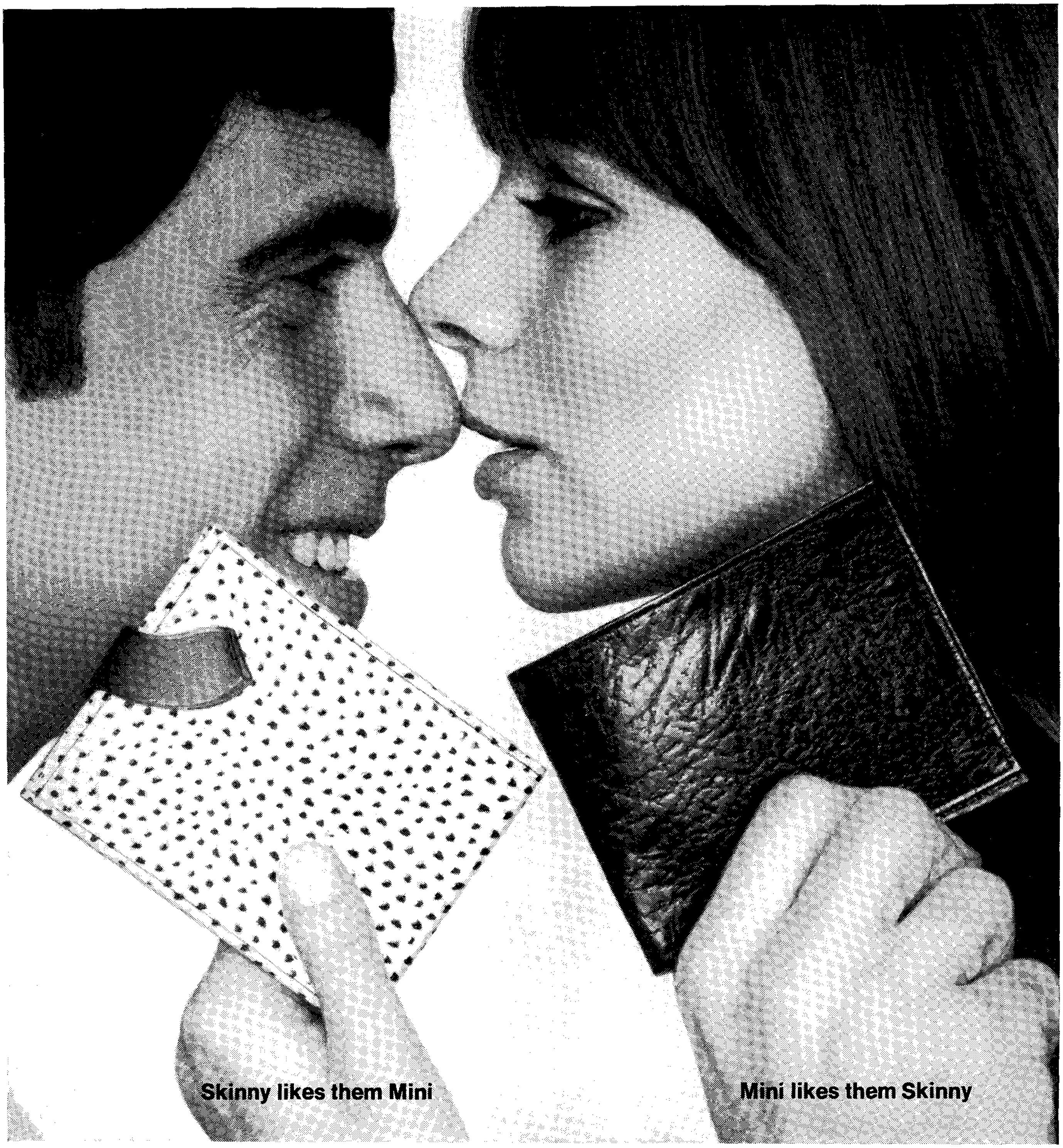

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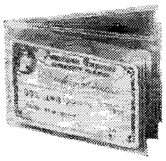

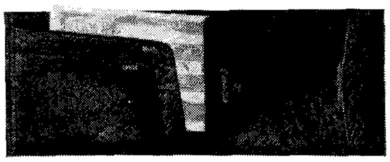

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ange stockings. "It was this marvellous breakthrough. They'd been passive, you know? Now they're all reacting—boys were giving them to girls, and the girls were eating them, and one kid said he didn't *like* éclairs. It was too *much*."

"My group still isn't confronting itself," said Amy. "But they'll have to shake themselves up. I'm not going to do it for them."

"What class is this?" asked Cynthia.

"Interpersonal Relationships."

"As opposed to personal relationships?" the chemistry tutor asked.

Bill looked annoyed. "It's a self-analyzing class to learn about groups. See, you're in the room in a T group—'T' for 'Training.' By being in a group you learn what a group is like. We're all teaching sections of it."

Amy stood up. "Look, should we go to that faculty party or stay here and play charades?" she asked.

There was a silence.

"Let's elect a king who can make the decision," said the boy in the hacking jacket. "But who?"

"Notice the way we think in terms of group action," the girl in orange stockings said contentedly.

"But we're having a problem with communication skills," the mustached boy replied.

"Harvard game's on TV," said Bill. "Let's reënact."

"Who elected *him* king?" asked the girl.

"He *has* seized the reins of power by arbitrary decision-making," said Amy. "But we can fantasize the Führer experience and get some insight into it."

For the rest of the evening, everyone watched the game.

ON Sunday morning, the Bentliffs had guests to late brunch. The boy in the hacking jacket brought his wife—wearing a blue dress and blue plastic beads, earrings, and wedding band—and their baby. The mustached boy arrived outfitted in a white suit and jodhpur boots. Amy cooked eggs "like Tim Leary," which, as far as Cynthia could tell, meant excellent scrambled eggs. The baby chewed the table legs.

"That's a great baby," said the mustached boy. "Spontaneous reactions."

"I know—he isn't categorized at all," said the father. "Adjusts to any environmental background-variables."

"How's your thesis topic?" the mother asked Amy.

"I'm expanding that verbal-fantasies-of-nursing-mothers study. With female pleasure my general field, this is easier than some other topics might

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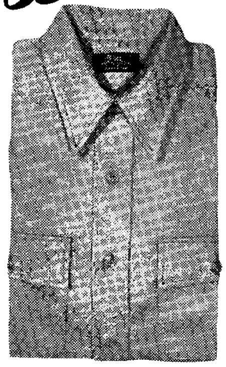

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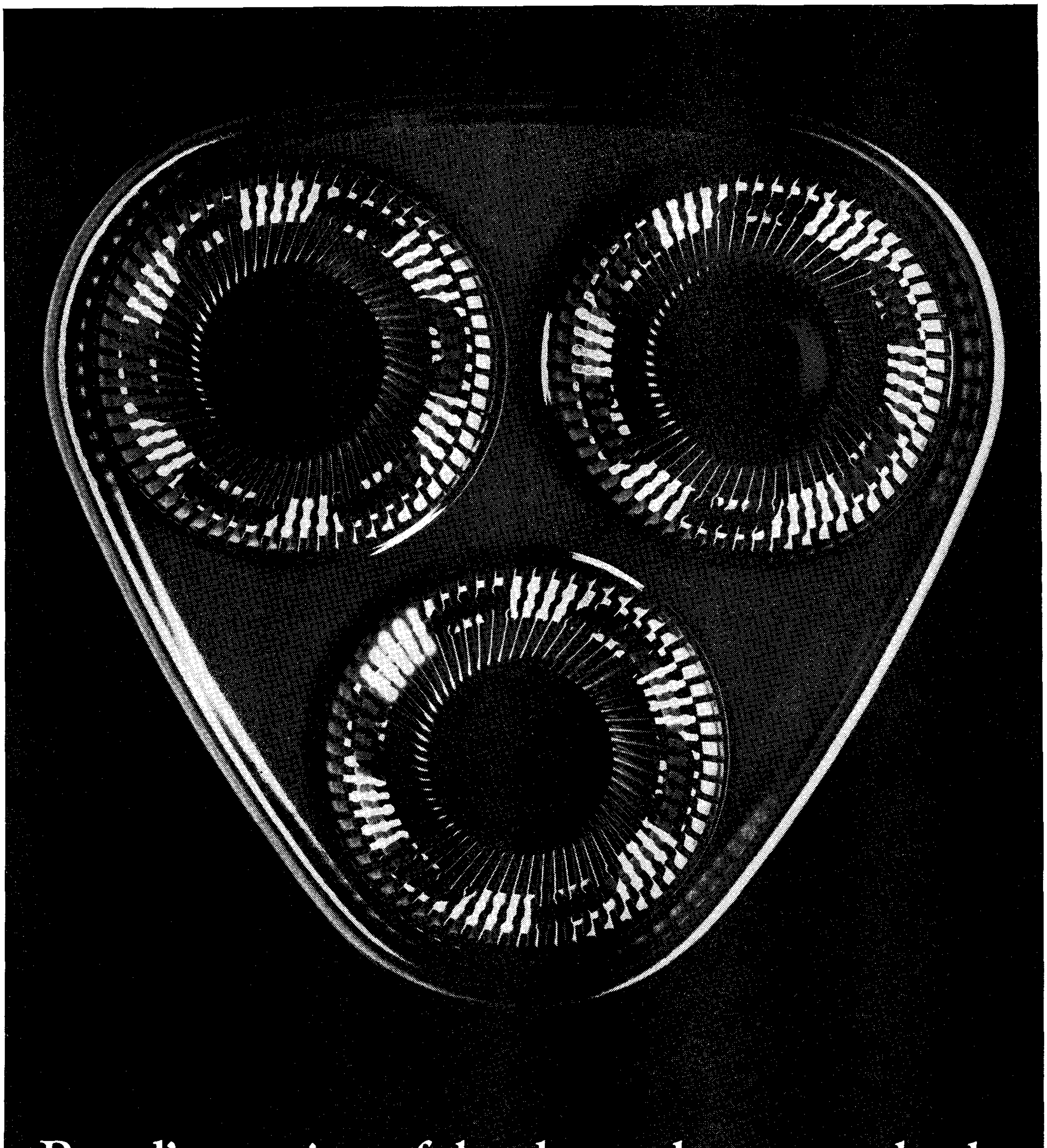

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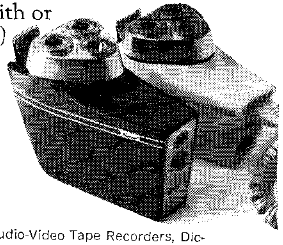

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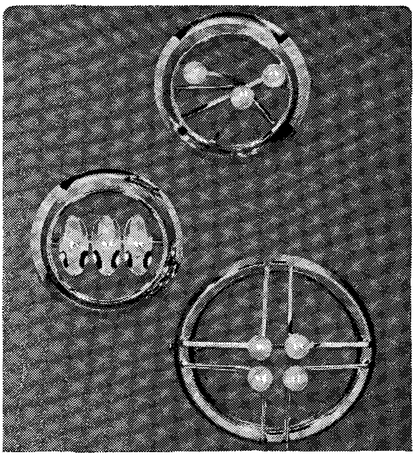

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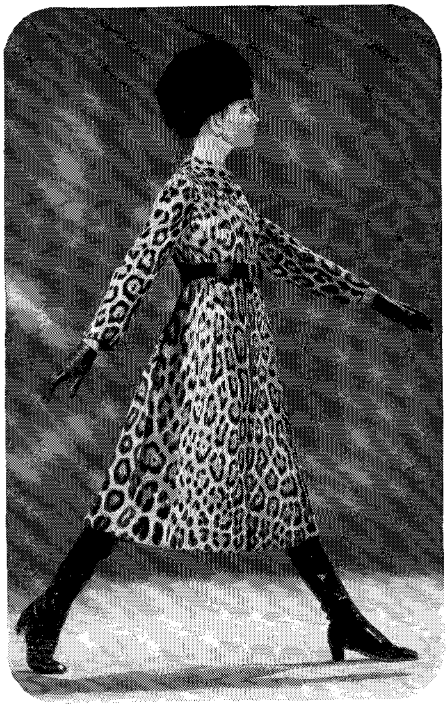

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be. I just ask the subject to turn on the tape recorder while she's nursing her baby and talk."

"Doesn't the machine inhibit them?" asked Cynthia.

"Well, when we're back in India, I'm going to tape women who are generally more natural about reproductive processes. Peasants."

"Wouldn't their *fantasies* be in something like Urdu?"

"I'll hire a translator. I'm getting a pretty large fellowship. Smaller than Bill's, though."

"But I've got to administer a whole series of TATs," Bill said. "See, I'm going as the field man for a motivation-development project. We want to increase the power-drive of the Indian small businessman—put him in an arousal-situation."

"Like the baby," said Amy. The baby was crawling toward a piece of toast held out by his mother.

"Every impulse-center working at top capacity," the mother said fondly.

"She used to have a cat," said the mustached boy, nodding at her. "First it was a husband substitute. Then when she got married it was a baby substitute, and after they had this baby the cat died."

"So perhaps the baby is now a cat substitute," Cynthia suggested.

"No." The boy looked peeved.

"How's mysticism these days?" Bill asked him.

"Wild. I'm having conversations with a rich, crazy medium in South Boston. She's pretty gone on me."

"Oh, he always talks about fringe benefits of that kind, but he's really doing some very serious work in the field," Amy told Cynthia. "He gives intramuscular LSD injections to vol-

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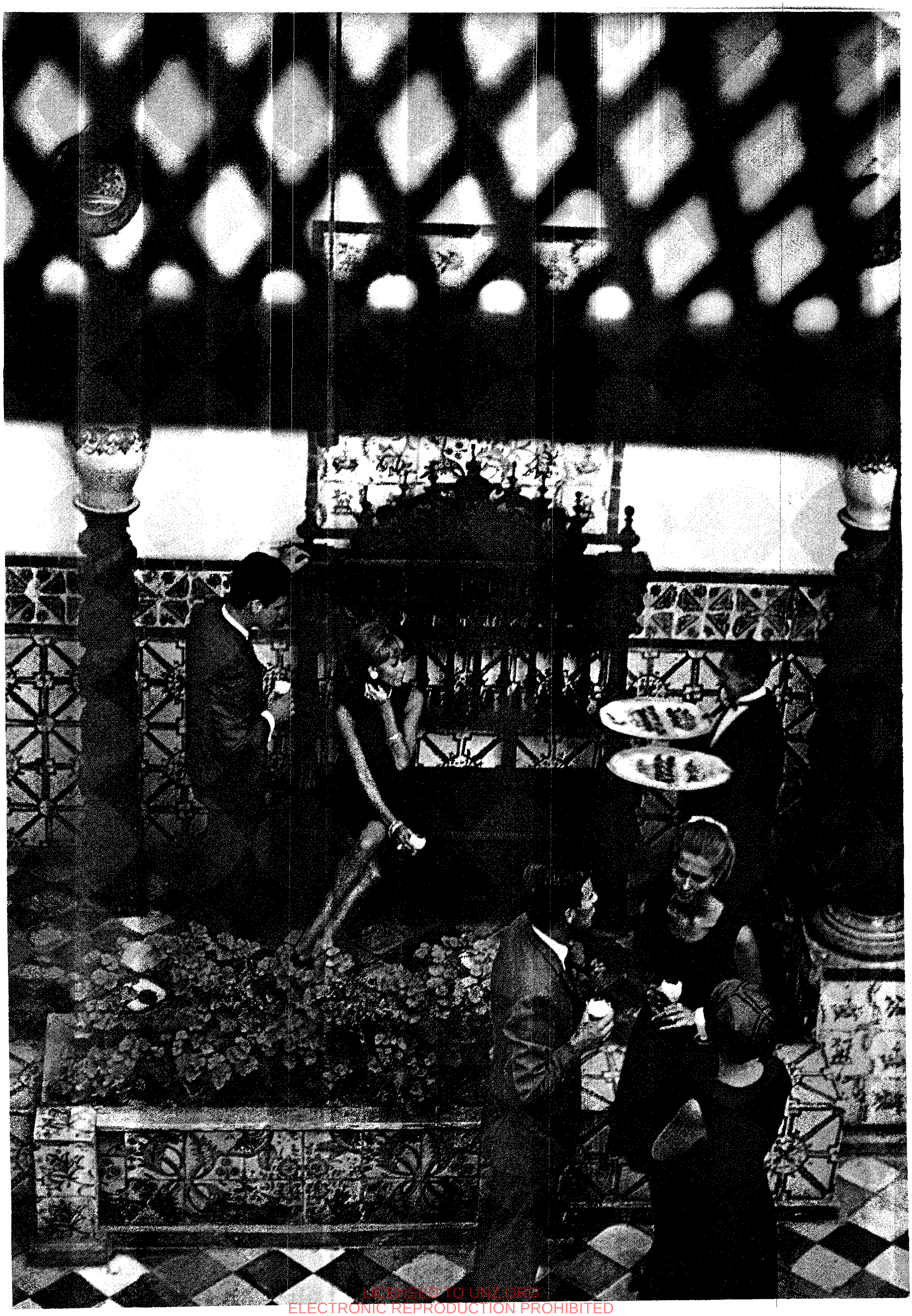

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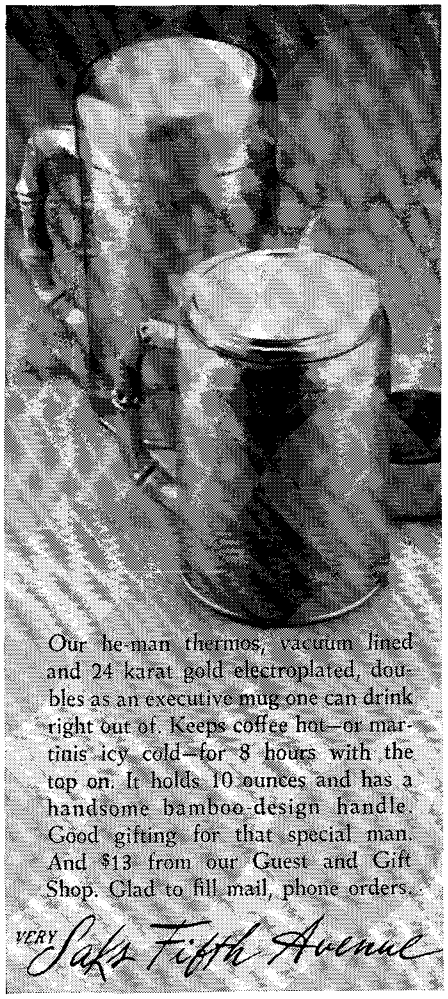

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unteers at the mental hospital and tapes their trips, and he's had fascinating results. It's a glamour field, of course. He's got an enormous grant."

Bill got up and turned on the television. "I want to see the football scores," he said.

Cynthia looked at her watch.

"Look, Cynthia, before you leave—what do you think of us?" Amy asked. "I mean, about what we're doing—the group?"

"God, yes, let's give her a debriefing," said the boy in the hacking jacket.

Bill turned off the television and put on a Charlie Mingus record.

"Well, it's a slightly different atmosphere," said Cynthia. "It's your talk."

"We know, we know," said Bill. "You mean the jargon."

"No." She paused. "Certainly most people don't say things like 'arousal-situation.' But it isn't just your words, it's your point of view."

"That sounds neat," said Amy. "What's different?"

"Your first reference is to yourselves as a collective unit." She paused again. "You *like* to think as a group."

"Right," said the baby's father.

"Some people, in a gathering, would see themselves as separate from the others." Cynthia hesitated, and then went on, "They might make decisions by themselves. They might not feel any urge to say all their thoughts out loud. The others might not even want to hear them."

"We *are* onto something pretty good and special here," said Bill. "I'm going to take a job someplace else for a year. Your status is much higher if you come back with an outside reputation than if you stick around, but I'll sure hate to be away from Harvard."

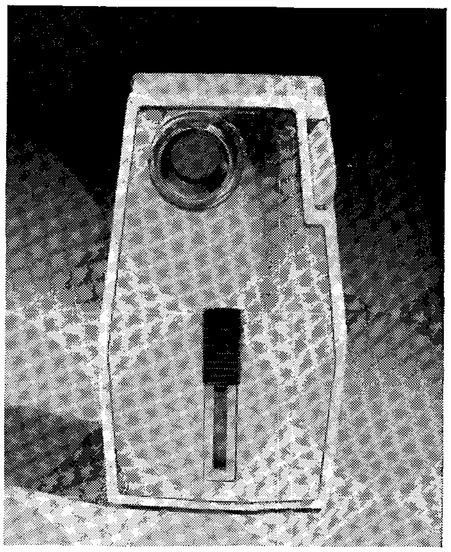
"It will still be the ivory-tower game," said Cynthia. "Different field but the same rules."

"True enough," said Bill, more happily. "You're perceptive, Cynthia."

"Yes, the way she sees the group has something special—meaningful," said the mustached boy. "Hey, come on up from New York some more. Join."

THE Bentliffs drove Cynthia to the airport in their white Volkswagen. "It was interesting getting your views on our life-style," said Bill. "You obviously have this ability to analyze and pick out salient details of a social group-situation."

"You ought to be an anthropologist," said Amy. "Of course, the age of classical anthropology is practically over, but there still are possibilities. You should spend time with some tribe that



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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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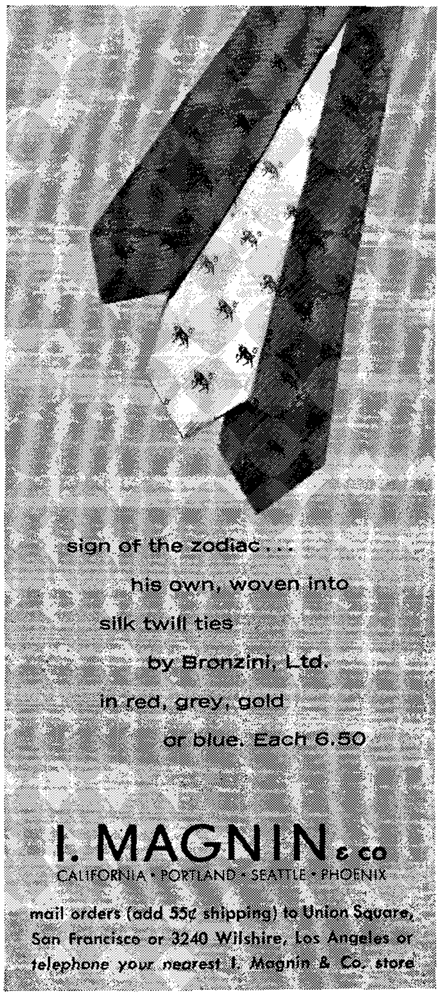

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displays really significantly curious social customs."

The flight was announced, and they all said goodbye. "Remember to find that tribe," Bill shouted after her.

—Barbara Vroom

•

D'YE KEN JOHN PREECE?

[*Letter from the president of the Huntingdon Valley Hunt, in Pennsylvania*]

The slanting rays of the sun and the shortened daylight hours indicate that the year's end is near. The migrant birds have flown. The easy living months are gone.

Man, early in history, learned that he must harvest and store for survival through the cold and dormant season of the year. Later he learned that he must also protect his spirit through the cheerless season, when beauty has flown from the countryside for this is the season of sadness, ennui and despair.

God in His great goodness endowed man with the ability to adapt to his environment and to compensate for his losses. To offset the cheerless days of Fall, He gave to man the gift of Hunting. He has set the gray skies of November as a backdrop for the red hunting coat. He has sent the Fall rains to soften the earth for the hoofs of the horse. Each night He sets a heavy dew to hold the scent for the hounds.

To you, who long for the lost color of the summer as you look at the cheerless hills with leafless trees pointing their bare branches skyward, look again when you hear the music of the hounds and watch how the picture changes with the appearance of a red-coated huntsman and his pack of hounds winding down through these same trees.

Is anything more forbidding to the eye than the November cornfield with the stalks crumpled in grotesque patterns over the dark clods? But see it now with a pack of hounds, noses to earth, tails gaily flagging, crossing at a gallop followed by red-coated horsemen, with the sound of hunting horn and hound music in the air.

It is noteworthy that when man has learned to compensate in his life, the compensatory action sometimes exceeds all expectations and supersedes what was formerly the primary motivation of his being. Fox-hunting has been known to do just this and to end up taking more of man's time than his business. But there comes a time in life when this is right and good. For business, by its definition, is an activity to provide for the necessities of life. Men have been known to forget this fact and make business their whole life, and with this comes frustration, gastric ulcers and cardiac attacks. Fox-hunting takes man back to Nature and Nature takes man back to God.

So . . . toll not the bell for the passing of Summer, but ring in joyously the advent of the Season for Hunting. For Hunting can prolong your life; and save your soul.

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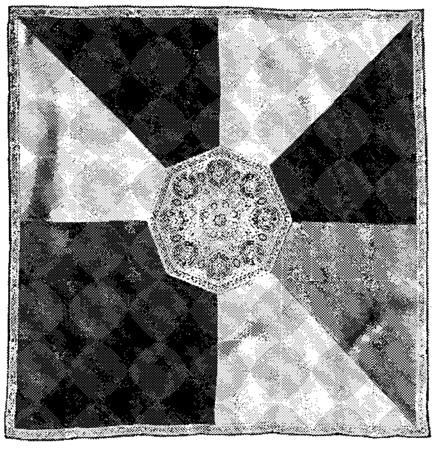

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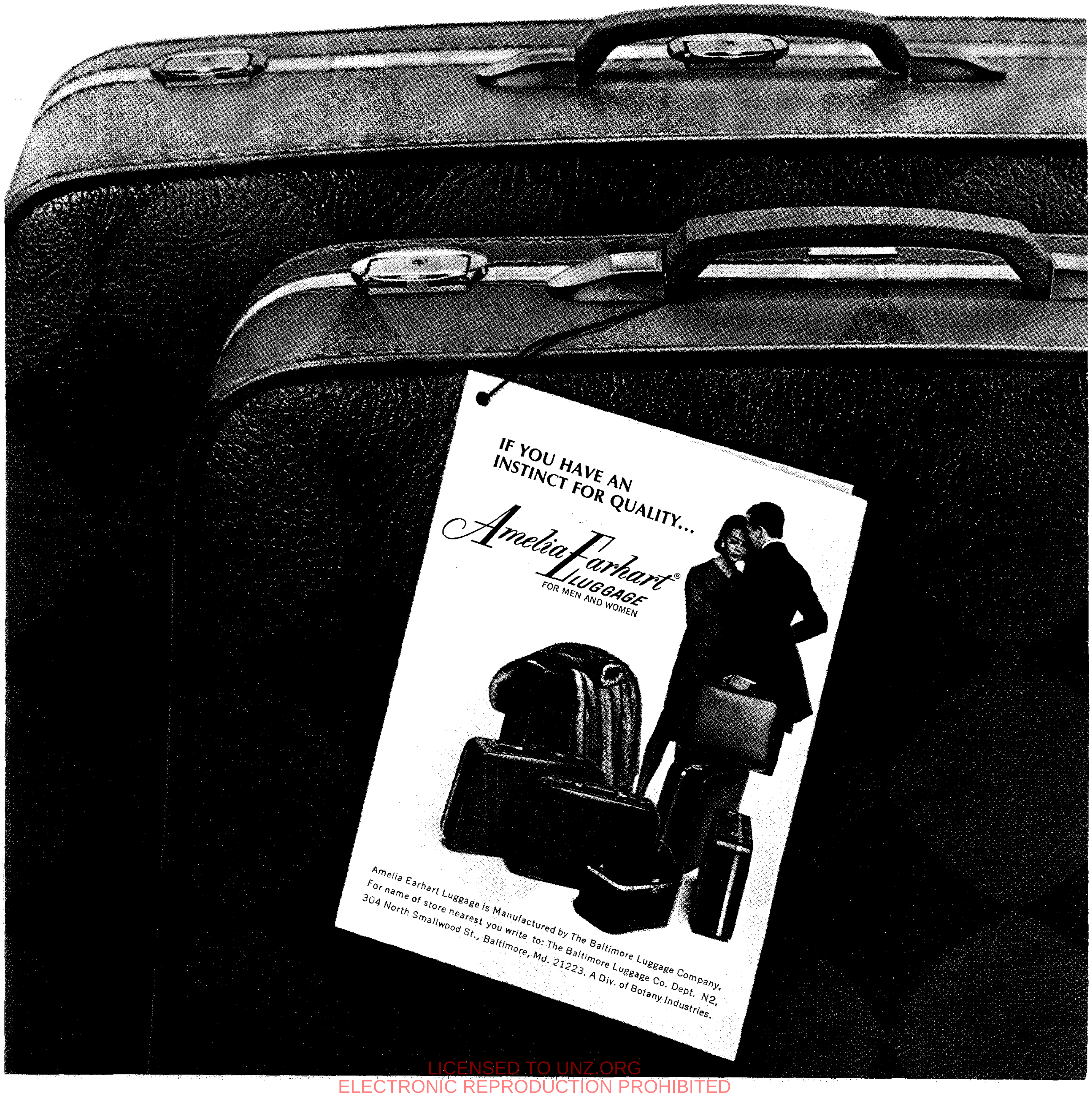

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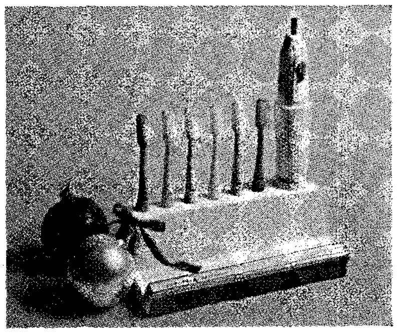

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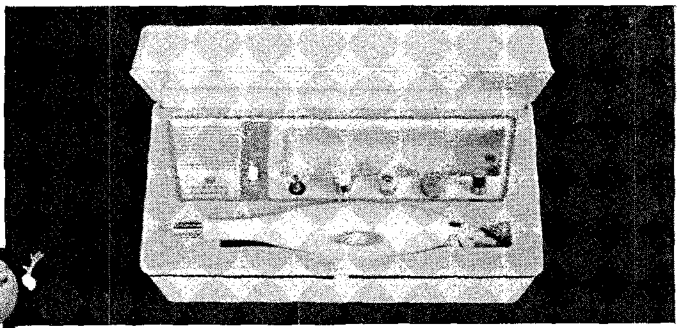

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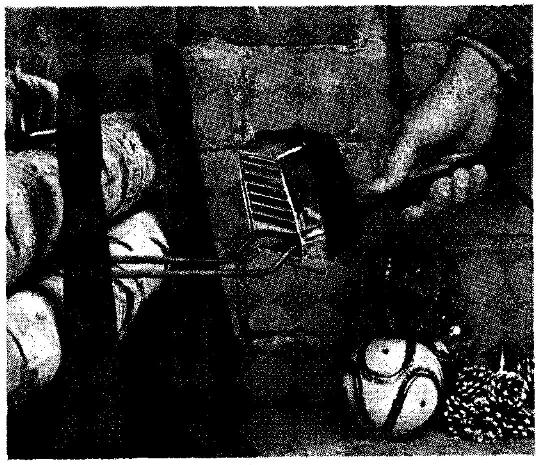

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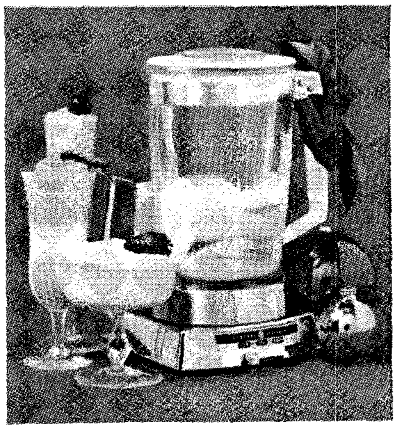

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President Johnson Models the New Microphone, the Governor of Michigan Brandishes an Issue, the Ship of State Sails On, & Other Melodies of the Nineteen-Sixties

IN 1669, according to the story, Dr. Barrow, then holding the famous Lucasian Chair of Mathematics at Cambridge, called in one of his students, Isaac Newton, and declared that since Newton was so much brighter than he was, he was handing over the job to him, and did so, and then moved on to other things and lived happily ever after. Unfortunately, this excellent method of handling the succession to high office seems to have started and stopped with the Lucasian Chair of Mathematics at Cambridge in 1669, and so last Friday morning in Washington, D.C., the President of the United States held one of his infrequent press conferences in the East Room of the White House and more or less officially opened the 1968 campaign. It was a pretty effective performance, as these things go. The President disdained the usual business of standing behind the lectern and delivering homilies in his celebrated Pedernales Slowspeech manner in favor of wearing a microphone hidden under his suit jacket and ambling up and down in front of the lectern, alternately gesticulating, waving his arms, scowling, smiling, drawing imaginary figures in the air, and, in general, doing just about everything a man walking around loose with a microphone under his coat could do except award prizes to the audience. Followers of the Presidential image were quick to remark on the President's new manner—or, rather, on his new old manner. It was "pretty darned effective," a Republican congressman said to the New York *Times*, thereupon asking that his name not be used, doubtless aware that when a congressman says "darned" the *Times* will not hesitate to print it. Others, mostly non-Republicans, seemed to feel that "the real Johnson" was finally coming through. The great thing about a television press conference, of course, is that the President, even if he can't control most of the questions, can control the rhythm of the questions and answers (certainly the answers), and in so doing can in effect conduct a sort of personal essay, an exercise in style, under the guise of a discussion of issues. For example, when the President, in answer to a question about "your present assessment of our progress and prospects in Vietnam," replies, "First, I think every American heart should swell with pride at the competence and capacity of our leadership in Vietnam," he obviously isn't trying to tell anyone about the war or its prospects or its progress; he's trying to advertise himself as the kind of man whose heart swells with pride. And then, in case one should think that while his heart was swelling his brain was shrinking, he quickly goes on to advertise his Grasp of the Realities. "I have spent—I've had three meetings with Ambassador Bunker and three with General Westmoreland. I had coffee with him at length this morning just before I came here. Our American people, when we get in a contest of any kind, whether it's in a war or in an election or in a football game or what it is—they want it decided and decided quickly, and get in or get out, and they like for that curve to rise like this [much arm-waving here] and for the opposition to go down like this [more arm-waving]. Now, that's not the kind of war we're fighting in Vietnam. . . . We don't march out and have a big battle each day in a guerrilla war. It's a new kind of war for us, so it doesn't move that fast. . . ." Which is all marvellous stuff, from the coffee with General Westmoreland ("at length," too), with its implication of the two old pros having a little man-talk around the corral, and all that business about the curve rising like this and the opposition going down like this (which must have been the first time anyone in Grover's Corners had thought to think about it *that* way), to the information that the war isn't moving so fast because it's a guerrilla war, which is true enough, except that, as General Westmoreland might have remarked over an additional prune Danish, maybe the more interesting point is that only one of the sides is fighting it as a guerrilla war—not, unfortunately, ours. Oh, well. Politics. Style. The art of the possible, and so forth.

People nowadays have this funny thing about style in politics. They throw the word around a lot in a would-be cozy, savvy, modernist sort of way, but

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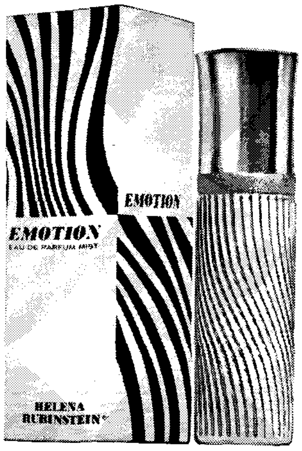

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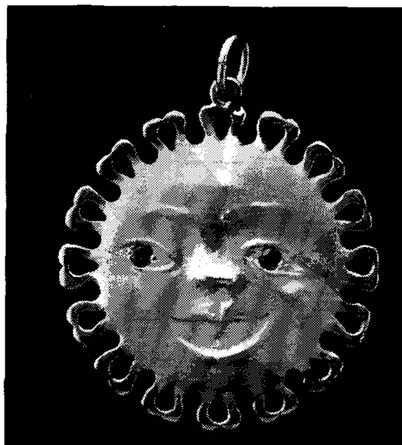

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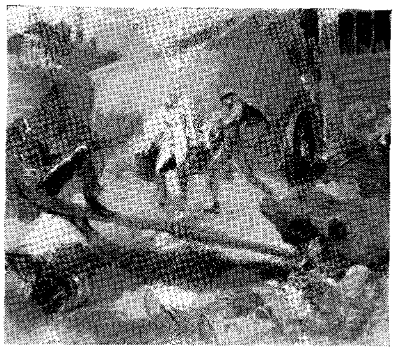
with this great wariness—as if all of us were somehow terribly serious people whose minds were constantly struggling toward a rigorous, deeply meaningful exploration of some walnutty objective substance known as the "issues," only to be distracted, against our better judgment, by such superficial and shady considerations as personality (which is what it was called twenty years ago), or style. Of course, politics is such a big thing these days. *Everyone is serious about politics.* Young Wall Street lawyers who, if they play their cards right, can look forward to becoming partners anytime within the next eighty-two years get off into corners of expensively furnished living rooms and announce, with hopeful sexiness, that their "real interest is politics; I mean, it's the only thing." And yet, actually, perhaps one of the larger ironies of the time is that at the very same moment everyone is so bravely talking about the seriousness of politics the world seems to be moving into an area where the public actions of individual men are less and less able to affect the things they are supposed to affect. The racial problem in America, for example, is certainly in need of laws and programs and organization and, in general, all the structuring and restructuring that go under the name of political action, but—what is more important, and more obvious—it also appears to be far above, below, or beyond the reach of politics; politics touches such a small part of the life of a modern nation, and surely one of the main reasons for President Kennedy's enduring grip on the people of this country is that, for all the talk about the Irish Mafia and political activism, he was so minimally political.

Television has got wound increasingly into politics of late, because it's obviously the best (or easiest) way of both showing and seeing a candidate, and because people seem to have this feeling that TV exerts a mysterious power over politicians and electorates, as if there were some sort of magic aura connected with TV exposure—as opposed to "real" exposure—as if, with the right TV consultant and a smooth speech and an attractive smile, even a movie actor could be elected President. I guess there's some truth in that. TV (plus a lot of money) does give you a great deal of exposure, and if you have cash left over you can indeed hire a TV consultant who will tell you what shirt to wear, which side of your face looks less alarming, and so



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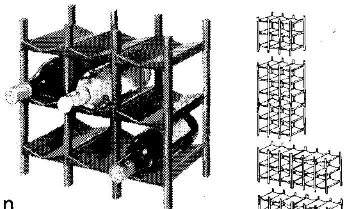

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forth. But it's hard to see, really, that TV as a mechanical device has any particular style-evoking magic to it. If people were really more concerned with issues than with the personality of public figures, TV would as blandly transmit the issues, the facts, the statistics, the heart-of-the-matter, the meat around the bone—the crop reports and so forth, as it does on East German TV, and which no one can stand to look at. But people nowadays, for whatever reasons, seem to want so terribly to touch and be reassured by personality—not just by its presence but by its implications. There's hope, for example, that one attaches in one's own feelings to a leader, and that is still so much a realer thing than any issue, and TV simply happens to be the best way to effect that—certainly the best way for the politician to reveal himself, because to a considerable degree he can control the revelation. TV, in other words, will reveal whatever it is you want to have revealed, and these days (I don't know what it was in Bryan's time) it's style—the reality or the appearance of personal qualities, it doesn't seem to much matter which. It's hard to believe that it was the issues that defeated Goldwater in 1964, although I admit he was pushing them pretty far. It's hard to see how the "issues" are going to be what really elect or defeat anyone in 1968. The Vietnam war, in fact, provides an almost classic example of the relative unimportance to people of the issues of a given situation. There are plenty of issues on all sides—enough for a great many speeches—but most of the political candidates, whether they're pro-war or anti-war, seem to handle them rather distractedly, as if the man standing up there in the big auditorium holding an issue carefully in his hands ("corruption," "losing the war," "winning the war") knew that in fact he was performing a sort of ritual, the ritual of holding the issue aloft so that the congregation could look upon it and pretend to worship it, whereas actually he and they understand that all the time the congregation is gazing adoringly at the man, though none of them can stand to admit it, and neither can anyone else. President Johnson appears to know this perfectly well—that people are going to reëlect him or not because of his style, because of the *way* he went about things in Vietnam, rather than because of what he actually did or didn't do. Governor Romney ("of Michigan," as the *Times* would say) was on TV, too, the other day—on a Sunday-afternoon "Face the

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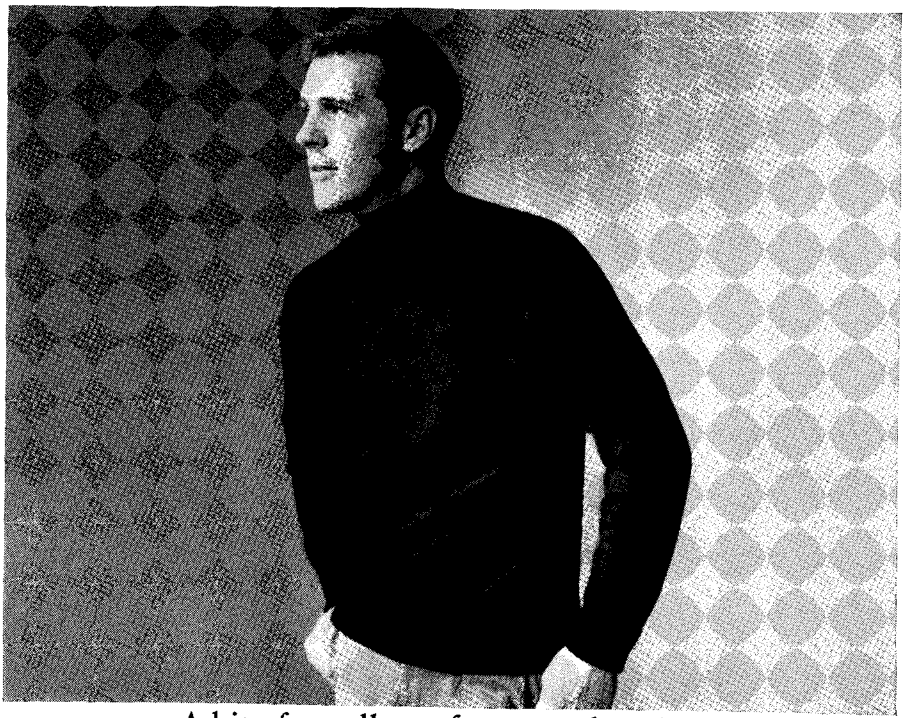

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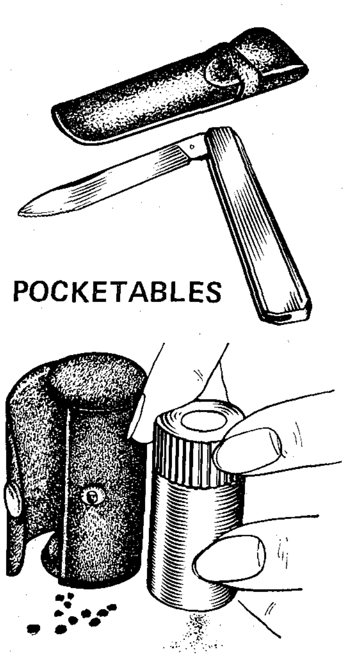

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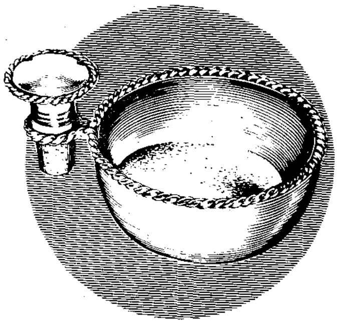

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Nation"—and it's *hard to know what* the Governor really thinks about style, and so on, except that his seems better suited to still photographs than to moving, talking pictures. For example, you get that great Coeur-de-Lion face on a full-page spread in *Life*, with maybe a little caption beneath it about the Governor launching into a full-scale attack on this or that, and you have something quite beautiful. On TV, though, that day, Romney kept worrying around for issues, which is O.K. (*you have to talk about something*), but the effort seemed to show rather much. "The President of the United States made a colossal mistake," said the Governor, in the manner of a man announcing that the sky has fallen, "in the campaign of 1964," and then went into some business about how Lyndon Johnson's campaign statements at that time had had the effect of persuading the North Vietnamese to intensify the war. "I want to submit," said the Governor, "that it's entirely possible that those statements made in the 1964 campaign had an effect on Vietnam, and what we've had to do there, and what the South Vietnamese have had to face." Yes. Well. Gosh. But.

Speaking of style and issues, at the same hour that C.B.S. had Governor Romney blowing the lid off the 1964 campaign, N.B.C. had Ambassador Bunker and General Westmoreland together on "Meet the Press," and I am here to tell you they were two smooth old boys; oh, they both sat up there behind that table—the Ambassador, who is seventy-three years old, and the General, who is not seventy-three years old (the General was the one with all the medals)—and just told it to us like it was. The General told us that the North Vietnamese Army was falling apart ("Well, as I said, they are having manpower problems. They had hoped to send leadership from the north and recruit their troops in the south. This they have been unable to do because the South Vietnamese youngster does not in general want to join the Vietcong, and, second, there has been considerable attrition on his guerrilla ranks. . . . He is going to the young age and older group. He has been very hungry for a victory. He has tried desperately to get one, and each time he has initiated a big operation it has rebounded in his disfavor"). The Ambassador put the "corruption" issue in its proper perspective ("Obviously there is corruption there. . . . I imagine *there is some corruption in this country*, too. I don't pretend that it is going to be completely eradicated there any more than it is here, or elsewhere. But steps are being taken to do something about it. In the first place, Vice-President Ky says . . ."). The swell thing about the Bunker-Westmoreland routine was that it was so beautifully controlled. The four newsmen asking them questions were perfectly able, the questions were O.K. (not at all too deferential, some of them quite tough), but *the answers were all based on* revealed scripture, the answers had all been brought down from the Mount, and none of the newsmen had apparently been up there recently. I imagine there will be a good deal more of that sort of thing before the next twelve months are out—some Iowa Republican dressed up in the latest modish anti-Administration manner, with shaggy hair, pink glasses, and an exploding shirt, standing on his chair and saying indignantly, "Well, what about land reform?," and the sweet little old lady who has sixteen grandchildren in the 101st Airborne and is at that moment representing the Administration standing on the podium, wearing spurs and an American flag, and replying sweetly but firmly, "The past government that just went out of power distributed some a hundred and twenty-eight thousand titles" (as Ambassador Bunker replied last Sunday). As if anyone knew how many were available for distribution. As if anyone knew who it was they were being distributed to. As if (come on, now, really) anyone cared that much about land reform.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

THE ALCHEMICAL CHILD

The moon's on my nail.
A jujube falls out of my cap.
It is a rose.

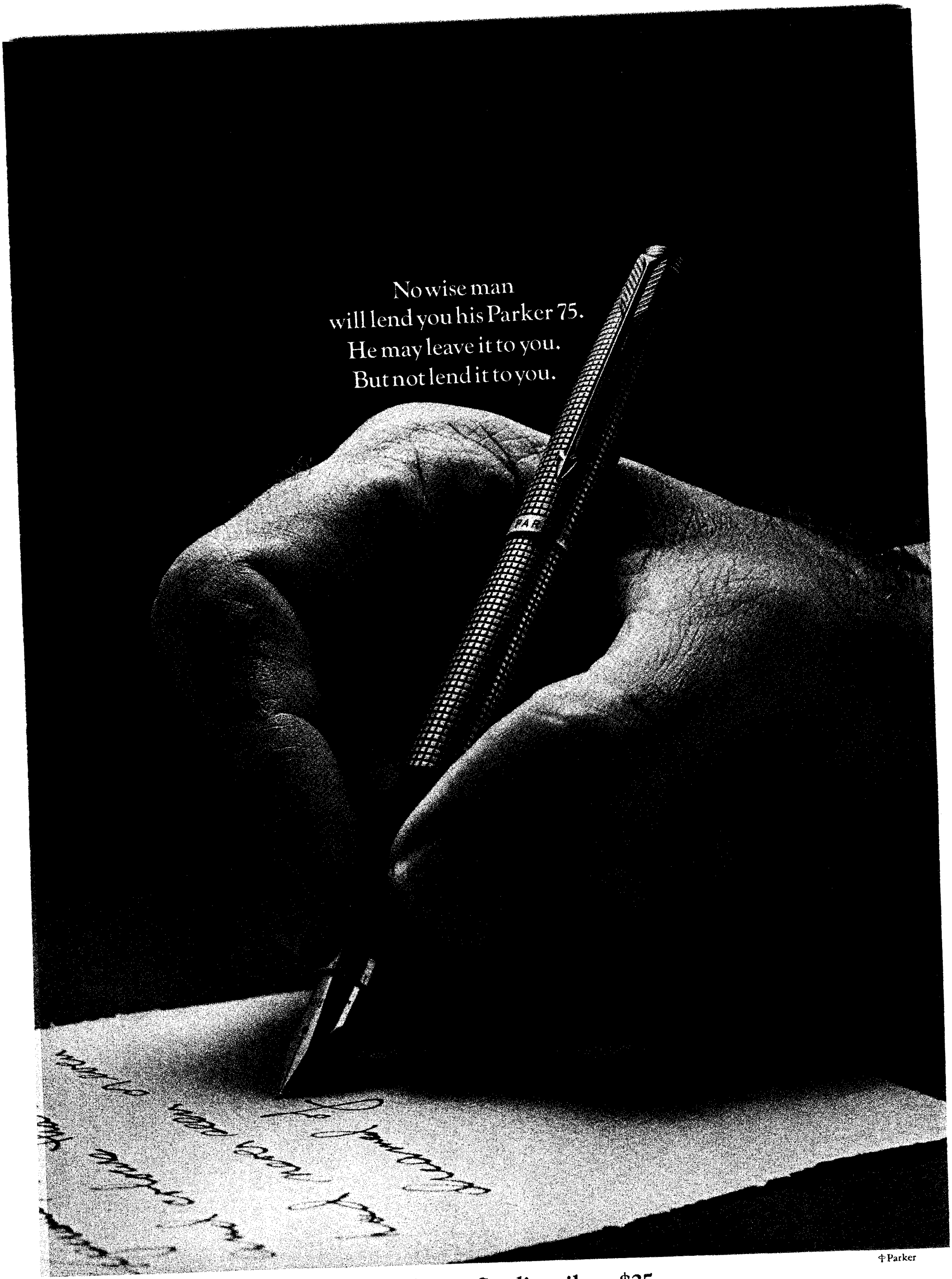
A thicket's drying kinky.
Damp fur . . .

A little spider wants to tie up every
thing,
I don't know why.

My jacket is limp.

The moon's on my nail.
A jujube falls out of my cap. . . .
It is . . .?

—ROBERT DAVID COHEN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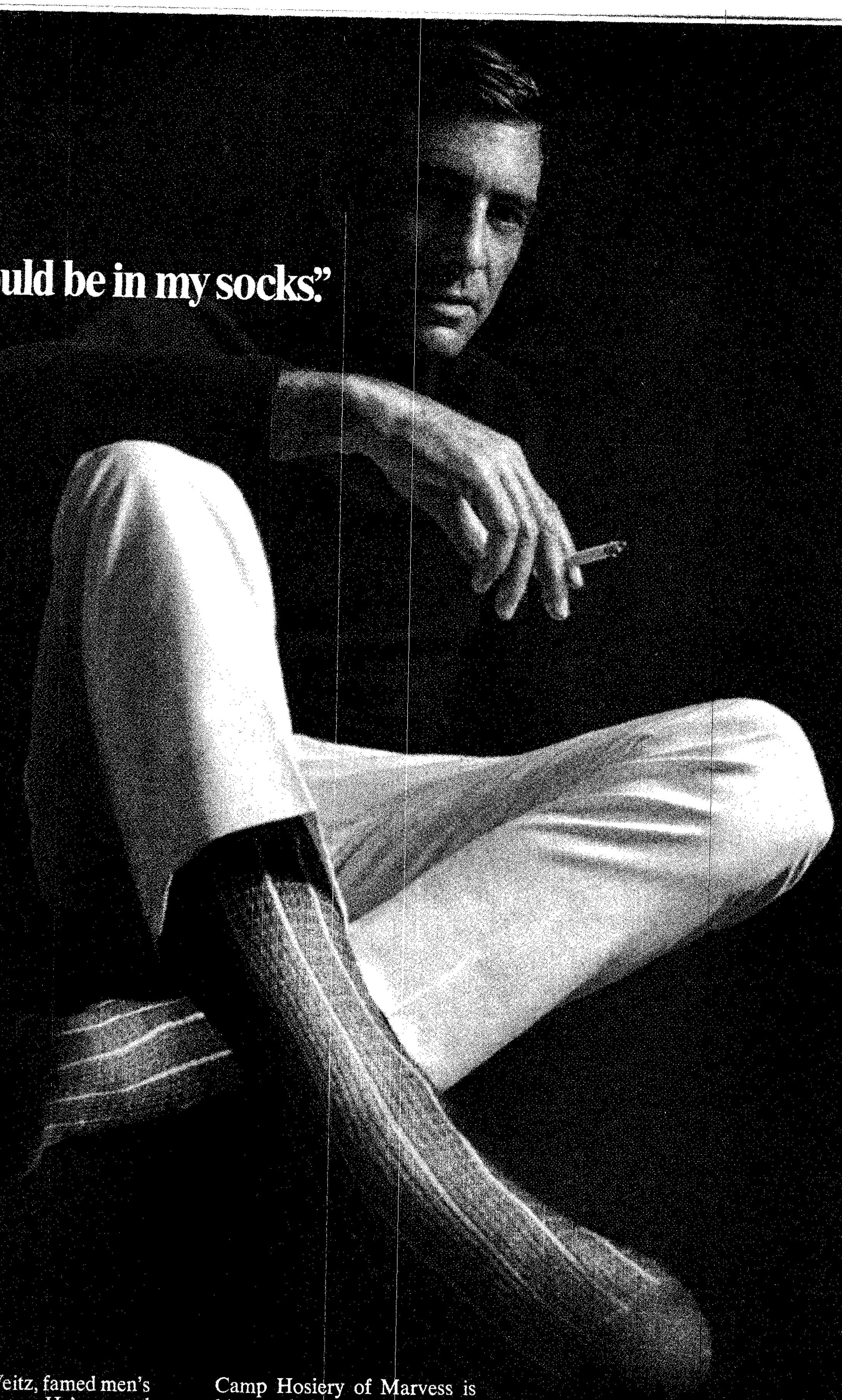

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

Ooty Preserved, by Mollie Panter-Downes (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95*).

A report on Ootacamund, in the Nilgiri Mountains of southern India, where remnants and souvenirs of the town's past as a British hill station still gently intrude on its bustling, vital present. Miss Panter-Downes reconstructs the Victorian, Edwardian, and neo-Georgian "little patch of England that each exile discovered it to be" from her own observations and from conversations with the sprinkling of "Europeans" who chose to stay on after Indian independence.

Lady in the Shower, by Peter Arno (*Simon & Schuster, $4.95*).

An album in which Mr. Arno's imperishable characters, their heartiness intact, can be seen taking part in a number of up-to-the-minute activities with no perceptible signs of strain.

The Smithsonian, by Geoffrey T. Hellman (*Lippincott, $5.95*).

A Profile of Washington's magpie institution, including a history from its founding, in 1846 (on an inexplicable bequest left by an illegitimate son of a Duke of Northumberland), up to the present. On the side, Mr. Hellman provides portraits of its eight Secretaries, nearly all of them men whose eccentricities neatly balanced their dedication to the "Octopus on the Mall."

Snow White, by Donald Barthelme (*Atheneum, $4.50*).

The theme of this novel appears familiar; the variations are anything but. The distractions include lantern slides, Chinese baby-food recipes, lessons in equanimity, and a manual on the care and keeping of the American horsewife.

Animal Gardens, by Emily Hahn (*Doubleday, $6.95*).

A report on animals in captivity, though not necessarily incarcerated behind bars, in public and private zoos on four continents. Miss Hahn does not neglect those members of the genus *Homo sapiens* who own or study or take care of the animals and keep their best interests at heart.

The Chosen One, by Rhys Davies (*Dodd, Mead, $3.95*).

Passions spin the plot of the seven short stories in this collection, shattering the placid routine of their characters and often causing them considerable surprise. The settings are England and the author's native Wales.

The Village of Ben Suc, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf, $3.95*).

In January, 1967, Ben Suc, a Vietcong stronghold thirty miles upriver from Saigon, was destroyed, and its inhabitants resettled, by the United States Army. This moment-by-moment report, much of it told in official and unofficial conversations (via interpreters), records the effects of the operation.

All Thumbs, by W. Miller (*Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95*).

Cartoons in which men and beasts from legend, history, and all over the map obligingly snap out the catch phrases and act out the fly-by-night notions that fill the air around us. This album is Mr. Miller's first collection. Introduction by Whitney Balliett.

Speak, Memory, by Vladimir Nabokov (*Putnam, $6.75*).

Mr. Nabokov has added some new material and a scattering of family snapshots to this volume of brief memoirs, which originally appeared, under the title "Conclusive Evidence," in 1951.

Yma, Ava; Yma, Abba; Yma, Oona; Yma, Ida; Yma, Aga . . . and Others, by Thomas Meehan (*Simon & Schuster, $4.50*).

Parodies and other casual essays by a humorist who herewith makes his hardcover début in today's film-oriented society. The title piece describes the panic (recollected in tranquillity) of a host whose guests at an imagined cocktail party happen to include a Miss Sumac, a Mr. Eban, a Mrs. Chaplin, and other celebrated vowels.

A Comprehensible World, by Jeremy Bernstein (*Random House, $5.95*).

A quote from Albert Einstein—"The eternal mystery of the world is its comprehensibility"—provides title and theme. In clearing up some of the mysteries that beset us today, Mr. Bernstein, himself a physicist, reports on various scientists at work, many of whom, when the atomic bomb exploded, were forced blinking from their classrooms into the new world they had helped create. He has also included discussions of science fiction and, in a brief memoir of a summer he spent on Corsica, a glimpse of a certain scientist at part-time play.

The French Girls of Killíni, by Arturo Vivante (*Little, Brown, $5.95*).

Twenty-one contemplative, reminiscent short stories. They are set in Italy, Canada, and other places on this continent and in Europe, where the author quite often found himself in love or in danger, or both.

Through the Great City, by Anthony Bailey (*Macmillan, $5.95*).

An environmental report on the stretch of Eastern seaboard from Boston to Washington (one-fifth of our population living on one-fiftieth of our land), based in part on first-hand observations of the cities and the big and little towns and villages that Mr. Bailey drove through in his Jeep, and in part on his talks about urban and other matters with an assortment of people he met en route.

Poems 1957-67, by James Dickey (*Wesleyan, $6.95*).

Mr. Dickey has selected these poems from his four previous anthologies, adding a sizable handful of poems that have never before appeared in book form.

Delinquent Chacha, by Ved Mehta (*Harper & Row, $3.95*).

A novel about the misbehavior of an innocent abroad. The hero is an Indian gentleman—charlatan, crook, and elusive improviser in a tight spot—the setting is mostly London, and the misbehavior is all for the love of a lady. The lady is Britannia, erstwhile Raj.

People in Glass Houses, by Shirley Hazzard (*Knopf, $4.95*).

Connected episodes dealing with obscure tragedies suffered by persons of imagination and good will within the vast bureaucracies of today. The setting is a global institution with headquarters in this city.

Los Angeles, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $5*).

A Profile of the sprawling and, to a large extent, man-made oasis on the Pacific edge of the California desert, where motion pictures, which used to be *the* industry, barely get by as *an* industry, having been demoted by the technologists, businessmen, and philosophers of aerospace. Making his rounds of the neighborhoods and suburbs of "the ultimate city," Mr. Rand sorts out its special qualities from those it holds in common with other American cities.

The Goodbye Land, by Jose Yglesias (*Pantheon, $4.95*).

An account by an American writer of a journey he took back where he had never been—to the mountains of Galicia, in Spain—in order to find out the circumstances of his father's death, and, once there, to discover his relatives and strengthen his roots.

The Shorebirds of North America, by Peter Matthiessen (*Viking, $22.50*).

This report opens at Sagaponack, Long Island, and moves, along with the birds, as far afield as South America and the Northern tundra. Mr. Matthiessen concedes that the objects of his affection (and of his ornithological inquiry) rate low on brains, but the fact that so many of them have managed to survive the depredations of nature and elude the birdshot of men almost belies him. Technical appendix by Ralph S. Palmer, and many handsome illustrations in color by Robert Verity Clem.

Oranges, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50*).

A dissertation—historical, geographical, botanical, and anecdotal—on the juicy fruit through the ages, combined with a report on a pilgrimage that Mr. McPhee made to Florida (an all but hopeless quest for a glass of fresh-squeezed instead of frozen), during which he met and talked with orange growers and exporters and processors. There is a glancing reference or two to California.

The Great Dreadnought, by Richard Hough (*Harper & Row, $4.95*).

The biography, from launching (Newcastle upon Tyne, 1913) to dismantling (Newcastle upon Tyne, 1922), of H.M.S. Agincourt, née Rio de Janeiro. In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, she became the largest battleship in the British Navy during the First World War, and acquitted herself well at Jutland.

American Jews in Israel, by Harold R. Isaacs (*John Day, $5.95*).

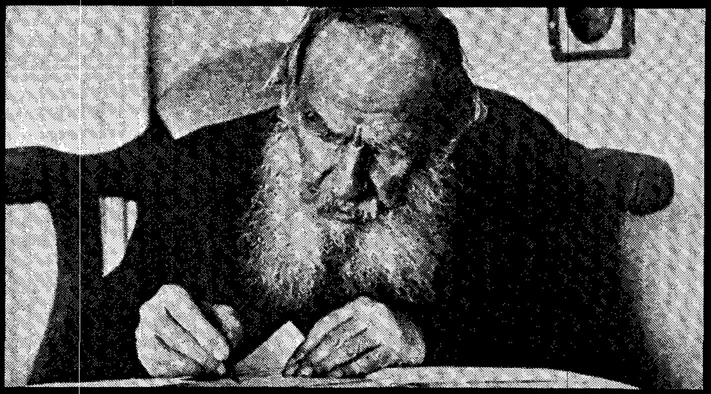
A sociological study of a sampling taken from thousands of pioneers in a new land, many of them known, to even their own confusion, as "Anglo-Saxons." Mr. Isaacs covers their occupations and problems and the complex feelings they must deal with as they clip their ties to such spots in the Old Country as Baltimore, the Bronx, Boston, and Pittsburgh.

Oomingmak, by Peter Matthiessen (*Hastings House, $3.95*).

A study in courage—the courage to resist capture, the courage to endure, and the courage to die—in the form of a report on the noble musk ox and on an expedition to Nunivak Island, in the Bering Sea, where the author joined a group of hunters whose purpose it was to bring a few members of the breed back alive.

A Prelude, by Edmund Wilson (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.50*).

A portrait of the critic as a young man, from the age of thirteen to the age of twenty-four, in entries from the first volume of his journals, with emendations, footnotes, and comment by the critic at seventy-one. Included are a sampling of verses he wrote at school and at Princeton, a couple of early short stories, and photographs of friends and relations.



TOLSTOY

"Who would have dared to invent him? Not even 'War and Peace' would be big enough to hold him."

So critic George P. Elliott defines the incredible challenge facing any biographer of Tolstoy. It is a challenge which underscores the achievement of Henri Troyat, of whose biography Janet Flanner said: "It takes almost a week to read digestively, is at last the final, complete portrait of the man as he surely was."

The man as he surely was in Troyat's biography is not one man but several: saint, sinner, and genius clothed in one skin; the passionate opponent of slavery who could sell 22 of his serfs to pay off his gambling debts; a father of 13 illegitimate children who preaches absolute chastity as the sexual ideal; a born nobleman whose overriding ambition is to be a peasant; an author who rejects his own literary masterpiece as unimportant. Such is the man of whom M. Troyat writes. But TOLSTOY is more than a biography. Recapturing the very fabric of life in turbulent nineteenth-century Russia, it is a book that is itself Tolstoyan, bursting with life, ideas, humanity, and passion. Acclaimed in France as both *the definitive biography and a literary masterpiece* in its own right, TOLSTOY is the January Selection of the Literary Guild of America and has already been described by the first American reviewer* as "a tremendous story, surprisingly modern, a towering, beautiful book."

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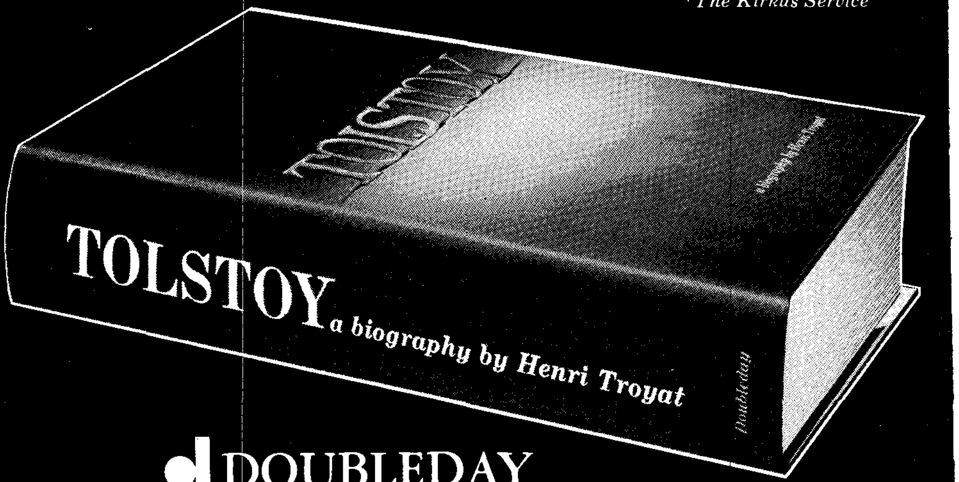
TOLSTOY
TOLSTOY a biography by Henri Troyat
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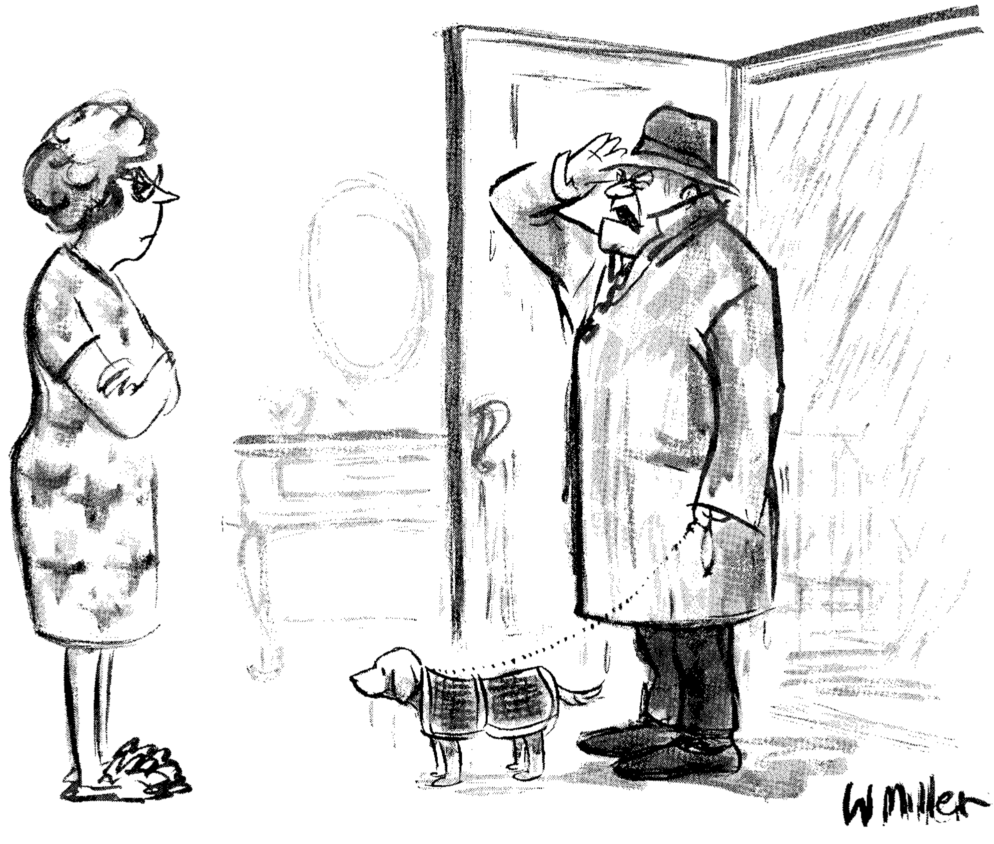
BOOKS

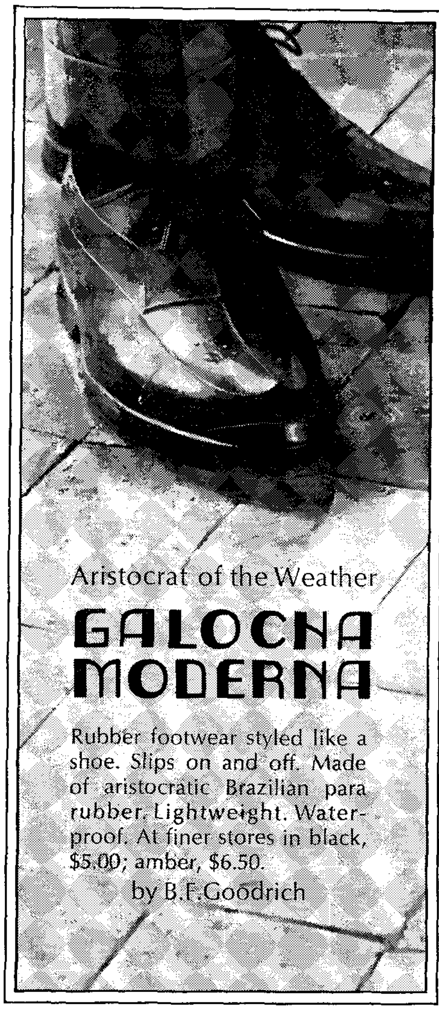
"My Mind Was Without a Shadow"

COINCIDENCE, of the rather amiable kind it amused Knut Hamsun to record, marks the simultaneous publication in the United States of his first novel, "Hunger" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; translated from the Norwegian by Robert Bly), and his last book, a memoir entitled "On Overgrown Paths" (Paul S. Eriksson, Inc.; translated from the Norwegian by Carl L. Anderson). "Hunger" was written by a starving young man in the late eighteen-eighties and finally published, after serialization, in 1890, when Hamsun was thirty-one; "On Overgrown Paths" was written by a disgraced old man, held accused of treason, in the late nineteen-forties and was published in 1949, when Hamsun was ninety. Sixty years and a career that included a Nobel Prize lie between them, yet the books are similar, and are beautiful in the same way. They are laconic, brutal, joyous, and not quite formless. Their literary freshness flows from a positive human quality of, to give it a negative name, *defenselessness*; the "I" of both accounts has scorned all systems, has formed no alliances, not even with a woman; Hamsun's wife, though she shared his ordeal of ostracism and harassment after the war, is virtually absent from the pages of "On Overgrown Paths." The ratty boarding houses of "Hunger" and the various institutions of Hamsun's internment and, for that matter, the hunter's hut occupied by the hero of his novel "Pan" are all temporary shelters unregretfully shed by a spirit intent upon the inner play of mood, a rapt yet detached spirit to whom pain is merely one of the many winds that tug and shift within. Such lucidity approaches madness; in the absence of all other armor, a carapace of willful eccentricity must be grown. As a young transient in this country, Hamsun began to spit blood, and countered the diagnosis of terminal tuberculosis by riding on top of a locomotive from Minneapolis to New York, gulping fresh air all the way. The cure worked, but the same divine stubbornness also led him to support the Nazis to the end, writing, upon Hitler's death, "He was a warrior, a warrior for mankind and a prophet of the gospel of justice for all nations." At the very outset of his career, the young Hamsun undertook a lecture tour attacking the living great writers of Norway, culminating in a verbal assault upon Ibsen while Ibsen sat glowering in the front row. Hamsun was always more enthusiastically admired in Germany and Slavic Europe than in Norway itself. Of American writers, he resembles Hemingway in his estrangement from the cultural establishment, in his proud follies, in his cauterization of prose style, in the impression of lightness and transparency his pessimism produces. By this analogy, "On Overgrown Paths" is like "A Moveable Feast"—a return, after troubled middle years spent pursuing "depth" with a puerile ideology, to an instinctive youthful allegiance to surfaces and moments.

"Hunger," first published in English in 1899, is well served by its new translation and by its two introductions. In one, the Yiddish writer I. B. Singer describes, with an emphatic generosity that may surprise younger literary generations, Hamsun's importance to his own: "European writers know that he is the father of the modern school of literature in his every aspect—his subjectiveness, his fragmentariness, his use of flashbacks, his lyricism. The whole modern school of fiction in the twentieth century stems from Hamsun, just as Russian literature in the nineteenth century 'came out of Gogol's greatcoat.'. . . Hamsun belonged to that select group of writers who not only interested a reader but virtually hypnotized him." The other introduction, by the translator, Robert Bly, sensitively points up the novel's paradoxical affirmation: "The hero of 'Hunger' obeys the unconscious, and remains in hunger, despite suffering, until he has lived through what he must, or learned what he had to. What seems to us catastrophe, his spirit experiences as secret victory. His anarchic inability to support himself is experienced by his spirit as obedience." This first-person narration compresses into a few months the ten years (1879-88) Hamsun spent in extreme poverty—sporadically relieved by laborers' jobs and immigrations to the United States—in Oslo, then called Kristiania. The nameless hero seeks to make his living by writing grandiose newspaper articles that, on the rare occasions when one is accepted, each earn him about three dollars and a half. The action moves from one five-kroner windfall to the next—an article is bought, a waistcoat is pawned, a grocery clerk errs in



"Mission accomplished, Herr Generalissimo!"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making change, an editor or acquaintance unexpectedly proffers a loan. Between these financial peaks are long, not unhappy troughs of emptiness:

> I kept on going through streets, rambling on with no purpose in mind at all. I stopped at a corner without needing to, turned and went up small alleys without having anything to do there. I just drifted on, floating in the joyful morning, rolling along without a care among other happy people. The air was clear and bright and my mind was without a shadow.

He is unable to organize his thoughts into any plan of enterprise or escape:

> I could not sit on a park bench by myself or put my foot down anywhere without being besieged by tiny and pointless events, absurd nonsense, which forced itself into my brain and scattered my powers to the four winds. A dog that shot past me, a yellow rose in someone's lapel, could set my thoughts in motion and obsess me for hours.

His external actions, his contacts with human society, are ludicrously antic and whimsical; he spouts frenzied nonsense to strangers on the street, he attracts and then rejects a prostitute called Ylayali, he prays to and then curses God, he refuses to beg from those who might succor him. When he is miraculously granted money, he squanders it on a rich meal he instantly vomits, or gives it away to an uncomprehending old cake peddler, or hurls a ten-kroner note in the face of a landlady who has ceased to expect anything. Though the physical humiliations of starvation are fascinatingly, grindingly detailed and the hero ostensibly yearns for a respectable, normal existence ("What a marvellous sensation to be sitting in a human house again and to hear a clock tick, and to talk with a spirited young girl instead of with myself!"), his self-realization lies with "the joyful insanity hunger was."

> My hair lay on my forehead wet and cold; I sat up on my elbow and looked down at the pillow: wet hair was also lying there in small tufts. My feet had swollen during the night inside my shoes; there was no pain, but I could barely move my toes.
>
> Toward late afternoon, when it was already beginning to be dusk, I got up and started puttering about the room. I *tried walking with short, deliberate steps,* careful to keep my balance and spare my feet as much as I could. I was not really suffering, and I didn't cry; on the whole I wasn't even sad; I was on the contrary wonderfully at peace—the thought that anything could be any different than it was never once crossed my mind.
>
> Finally I went out.

Finally he accepts, without premeditation, employment on a Russian freight-

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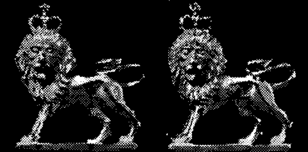
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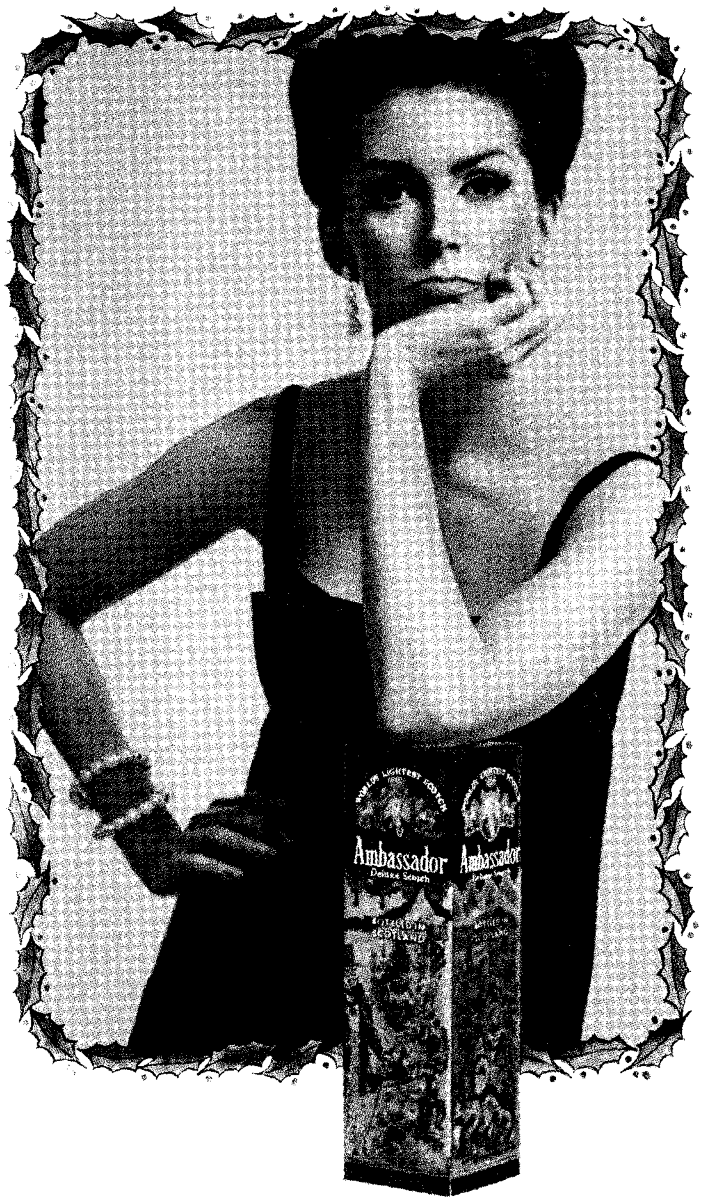
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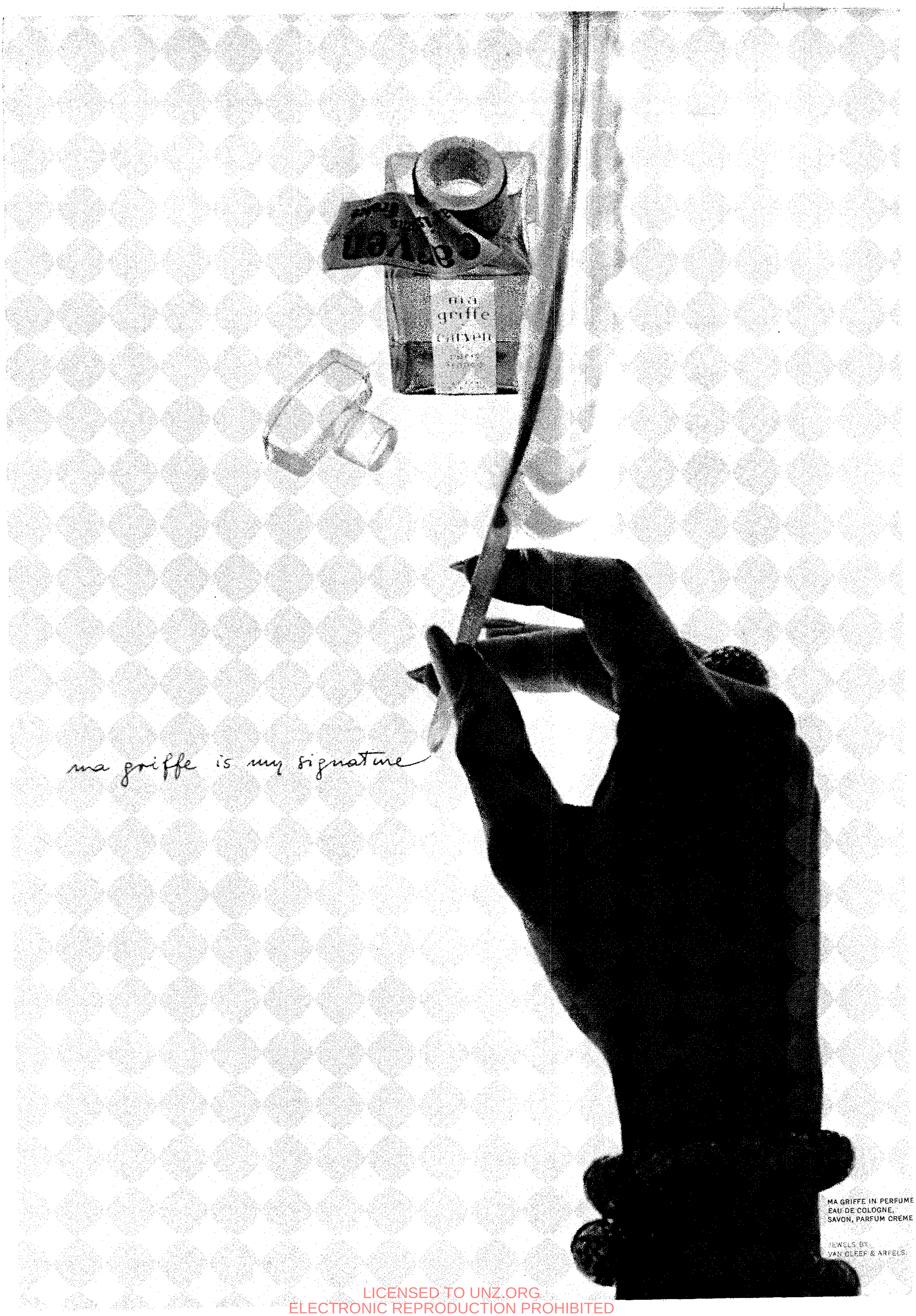
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er bound for Cádiz, and "Hunger" ends.

"On Overgrown Paths"—a journal Hamsun kept from his arrest, on May 26th of 1945, for treasonous activities during the German occupation, to his conviction and sentencing, on Midsummer Day of 1948—shows that his willingness to embrace isolation and deprivation had survived a life of success. The prose is still swift, fitful, immediate, innocently quick to feed on trifles: "These are trifles I write about, and trifles that I write. . . . All prisoners can only write about the eternally everyday occurrences and wait for their doom." But we are all prisoners. "We are all guilty. We are legion in our guilt." We are all doomed. "Now and then there is also some one of us who dies; it cannot be avoided, but it does not make much impression on us who remain. We follow the white coffin with our eyes, but when the hearse has driven away, we turn back to ourselves again." Hamsun is apathetic, tranquil. "I am weary of myself, have no wishes, no interests, no pleasures. Four or five senses in torpor and the sixth sense [he is deaf] snatched away. . . . I have attained the condition of certain Orientals: the necessary silence. I do not even talk to myself any more, having got out of that bad habit. . . . It is three years today since I was arrested. And here I sit. It has not mattered to me, not bothered me. It has gone by as though merely one more event."

Of the several hospitals and nursing homes where he is incarcerated, only a psychiatric clinic shatters his calm of resignation. He is unable, in this memoir, to describe his months there except by allusive fragments: "Domination over a living being, regulations lacking mercy and tact, a psychology of blank spaces and labels, a whole science bristling defiance. Others can endure that sort of torture; that is no concern of mine. For my part, I could not. Which the psychiatrist ought perhaps to have understood. I was in good health; I was turned into jelly." Only in his letter to the attorney general about this experience does Hamsun rant, and seem to deserve the official judgment of him as a person with "permanently impaired faculties." His defense, when he presents it in the form of a courtroom statement, is coherent and almost adequate: his crimes were confined to a few newspaper articles urging Norwegians not to waste their lives in futile resistance; he constantly interceded with the Germans, even with Hitler himself, for the lives

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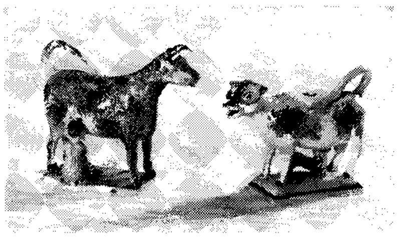

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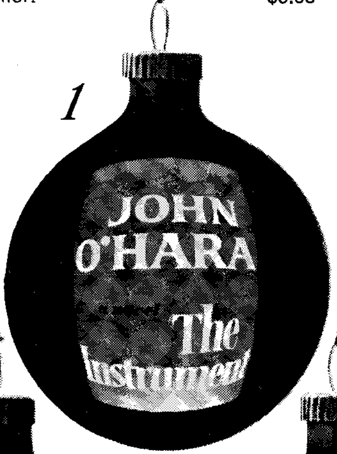

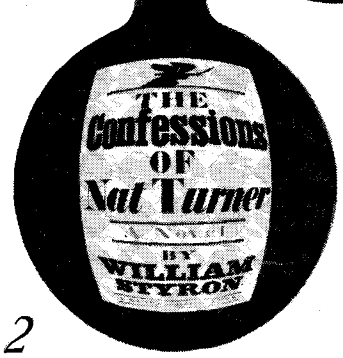

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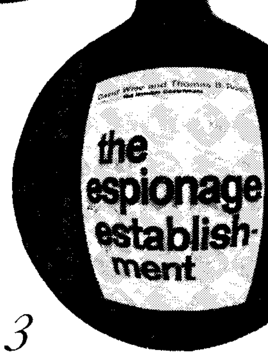

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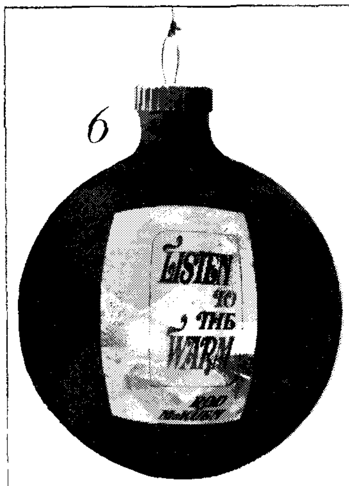
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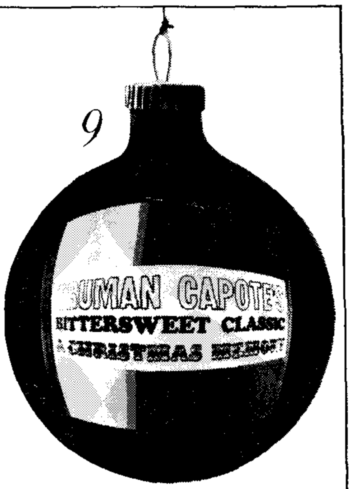
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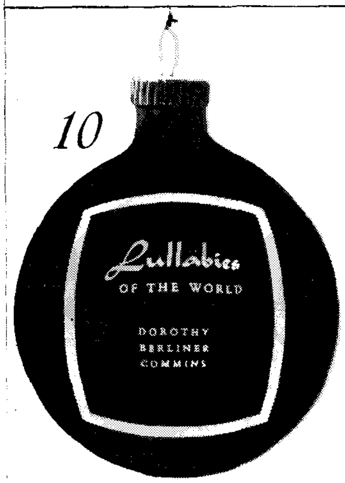
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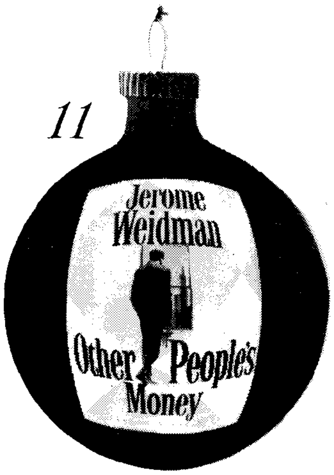
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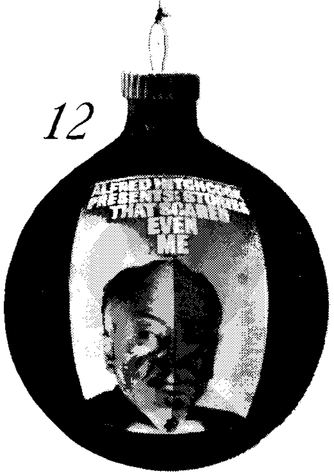
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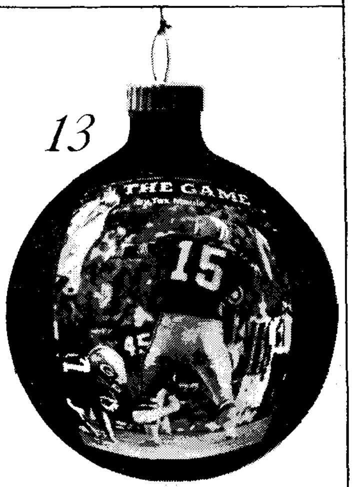

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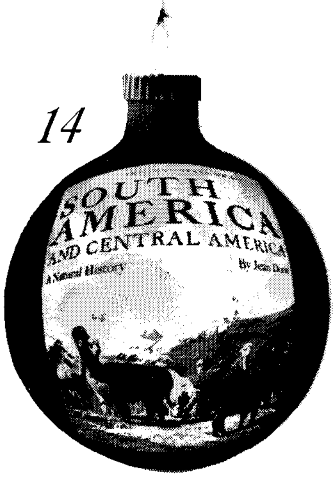
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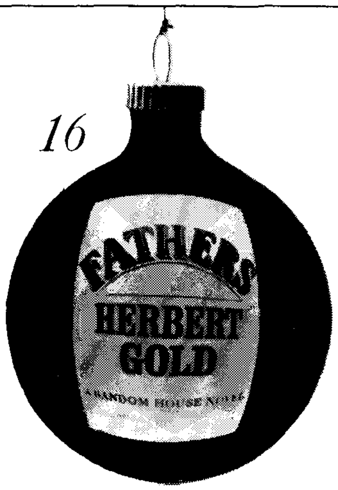
A Natural History
By Jean Dorst

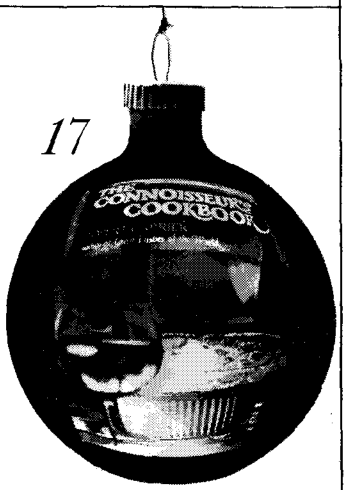
15

Living Plants of the World

16


FATHERS
HERBERT GOLD
A RANDOM HOUSE NOVEL

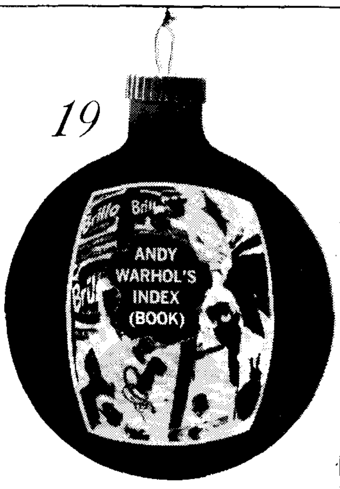
17


THE CONNOISSEUR'S COOKBOOK

18

EDWARD GIBBON & ROGER PRICE
THE DECLINE & FALL

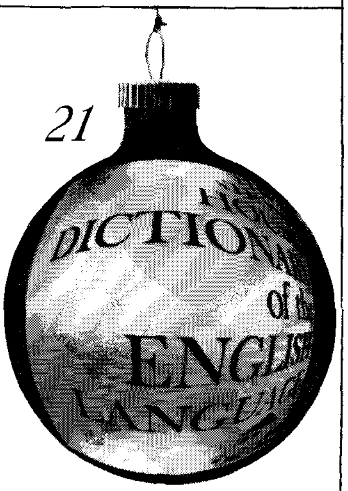
19


Brillo
ANDY WARHOL'S INDEX (BOOK)

20

BARRY GOLDWATER'S people and places

21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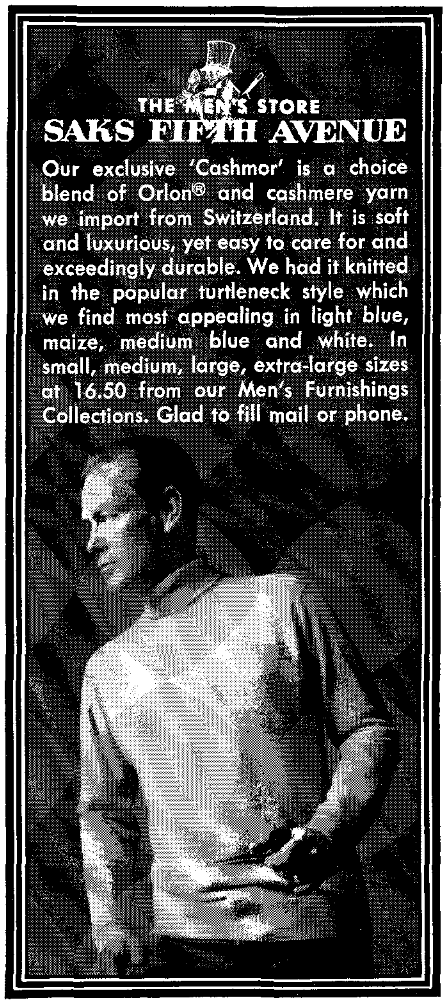
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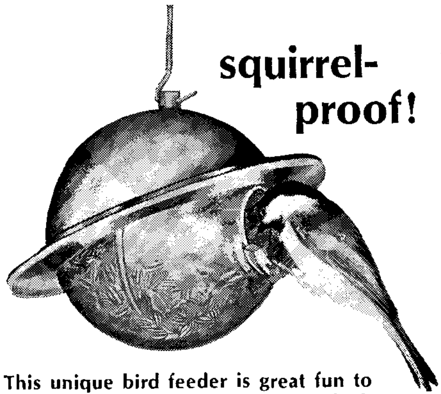
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of Norwegian resistance fighters; he never belonged to the Nazi Party; he scorned fleeing his native land to Sweden or England; he was captivated by the promise that Norway would occupy a high place in Hitler's Germanic empire. In short, he stands defenseless, having based his actions upon the premise that Norway was defenseless. One reads this section of the book, and the prefatory description of Hamsun's trial, with some sympathy for the predicament of governments confronted with politically aberrant great writers, and with a feeling that the Norwegian government exacted less suffering from Hamsun than the United States government did from Ezra Pound, though both eventually settled upon a factitious mental incompetence.

As Bly points out, Hamsun, the son of a farmer, unschooled and for years indigent, was alienated from the bourgeois Europe that believed in progress and social reform. His years of hunger had left him with few expectations of human society; even his lovers, such as Glahn and Edvarda in "Pan," are whimsical and cruel. He responds only, and is ever alert, to nature—the torrential, unanswerable nature within and beyond man. "Here are only cropped hills without a flower bed. The weather is biting, the wind almost always blows; but nearby are trees and woods with songbirds aloft and all sorts of creeping things on the ground. Oh, the world is beautiful here too, and we are to be very grateful for being in it. How rich the colors are here in the very rocks and the heather, how incomparable the forms in the bracken! And the taste of a piece of wall fern that I found is still good on the tongue." We greet, in such passages of primitive rhapsody, the hero of "Hunger," his mind "without a shadow." We find him unaged, in these valedictory pages, his appetites still undisciplined ("But completely contrary to my good intentions to ration my reading, I fell voraciously on Topsøe's book and devoured it in one gulp"), his conversations still quixotic—talking with a lady at a bus stop, the elderly Hamsun rips off his jacket and lays it in the snow for her to sit upon. He is still fond of outcasts and still able, in the depths, to attract women who wish to minister to him and with whom he grows impatient. Irascibility remains the sign of his independent genius. Of his poetry, he admits it lacks tenderness: "And it was not only tenderness that was lacking but all too many other things as well, the whole kit and caboodle." Lacking the kit and caboodle of civi-

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lized prejudice, he was able to confront experience direct, and to convey it magically. Toward the end of this book of therapeutic jottings, his thoughts revert to his confirmation and first communion:

> The pastor put something in my mouth, and afterwards let me sip from a cup. There were many people around who watched, but they restrained themselves and did not smile.
>
> Why remember that now? I have no earthly use for it and there is no wisdom in it. It uplifts me merely because I am happy and am teeming.

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> The great quality of true art is that it rediscovers, grasps, and reveals to us that reality far from which we live, from which we get farther and farther away as the conventional knowledge we substitute for it becomes thicker and more impermeable, the reality that we might die without having known and which is simply our life, real life, life finally discovered and clarified, consequently the only life that has been really lived—that life which in one sense is to be found at any time in all men as well as in artists.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Memoir of an Aged Child, by Alfred Duhrssen (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A short first-person account of an unsensational childhood, boyhood, and early adulthood, given entirely from the point of view of the child, whose natural lack of a proper sense of time and perspective, of the colors, shapes, sizes, and eccentricities of houses and other people, is exaggerated and prolonged by the disjointed life he leads under the influence of his inattentive mother and his prosperous, rambling father. The book is not an argument,

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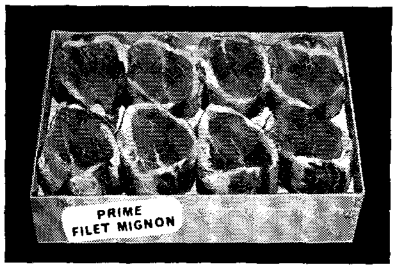

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aesthetic or psychological, for or against the outlook of a child. Mr. Duhrssen simply presents some of the emotions and sensations that the outlook entails, indicating beautifully how freakish and suggestive it can be, and how the proper sense of time and perspective that one ordinarily develops to deal with strangeness and surprises both deprives and protects.

THE FOX AND THE HOUND, by Daniel P. Mannix (Dutton). An animal story—one of the riskiest of literary enterprises—in which we are told of a lifelong duel of skills and wits between a red fox, Tod, and a half-bred bloodhound, Copper. This is a simple enough tale, written on one level, but it holds the attention, for the author cares intensely about what happens to his fox, and he cares about his hound—about his loss of face when he fails his master, about his dim realization, as the years go by, that he is losing his powers. Mr. Mannix keeps a pair of foxes on his farm and has observed them from close up and without sentimentality. After reading his book, no one could ever again be indifferent to Reynard and his hard lot. Drawings, and very good ones, by John Schoenherr.

GENERAL

ONLY TO GOD: THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF GODFREY LOWELL CABOT, by Leon Harris (Atheneum). Cabot, who died in Boston in 1962 at the age of a hundred and one, was in many ways a quite terrible man. Born a member of the Brahmin sect, he grew up in comfortably genteel surroundings, graduated from Harvard, spent a *Wanderjahre* in various European countries (which he found morally substandard), and, returning home, went into the manufacturing and sale of carbon black, used in making printer's ink and, much later (to Cabot's great enrichment), automobile tires. Having become a multimillionaire, Cabot could turn his considerable energies to "being of service" to humanity, which, to him, meant telling other people what and what not to do as the leading spirit of Boston's Watch and Ward Society. Cabot, however, was too eccentric to be all of a piece: he was a prodigious athlete and he played near-tournament chess; he was a pioneer in aviation who learned to fly at the age of fifty-four, bought his own seaplane, and personally patrolled the North Atlantic during the First World War searching for Ger-

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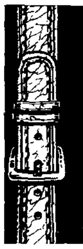

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man submarines; he championed Negroes and the fight for civil liberties all his life; and although he was a diehard, F.D.R.-hating Republican, he declared that he saw no reason that Communists should not be eligible for Army commissions. The author has handled this life story in exactly the right way. He sets the scene, he introduces his man, and then he gives him his head, via a journal that Cabot kept for forty years, his letters, and the reminiscences of old acquaintances. Photographs.

THE KOREAN WAR, by Matthew B. Ridgway (Doubleday). This dramatic narrative is crammed with eyeopening notions, surprising facts, and useful lessons, all put in clear, nontechnical language. General Ridgway, who commanded the Eighth Army in Korea, explains how he made a somewhat diffident unit into a great fighting army, and how it fought. He later replaced General MacArthur, and, in talking about him, the author demonstrates a novelist's grasp of character as he describes that great captain and flawed man, who becomes, in the telling, a much less enigmatic figure. General Ridgway also outlines the American concept of limited war, which evolved during the years 1950-53, and suggests the doctrine's relevance to present and future conflicts.

SIXTY MILES FROM ENGLAND: THE ENGLISH AT DIEPPE, 1814-1914, by Simona Pakenham (St. Martin's). As soon as the Napoleonic Wars ended, the English began to visit France. Some settled just across the Channel at Dieppe and founded what became a large colony, with its own social life, schools, churches, and celebrities—the painter Sickert, for one, and, for another, Lady Blanche Hozier, Winston Churchill's mother-in-law. Miss Pakenham tells how the presence of these comparatively well-off foreigners improved Dieppe by giving it a decent harbor and a variety of amenities—in short, put it on the map. Nonetheless, the principal activity of the English colony was not urban redevelopment but quarrelling about and with the English clergy and consuls—an occupation that filled a century (and fills this book) with genteel merriment.

INDONESIAN UPHEAVAL, by John Hughes (McKay). The articles from which this book is derived won a Pulitzer Prize—the author is the

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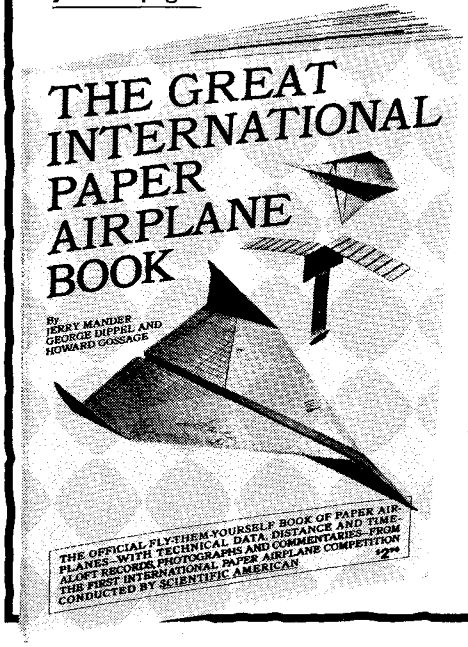
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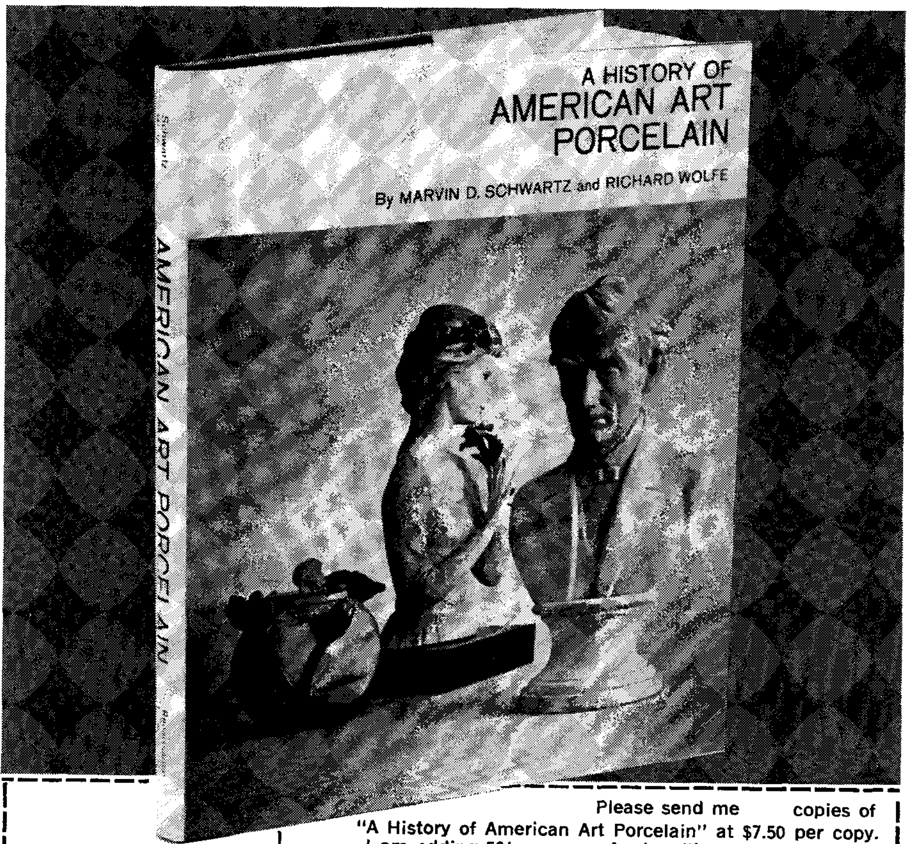
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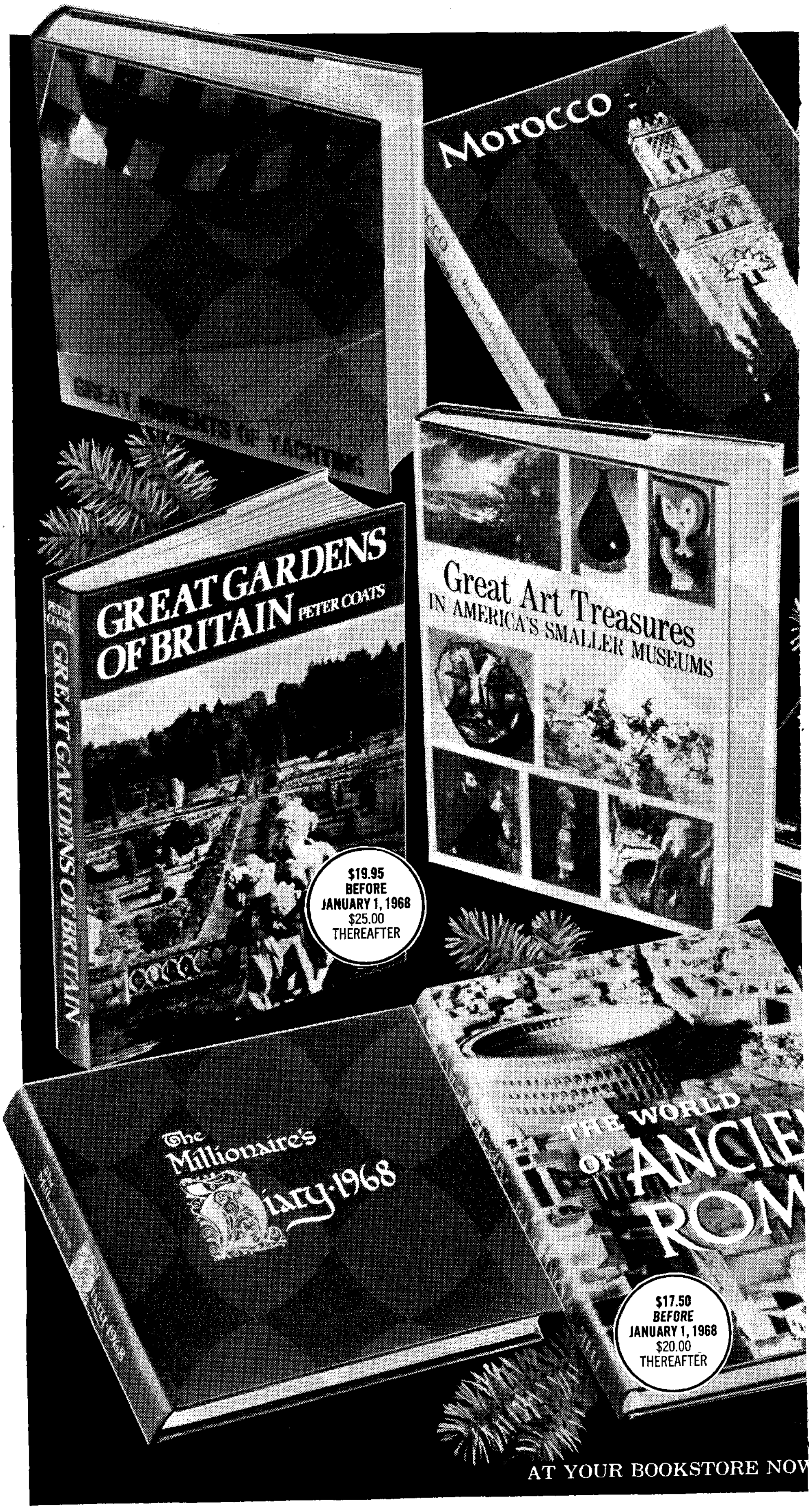
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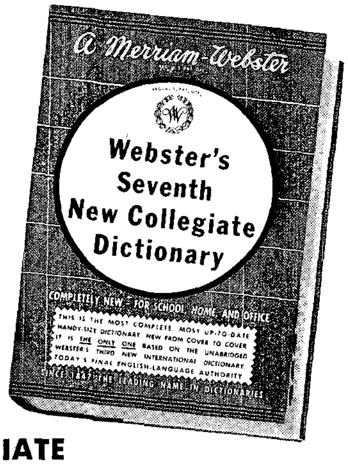

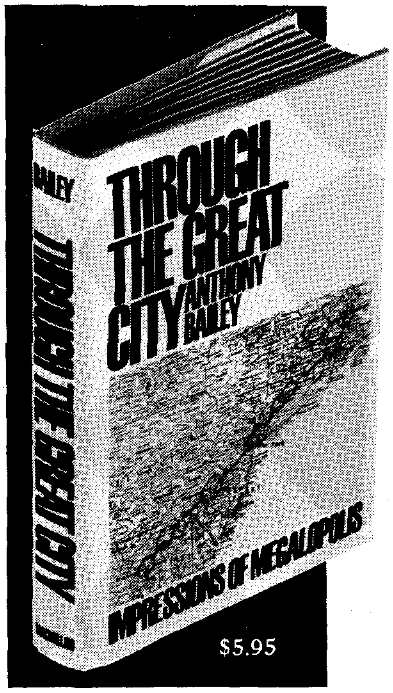

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Far Eastern correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*—and the book is a model of what a foreign correspondent's book should be. It mixes first-person narrative and description with pertinent background information in proper proportions, so that the reader not only grasps the sequence of events but understands what caused them. (At least, when the author himself does. Mr. Hughes always admits what he does not know—for instance, why the Communists chose the particular moment for their unsuccessful coup.) The personalities are very well drawn, especially that of Sukarno, a man of bewildering contradictions—he freed his country and wrecked its economy; he was dishonest, vain, cowardly, and likable. Warning: atrocities are not accidents in this tale but at the heart of it, and squeamish readers may find the book hard going.

THE SOVIET UNION: THE FIFTY YEARS, edited by Harrison E. Salisbury (Harcourt, Brace & World). The New York *Times* recently sent to the Soviet Union a crew of specialist reporters, headed by Mr. Salisbury, once the paper's Moscow correspondent and now assistant managing editor, to see what they could see and write what they could write. The newspaper published their reports in an abridged form; the uncut articles, offered in this volume, are more informative. In fact, the work is a marvel. To be sure, it does not cover everything—in the Soviet Union, as in the United States, it is easier to visit a kindergarten than a missile site, and the *Times* rocket expert was not even allowed in the country—but it is the best full-length portrait of the country that we have had in years.

THE FAILURES OF CRITICISM, by Henri Peyre (Cornell). The first half of Professor Peyre's work is a history of bad judgment—of the misconceptions, contempt, or indifference with which important works were first received, and of distorted appraisals that, in the case of some writers, like Shakespeare, persisted for centuries. It is very good fun with a serious point, which is that we are probably making the same sort of mistakes about today's great books. Mr. Peyre thinks that criticism matters because critics are the most important source of information that the public has about writers; hence critics, when they fail, may deny writers their audiences and

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may deny audiences writers they might love or profit by. His last section offers some ideas about bettering criticism. He is undogmatic, illuminating, and entertaining.

Lee: A Portrait of Lee Harvey Oswald, by Robert L. Oswald, with Myrick and Barbara Land (Coward-McCann). This book by Oswald's older brother is not really a biography, and it has nothing in common with the grotesque subliterature that has flourished lately. Mr. Oswald, a Texas businessman, tells in a straightforward fashion about his and his brother's erratic upbringing; about their mother, whose mental vagaries, irrational suspicions, and irresponsibility were a source of constant humiliation to them; and about his efforts to provide a steadying hand to a boy who seemed to court defeat in life. Mr. Oswald relates how he was caught up in the whirlwind of the assassination's aftermath, and how he tried to weather the ordeal with some shred of dignity. He also explains why he reluctantly came to believe his brother did indeed kill President Kennedy, and did so alone, although he thinks that there may have been others who influenced or encouraged him. In the end, without endorsing the work of the Warren Commission in toto, Mr. Oswald takes issue with those who have made careers out of picking the case to pieces and filling the air with cries of unspecified conspiracies. Photographs.

The World of the Victorian Novel, by William H. Marshall (Barnes). A study of "the development of the Victorian novel as an expression of the value-quest dominating the intellectual life of the nineteenth century" after the collapse of the Enlightenment. The author sees this quest most fully expressed in the major novels of Dickens, Thackeray, Eliot, and Meredith, with possible new faiths appearing toward the end of the century in "Marius the Epicurean," "Jude the Obscure," and "The Way of All Flesh." Professor Marshall is a perceptive critic with philosophic training, and his book is a good one. Illustrated.

House of Bondage, by Ernest Cole (Random House). A handsomely mounted picture-and-text depiction of apartheid by a young black South African of considerable talent and—since he recently managed to escape from his ironbound native land—extraordinary good luck. Mr. Cole's

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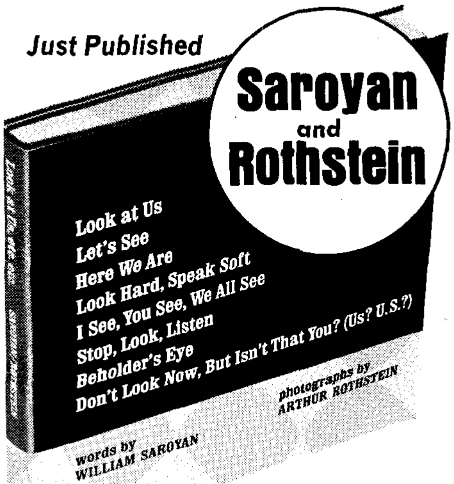

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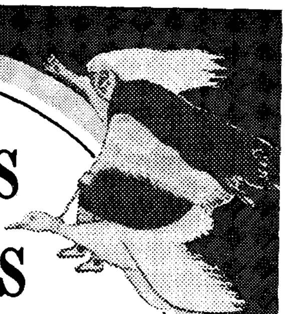

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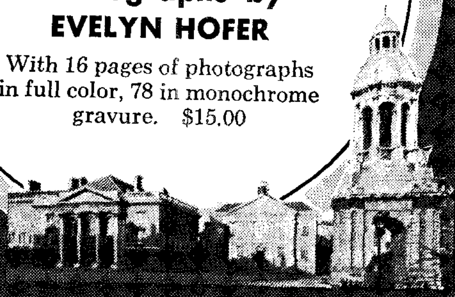

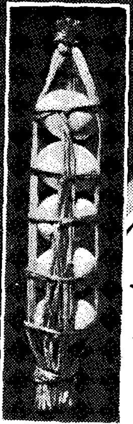

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chief talent (and it is an impressive one) is as a photographer, but he writes (with the help of an editor) well enough to make all too clear the violent experience of imposed misery, imposed ignorance, and imposed degradation. (A white housewife will call the butcher and order so many pounds of steak and roast beef, so many pounds of dogmeat, and so many pounds of boysmeat.) Joseph Lelyveld, who was a New York *Times* correspondent in South Africa until his eviction last year, contributes an excellent introduction. Ten dollars.

THE VIKING, edited by Bertil Almgren, translated from the Swedish by T. R. Nicholson (International Book Society). Another Scandinavian celebration of the curious piratical people who ranged and ravaged much of the Western world between the sixth and the eleventh centuries. There is a brisk running text (an odd mating of the academic paper and the primer) by Mr. Almgren, a professor of archeology at Uppsala University, and other experts on various aspects of Viking culture, but the book is largely—and stunningly—pictorial. There are nearly four hundred illustrations in all, and they include some superb landscape photographs in full color, reproductions (many in color) of Viking artifacts, narrative and technical drawings, and maps. Twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents.

THE LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANIMAL LIFE (McGraw-Hill). An English edition—completely revised and updated by a group of British scientists—of the Larousse "La Vie des Animaux" of 1949. It is big (six hundred and forty pages), abundantly illustrated (over a thousand photographs, drawings, and diagrams), and comprehensive (protozoans, sponges, and worms to birds and mammals), and there is a classification list, a glossary of relevant scientific terms, and, most essential, an index. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

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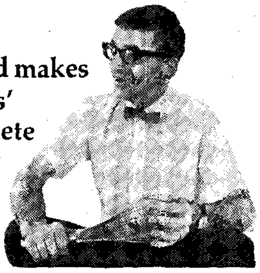

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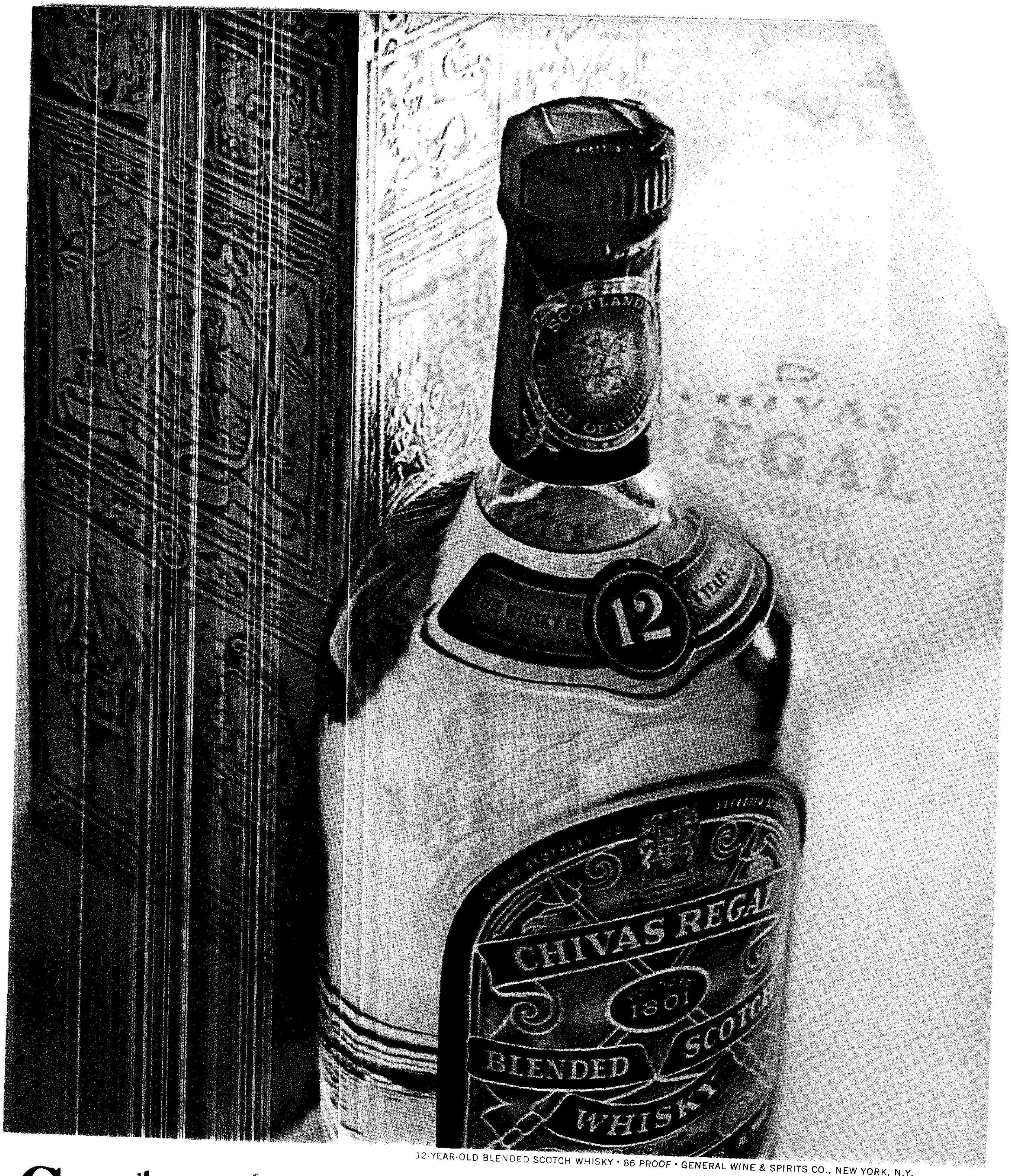
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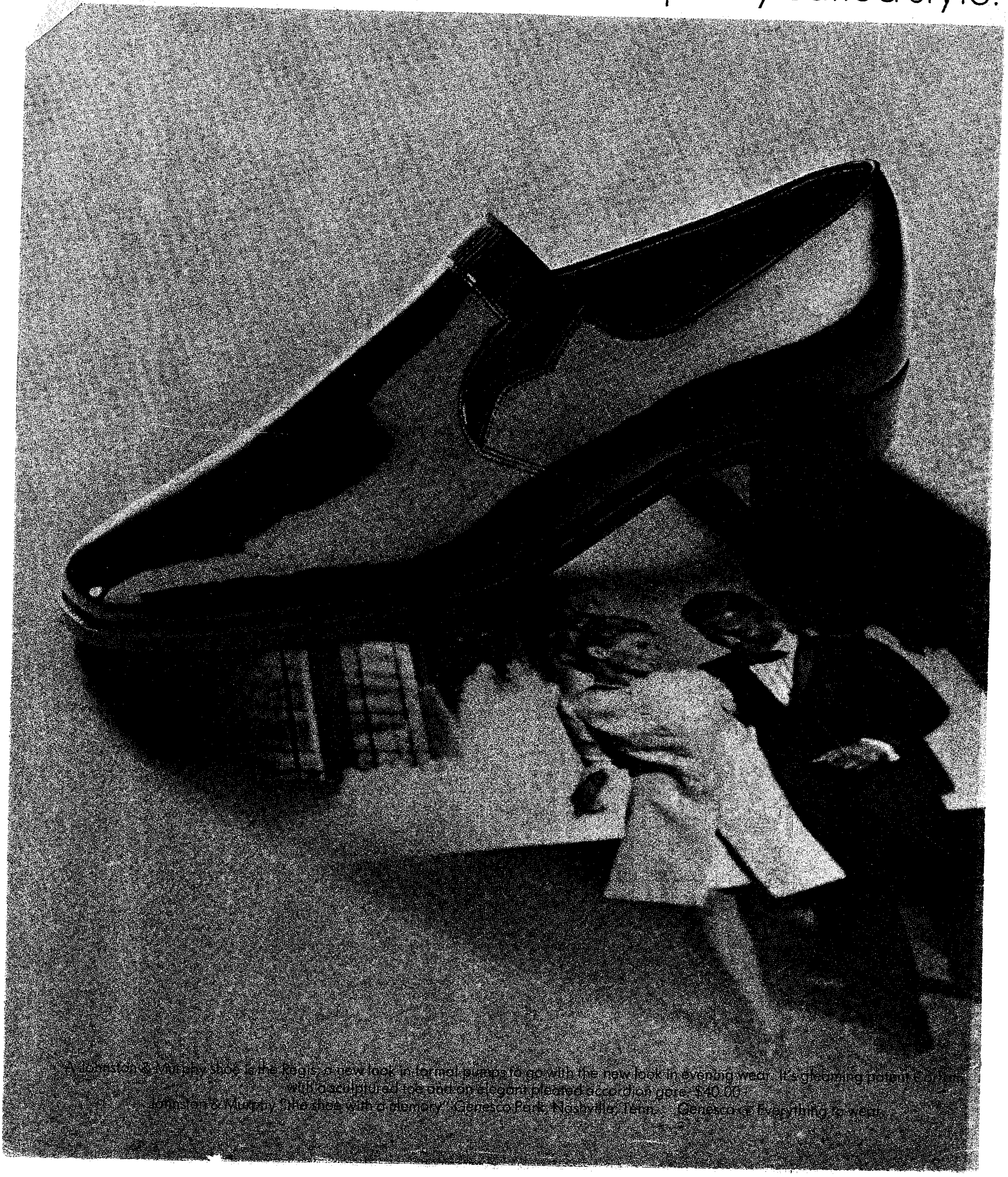

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